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THE NEW YORKER

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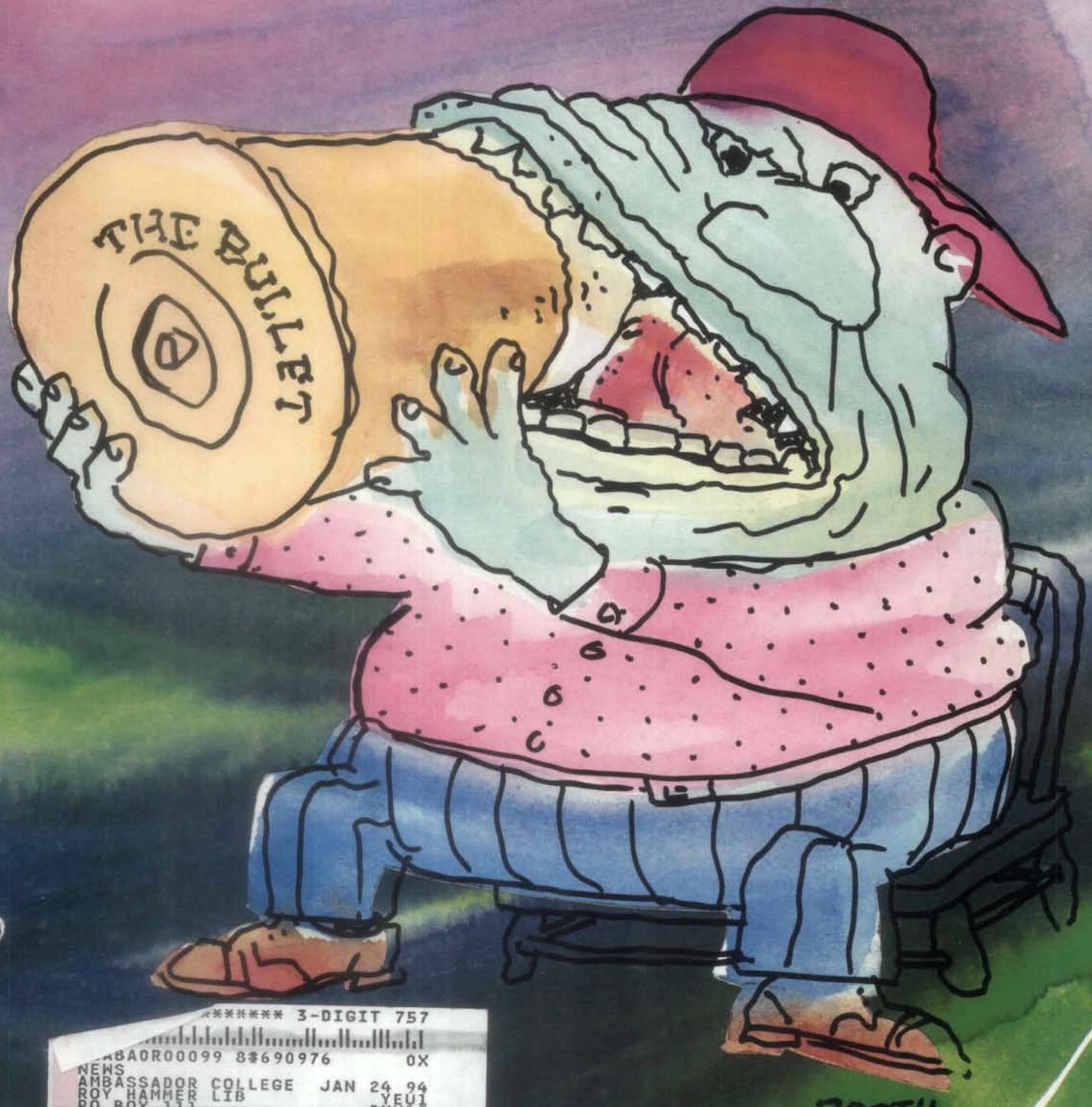

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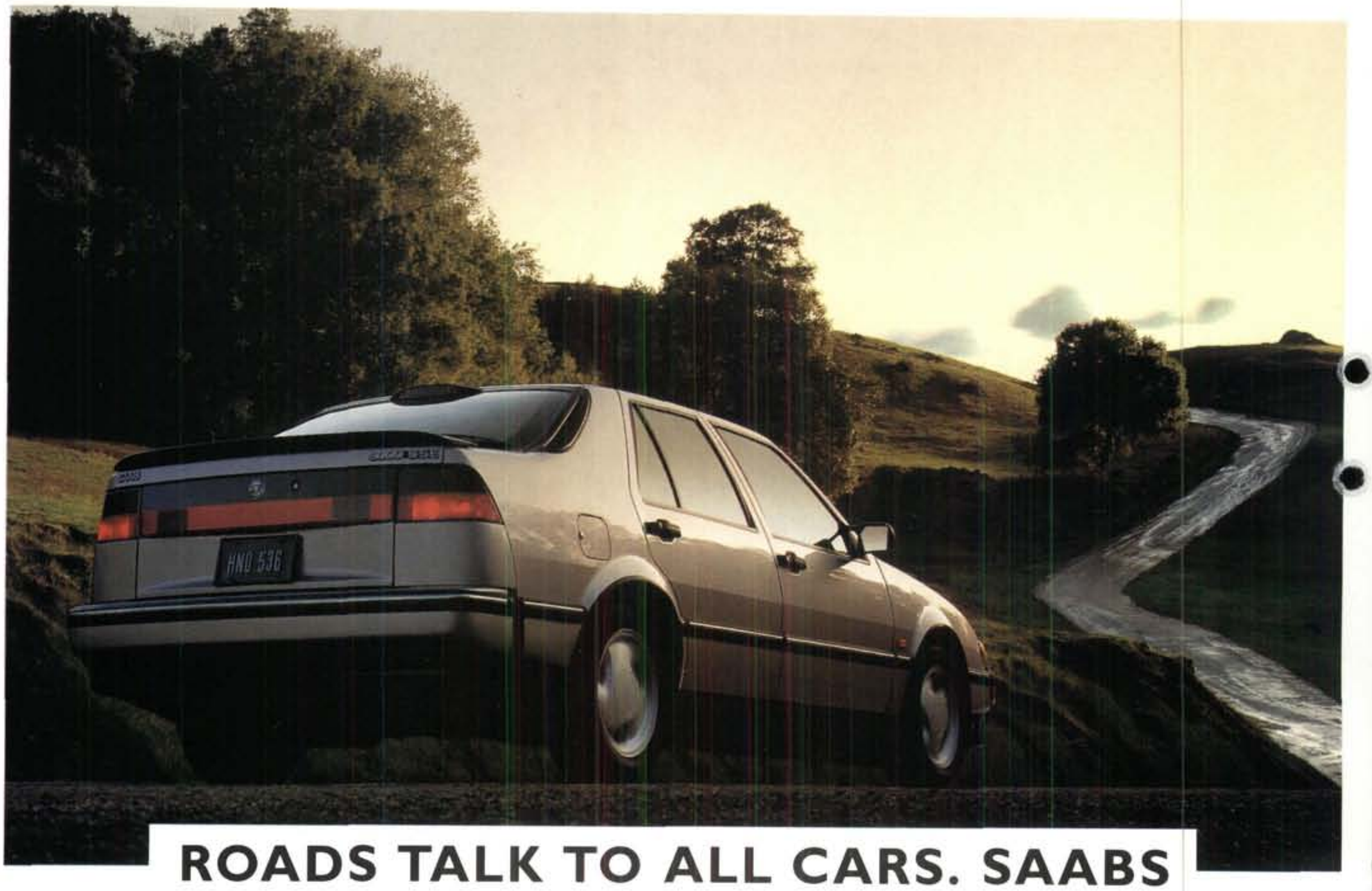

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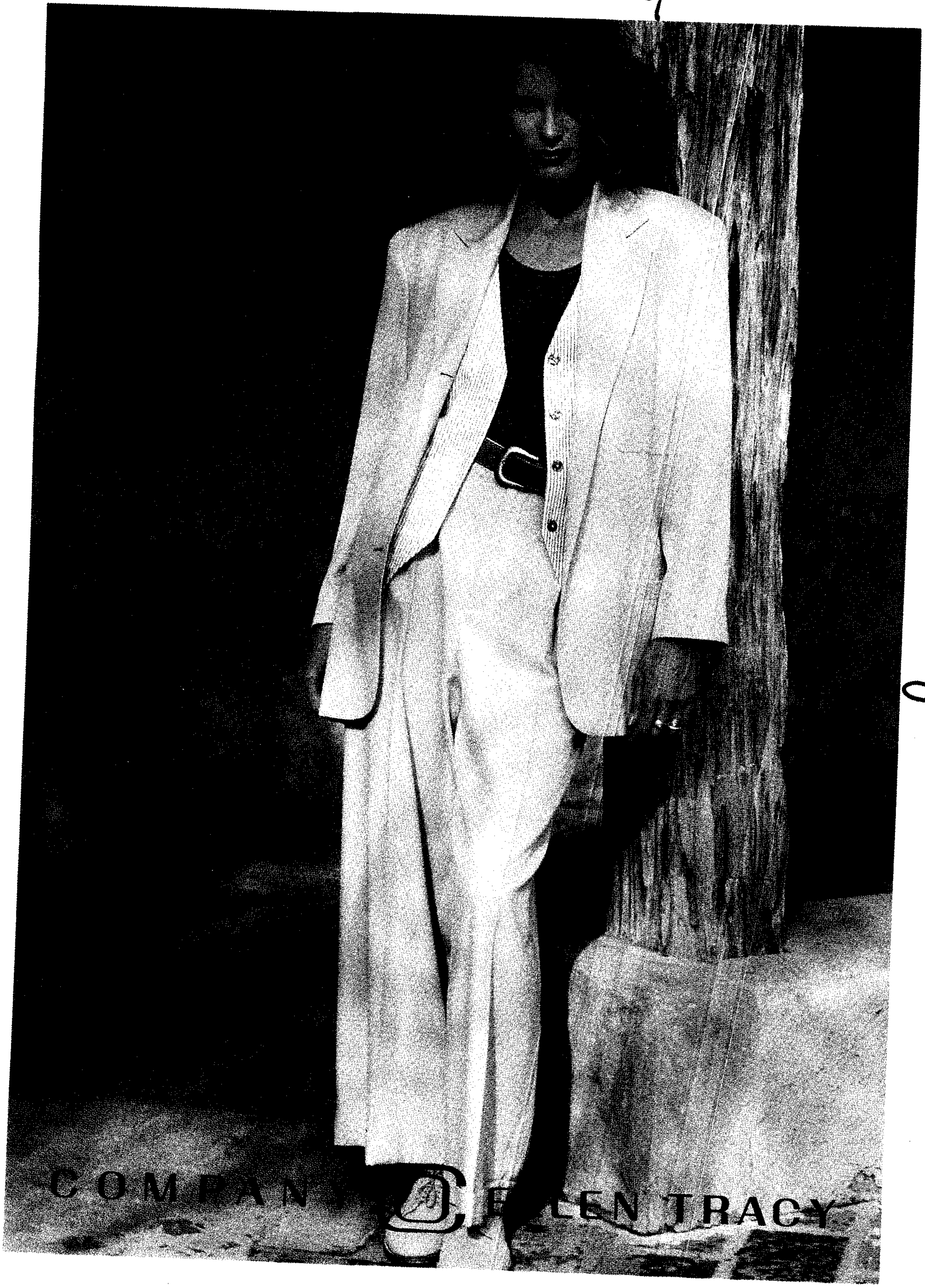
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COMMENT

THE ECONOMICS OF PEACE

IN the blessed absence of any credible military rival to the United States, the warnings issued by opponents of serious cuts in American military spending have grown woozily vague. General Colin Powell, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, last year actually told Congress, "The real threat is the unknown." The convenient thing about the unknown, from a budgetary standpoint, is that it always exceeds the known.

We are told that it's still a dangerous world out there. So it undoubtedly is—and not least because of the arms policy of our own government. The United States is by far the world's largest manufacturer and exporter of weapons. In 1991, the last year for which figures are available, we sold more arms to the Third World than all other nations combined. The globe is pocked with fiascoes rebutting the theory that it's possible to buy regional stability with arms transfers; to cite just two, guns shipped to Siad Barre, the dictator of Somalia, have left that country in ruins, and the sale of American "dual-use" technology to Saddam Hussein abetted the Iraqi military buildup that led to the invasion of Kuwait. After the Gulf War, even George Bush acknowledged the need to start curbing arms proliferation, but instead American weapons sales, having been stoked by the performance of United States military technology in that war, are soaring to new highs. William Hartung has calculated in the current issue of *World Policy Journal* that "the U.S. share of the entire world arms market could top out at 70 percent or more by the mid-1990s."

When the Soviet threat vanished, so did the strategic rationale for arms sales. Nowadays, our motive is nakedly economic. But our domination of the international arms market is not a sign of economic strength. It's an indication, rather, of what the Cold War, and particularly the enormous military buildup of the nineteen-eighties, did to the American economy. To put it simply, the great manufacturing industries that were once the main engine of American prosperity—automobiles, steel, machine tools, consumer electronics—have

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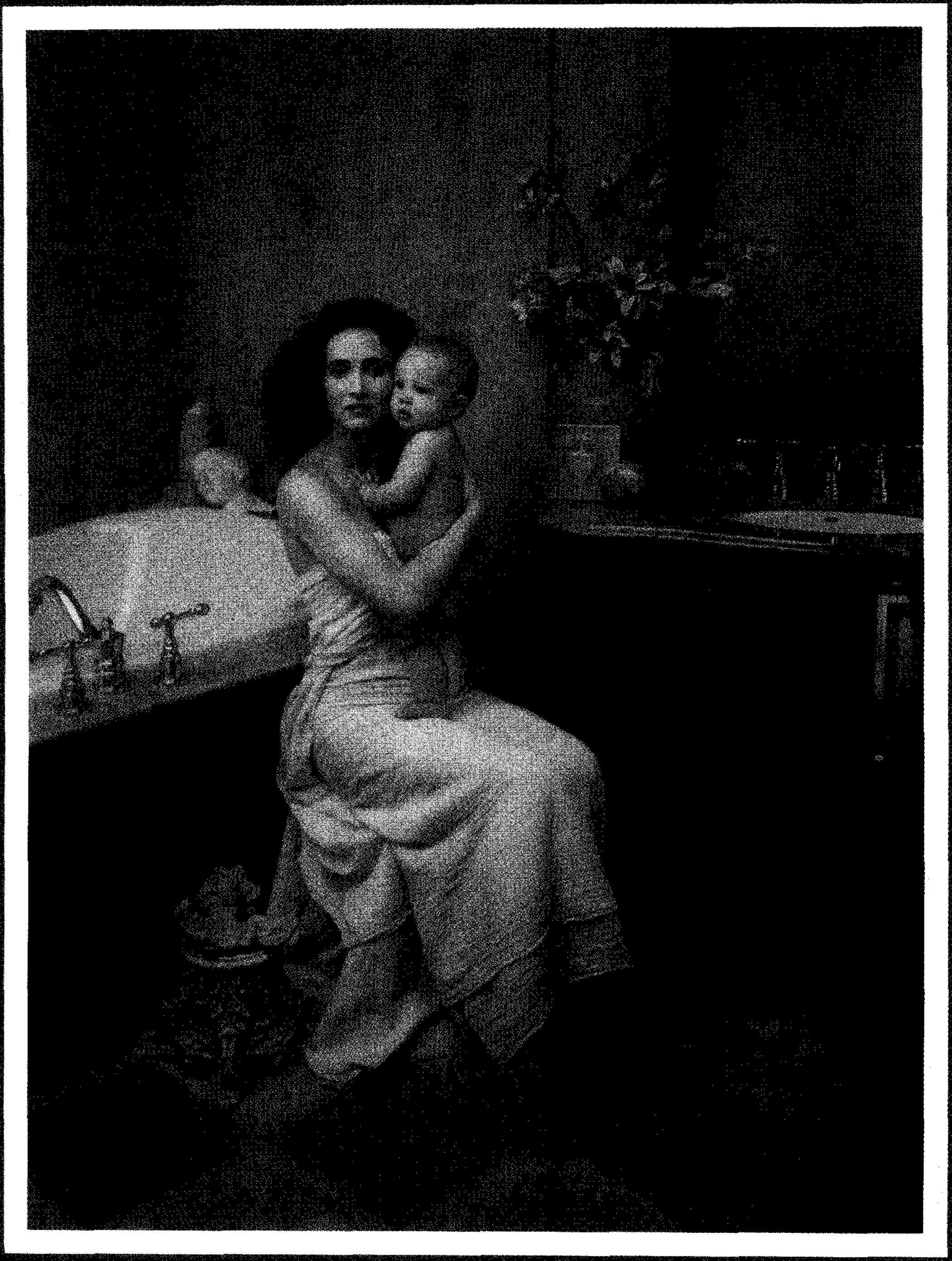


been undermined or destroyed, largely by a combination of government neglect and government interference which Ann Markusen and Joel Yudken, in their book "Dismantling the Cold War Economy," call "a closet industrial policy." It's a policy that for more than forty years has heavily favored defense-related industries. The result, especially obvious at a time of unavoidable defense cutbacks, is a profoundly weakened industrial base. American manufacturers of a wide range of producer and consumer goods are today unable to compete with foreign makers of cheaper, better-made products. We still turn out the best fighter jets, though. So that's what we sell.

To peer into the wreckage of the Russian economy is to see the catastrophic consequences of an industrial policy that favored military production above all else, even food. Our own difficulties are on a less apocalyptic scale, of course, but the spectacle of an entrenched military-industrial élite struggling to maintain its position while resisting suggestions that the time might have come to look for a different line of work is eerily familiar. And the Russians, too, have turned to increased arms exports; President Yeltsin told *Izvestia* last year that "trading in arms is a necessity for us." Without the capital to convert giant weapons plants to peacetime uses, Russia, having drastically cut its military budget, understandably sees arms exports as the only way to keep a great many factories open.

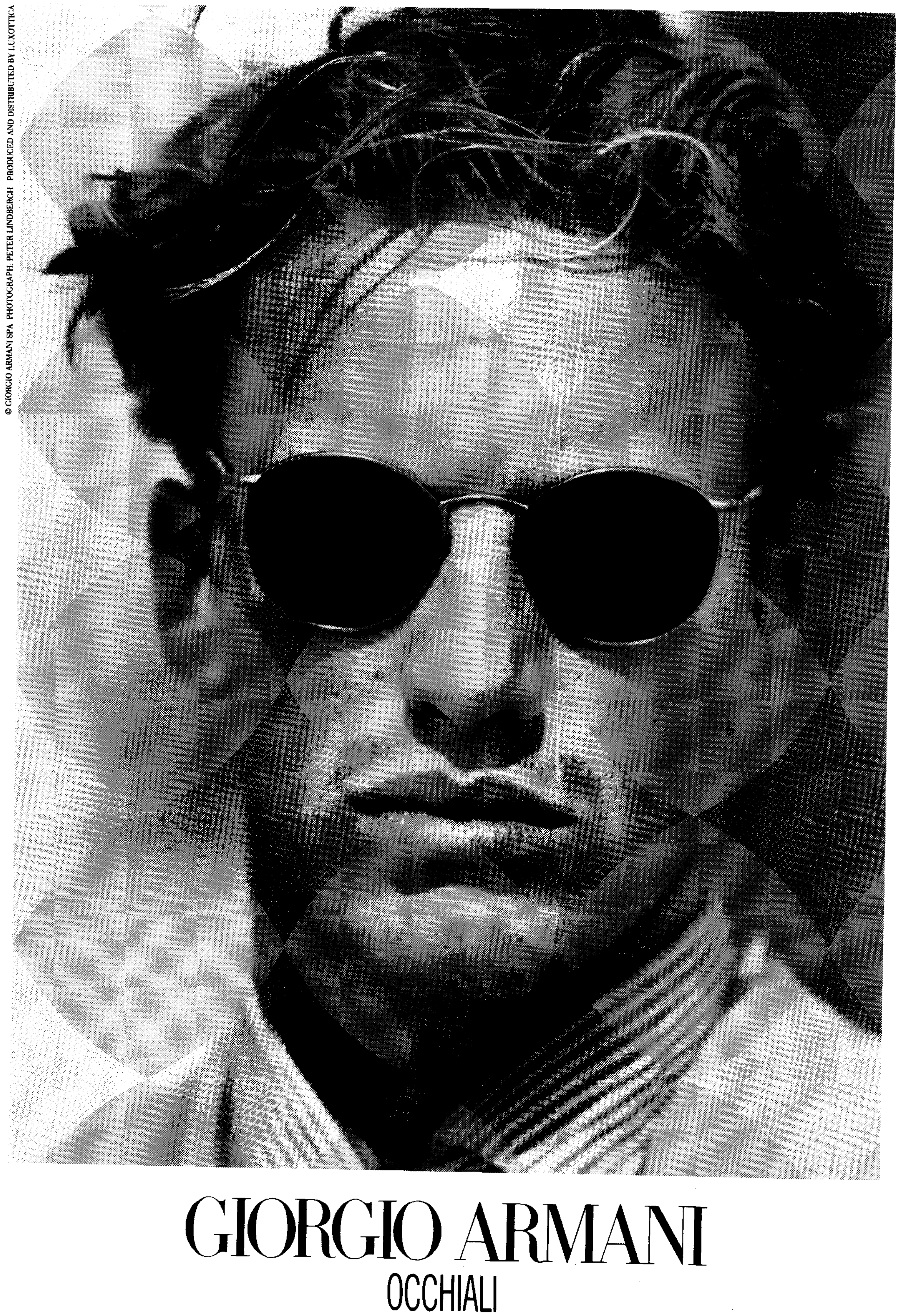
The same short-term imperative has driven American policy. In 1990, Lawrence Eagleburger, who was then Deputy Secretary of State, reminded American embassies, "It is the policy of the United States that our diplomatic posts abroad should support the marketing efforts of U.S. companies in the defense-trade arena as in all other spheres of commercial activity." This policy has not been reversed by the Clinton Administration. Indeed, Gordon Adams, the recently named associate director for national-security and international affairs at the Office of Management and Budget, who will presumably play a key role in Clinton's arms policy, has in the past advocated foreign arms sales as a way of maintaining our defense-industrial base. Bill Clinton himself has struck a similar note. As a candidate, he supported weapons programs and arms sales that seemed likely to win votes in politically important, defense-dependent districts. He endorsed the sale of F-15 fighter planes to Saudi Arabia even before President Bush announced it, and he promised to continue building Seawolf attack submarines even though they had already become unnecessary. Now that the Seawolf is likely to be cancelled anyway, President Clinton has been straining to distance himself from the decision.

The political heat is intense around defense-budget cuts. That is why Congress deliberately insulates itself with an elaborate review process that puts an independent commission in charge of the hard decisions about closing military bases. The volatility of this issue reflects not only the power of military-industrial interests—the Pentagon, and the defense contractors and their lobbyists—but the real fears and suffering of affected communities and workers. Mass layoffs are now inevitable. Defense-industry workers are unlikely to find comparable work at comparable pay in civilian industry. (The raging vigilante played by Michael Douglas in the film "Falling Down" is, not surprisingly, a laid-off defense worker in Los Angeles, the county that by the mid-eighties was the nation's biggest single beneficiary of Cold War defense spending and now faces some of the largest cutbacks.) And laid-off workers' widely reported skepticism about the government's plans for conversion and retraining is entirely justified.

Conversion can work. After the Second World War, when defense spending fell from forty per cent of the gross national product to six per cent, and aircraft companies saw their sales drop from sixteen billion dollars to one billion and their employment shrink by seventy-five per cent, extensive conversion planning and extremely ambitious government programs, including the G.I. Bill and the Marshall Plan, didn't just help prevent a major recession but actually fuelled a postwar boom. Pent-up consumer demand helped, too, and so did the circumstance that the economy had been on a war footing for only five years. These are not advantages we enjoy today, but in their absence a similarly wholesale commitment to economic conversion is going to be essential.

The defense cuts proposed by the Clinton Administration, though bolder than the Bush proposals, are far too timid to begin the necessary transformation, and most of the savings will go toward deficit reduction. Deeper cuts—bringing the military budget down from the Cold War-size two hundred and fifty-three billion dollars projected for 1998 to, say, a hundred and sixty billion, which is easily enough to maintain our capacity to cope with any conceivable threat—would free more of the money now desperately needed for public investment. Retraining is useless if there are no jobs, and the idea that the market will magically absorb some two million displaced soldiers and defense workers, many of them highly skilled, is wishful at best. Defense spending has had a huge, long-term stimulative effect on the American economy. Without large-scale government help, the new industries that must replace defense if our national economic decline is to be reversed—industries such as waste management, alternative energy, and mass transit (we are now obliged to buy most of our mass-transit rail cars from Japan, Italy, and Canada)—will simply fail to flourish. The new American economy, like the Russian, is going to need massive aid.

The Clinton Administration does not suffer from its predecessors' ideological commitment to unfettered markets. (A grand exception was always made for defense contractors, who benefitted from unfettered military Keynesianism.) But it does seem to suffer from a poverty of vision in some crucial areas, arms policy among them. So far, the new Administration seems quite comfortable with arms business as usual. This attitud [illegible] sadly shortsighted. Shipping [illegible] tle billions of dollars in [illegible] cratic regimes [illegible] tries, m [illegible] th [illegible] c [illegible] b [illegible] th [illegible] gro [illegible] nign [illegible] get ar [illegible]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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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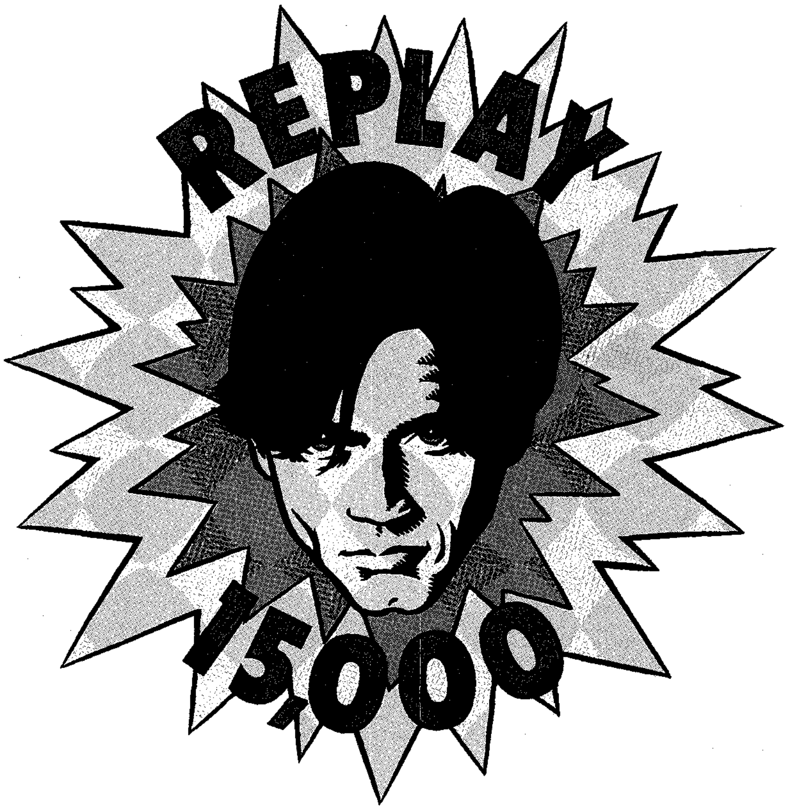


Michael Cerveris in "The Who's 'Tommy.'"

MARK ZINGARELLI

THE THEATRE

Side by Side

"PUTTING IT TOGETHER," the cool new Stephen Sondheim revue at the Manhattan Theatre Club, has thirty-two numbers, taken from "Sunday in the Park with George," "Merrily We Roll Along," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," "A Little Night Music," "Company," "Dick Tracy," "Assassins," "Follies," "The Frogs," and "Sweeney Todd." With the exception of outright comic songs like "Everybody Ought to Have a Maid," "Lovely," and "I Could Drive a Person Crazy," the numbers are concerned with love and/or marriage, fresh and failing. The cast, made up of Julie Andrews, Rachel York, Stephen Collins, Michael Rupert, and Christopher Durang, is expert and surprising. Andrews, looking not a day over, takes to Sondheim with relish. (Try her "Getting Married Today" and "My Husband the Pig/Every Day a Little Death.") Very different but just as good is Rachel York, lately of "City of Angels," who has everything a musical star needs and generally doesn't have—grace, a great soprano, a beautiful face that she can do anything with, and a spectacular figure.

The revue demonstrates again that the notorious "coldness" of Sondheim's lyrics and the antimelodic quality of much of his music are explainable: a zealous craftsman, he simply lets his technique show. Robin Wagner's set—a long ramp with a gold railing, a black bar, a glass-topped table, and some chairs—is Anyplace modern, and the staging doesn't get in the way of the music.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

AIN'T BROADWAY GRAND—Mike Burstyn portrays Mike Todd in this musical comedy. The score is by Mitch Leigh, the book is by Thomas Meehan and Lee Adams, and the lyrics are by Mr. Adams. Directed by Scott Harris. Previews through April 17. Opens April 18 at 6:30. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

AND BABY MAKES SEVEN—Cherry Jones, Peter Frechette, and Mary Mara head the cast of a play by Paula Vogel. Presented by Circle Rep. In previews. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

ANGELS IN AMERICA—"Millennium Approaches," the first half of Tony Kushner's epic work, is in previews. "Perestroika," the second half, will open in October and will run in repertory with "Millennium Approaches." (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

BLOOD BROTHERS—Willy Russell's long-running London musical has crossed the Atlantic. In previews. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN—A musical by John Kander (score), Fred Ebb (lyrics), and Terrence McNally (book), which was directed by Harold Prince. It is based on the 1976 Manuel Puig novel and stars Chita Rivera, Brent Carver, and Anthony Crivello. Previews begin April 19. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

LYPSINKA! A DAY IN THE LIFE—John Epperson brings his fabulous lip-synching alter ego to Off Broadway. This show was seen last season at New York Theatre Workshop. Previews begin April 15. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

ONE SHOE OFF—Jeffrey DeMunn, Daniel Gerroll, Mary Beth Hurt, Brian Kerwin, and Jennifer Tilly in a new play by Tina Howe. Preview on April 14. Opens April 15 at 7. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

PLAYBOY OF THE WEST INDIES—Mustapha Matura's 1984 adaptation of the J. M. Synge play. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

PRETTY FIRE—A one-woman play written by and starring Charlayne Woodard. Opens April 14 at 7:30 and runs through April 29. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

THE WHO'S "TOMMY"—The Pinball Wizard comes to Broadway. Pete Townshend and director Des McAnuff have adapted the classic rock opera for the stage. In previews. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

ANOTHER TIME—Ronald Harwood's family drama presents a Jewish piano prodigy, at fifteen (in South Africa), and fifty-one (in London). The cast members—Malcolm McDowell (in a dual role as the young musician's father and as the musician himself in middle age), Joan Copeland, Marian Seldes, Michael Lombard, and James Waterston (as the teen-age prodigy)—are terrific, and occasionally manage to transform material that is hobbled by hackneyed language and cumbersome staging into something worth watching. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

AVEN' U BOYS—The boys in question, as tough a gang as you're likely to meet, are of Italian extraction, live in Bensonhurst, spend much of their time punching one another, often give their girlfriends a rough time, and become tangled in racial hatred and violence. The actors are Ron Eldard, Michael Imperioli, Lucinda Jenney, Cynthia Martells, Adrian Pasdar, and Lili Taylor; the director was Frederick Zollo. Frank Pugliese's play has its ups and downs but it is performed as well as anything else in town. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Closes April 18.)

BACK TO BACHARACH AND DAVID—A fizzy, perfectly pitched new musical revue devoted to the songs Burt Bacharach and Hal David wrote in their prime. The singers are Melinda Gilb, Steve Gunderson, Sue Mosher, and Lillias White. Kathy Najimy directed. (Club 53, at the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. 261-5853.)

CANDIDA—The setting by David Jenkins, as lighted by Peter Kaczorowski, has great distinction, which is all that can be said for this production of Shaw's play. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/5/93.) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes May 2.)

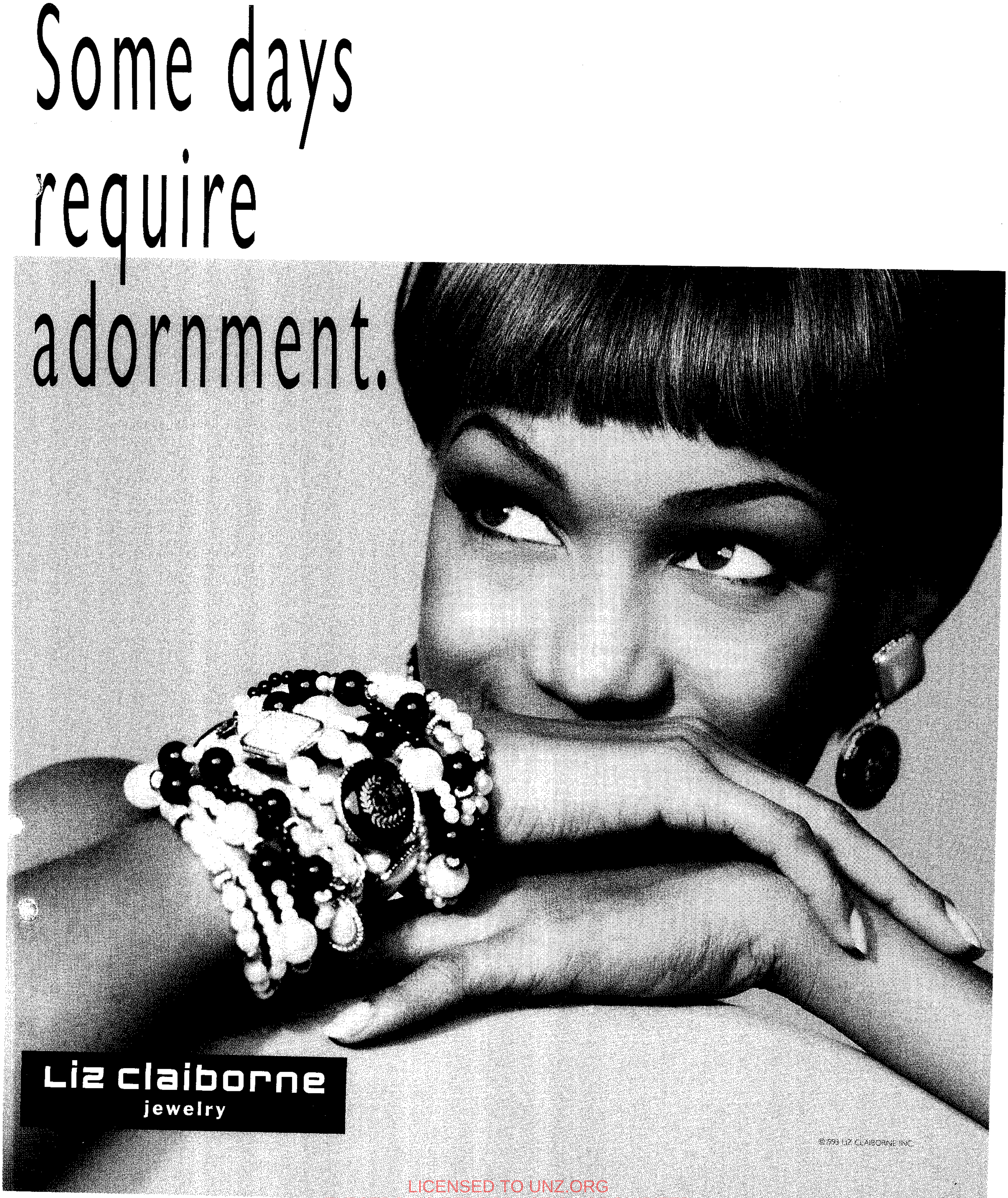
A COUPLE OF BLAGUARDS—The actors Frank and Malachy McCourt reminisce about their Irish childhood. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

DEEP IN A DREAM OF YOU—A collection of twelve monologues by David Cale. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes April 25.)

FOOL MOON—Bill Irwin and David Shiner are the inspired clowns in a show that is perfection itself. The only sound you'll hear is the merry music of the Red Clay Ramblers and the abundant laughter of the audience. (3/8/93) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1993—Once again, a galaxy of parodies that sharpen into satire. This edition is as funny as most of its predecessors. Among the new shows under consideration are "Guys and Dolls" and "Falsettos," and the holdovers include "Les Misérables" and "The Phantom of the Opera." Gerard Alessandrini, as if you had to be told, is the clever writer and director, and Susanne Blakeslee, Dorothy Kiara, Brad Oscar, and Craig Wells are the splendid performers, doing a large assortment of roles. (1/25/93) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

THE GOODBYE GIRL—Bernadette Peters and Martin Short, two brilliant, funny stars, transform this otherwise indifferent musical adaptation of Neil Simon's movie into a sporadically festive evening. The dances by Graciela Daniele are more than helpful, as is the comic support by John Christopher Jones. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by David Zippel. Michael Kidd directed. (3/15/93) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh—A musical based on the song parodies of Allan Sherman and offering further proof that Camp Lite is taking over Off Broadway. The show was conceived and written by Douglas Bernstein and Rob Krausz. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—Presenting **THE CENCI**, an 1819 verse drama by Percy Bysshe Shelley, and Shakespeare's **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING**. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Jeffrey—A comedy, by Paul Rudnick, about love in the age of AIDS; with John Michael Higgins. It is less a fleshed-out play than a series of Scenes from Gay Life, but Mr. Rudnick can quip with the best of them. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

Jenny Keeps Talking—A new play by Richard Greenberg, with Leslie Ayvazian. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes May 2.)

Jewish Repertory Theatre—The third show of the season is **THE KING OF CARPETS**, a comedy by Joel Hammer. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes April 25.)

Krapp's Last Tape—A revival of Samuel Beckett's play. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes April 17.)

Laureen's Whereabouts—It must be difficult to write a Southern-gothic soap opera murder mystery for the nineties; at the end of this one, they decide to raze the haunted house and restore the wetlands. Larry Ketron's play is full of yuppie angst and beer-bottle philosophy, but he has written some great lines. Among the overdirected cast, Carolyn McCormick and Mia Dillon stand out. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes April 18.)

Memory Tricks—Marga Gomez's one-woman show. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes May 2.)

Oleanna—David Mamet, in fine, curmudgeonly form, takes on political correctness, sexual harassment, and a number of other topics in this brief, powerful drama that continues to stir up the ideologues. The play's skepticism is as evenhanded as it is corrosive. Treat Williams and Mary McCann make up the cast. (11/16/92) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100.)

Owners and **Traps**—Two plays by Caryl Churchill. The first is from 1972 and the second from 1977. (Reviewed in this issue.) (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989.)

Putting It Together—This celebration of Stephen Sondheim's music was first seen last year in Oxford, England. With Julie Andrews, Stephen Collins, Christopher Durang, Michael Rupert, and Rachel York. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

CAROLYN GOWDY

Redwood Curtain—Jeff Daniels stars in a play by Lanford Wilson. Marshall W. Mason was the director. (4/12/93) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

The Second Annual Heart O' Texas Eczema Telethon—A comedy by Mark Dunn. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

The Sisters Rosensweig—Wendy Wasserstein's new play, a comedy with serious undertones, is about the reunion in London of three American Jewish sisters—an international banker, a travel writer, and a wife and mother who's a professional dispenser of advice. They are portrayed by Jane Alexander, Christine Estabrook, and Madeline Kahn. The spirit of Chekhov hovers but never intrudes. Laughter is continuous. (11/2/92) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Someone Who'll Watch Over Me—Michael York (English), Stephen Rea (Irish), and Chuck Cooper (American) portray hostages in Beirut in Frank McGuinness's moving and humorous play. Robin Lefèvre directed. (12/7/92) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Song of Jacob Zulu—A play by Tug Yourgrau, with the musical group Ladysmith Black Mambazo (led by Joseph Shabalala), Zakes Mokae, and K. Todd Freeman. (4/12/93) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Three Hotels—A new play by Jon Robin Baitz, with Christine Lahti and Ron Rifkin. Joe Mantello directed. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

Three Men on a Horse—Jack Klugman and Tony Randall star in the National Actors Theatre's revival of a comedy by John Cecil Holm and George Abbott. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280.)

The Toothbrush—A comedy by Jorge Díaz. Performances in English alternate with ones in Spanish. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes April 25.)

Widowers' Houses—Bernard Shaw's first play. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708.)

Wilder, Wilder, Wilder—Three one-acters by the invaluable Thornton—"The Long Christmas Dinner," "Pullman Car Hiawatha," and, best of all, "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden." The actors, though most of them are comparatively inexperienced, do a very good job, so the real star of the occasion is Edward Berkeley, the director. Seen recently at the McGinn/Cazale, the production has moved to Broadway. (12/21/92) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Wings—This musical adaptation of Arthur Kopit's strong and beautiful play about a woman's recovery from a stroke works surprisingly well. Jeffrey Lunden's score and Arthur Perlman's book and lyrics are faithful in every way to the original, and Linda Stephens is a worthy successor to Constance Cummings, which is saying a lot. (4/5/93) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes April 18.)

Wrong Turn at Lungfish—The play owes more to day-in, day-out television than it does to the theatre, but it does at least serve as an occasion to present George C. Scott as a grouchy, dying old professor. Mr. Scott does not let us down, and Tony Danza, making his New York stage début, deserves a better part under happier circumstances. (3/8/93) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

York Theatre Company—Presenting a revival of the 1961 musical **CARNIVAL**. Book by Michael Stewart, score and lyrics by Bob Merrill. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 534-5366.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **FALSETTOS:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FIVE GUYS NAMED MOE:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **JELLY'S LAST JAM:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **THE NIGHT LARRY KRAMER KISSED ME:** Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 564-8038. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.

DANCE

Ad Astra per Apsara

WHEN Sam-Ang Sam (who is now forty-two) was growing up, in his native Cambodia, he was taught that the world began as a sea of milk. Within it were two opposing forces—let's call them good and evil—whose wrangling churned the milk into a froth, from which emerged thousands of dancing goddesses, called Apsara. Mr. Sam, a musician and ethnomusicologist, now lives in Washington, D.C., with his wife, the dancer Chan Moly Sam, and their three children. The Sams constitute the core of the sixteen-member Apsara Ensemble, which appears on April 16 and 18, at Symphony Space (Broadway at 95th Street; for information, call 864-5400). The first concert will be a formal presentation of dances and music. The second, a family matinée, will be more of a lecture-demonstration, and it will feature the troupe's teen-age performers, who will attempt to teach some of their simpler steps to children in the audience.

Mr. Sam admits that the idea of such a lesson is an ambitious one. "To be a good dancer in this style a person must start very early," he said recently. "The flexibility required for it is totally opposed to Occidental ballet: fingers must curl backwards, the waist must curve in an S shape, and so on. Cambodian dancers undergo very rigid training to achieve that flexibility, and some Western observers have described their training as torture. But from the dancers' point of view you have to push yourself very hard—if you want to be a star."

Desrosiers Dance Theatre—Presenting "Black & White in Colour." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. April 14-16 at 8, April 17 at 2 and 8, and April 18 at 2.)

Stefa Zawerucha—In "Black Box," a solo. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. April 15-17 at 8 and April 18 at 3.)

Sari Eckler—With her company, in "Remains" and "May I Please Take Him with Me?" (Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. April 15-16 at 8. For reservations, call 924-0077.)

Chen and Dancers—A program consisting of "Opening the Gate" and "Double Happiness/One Hundred Sorrows." (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. April 14-17 at 7:30 and April 18 at 3.)

Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company—"Still/Here," a work in progress. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 650-7100. April 17 at 8 and April 18 at 3.)

"Osiris"—Excerpts from a new ballet choreographed by Robert LaFosse, with music by Larry Spivack and libretto, sets, and costumes [illegible] Gary Lisz. A panel discussion with the three men follows. (Equitable Center Auditorium, 787 Seventh Ave., at 52nd St. April 20-21 at 8. For information about tickets, call 423-3664.)

Dios—A Japanese company. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. April 20 at 8. For reservations, call 864-2929.)

Maria Benitez Teatro Flamenco—Offering the New York première of "El Muro." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. April 20 at 8. Through May 2.)

"Fresh Tracks"—An evening of work by seven emerging choreographers. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. April 20 at 8.)

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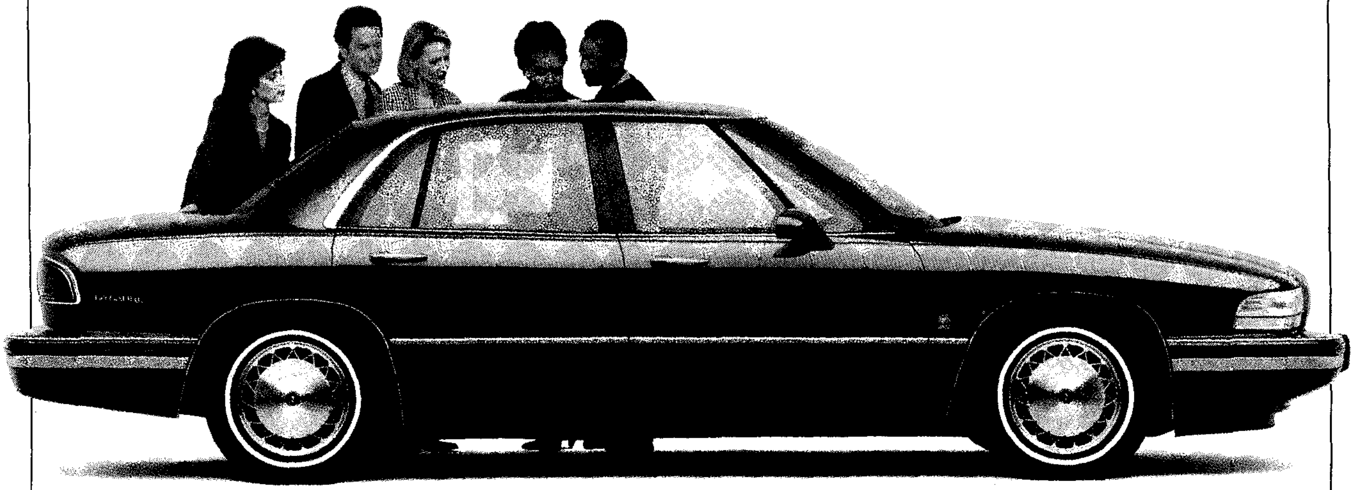

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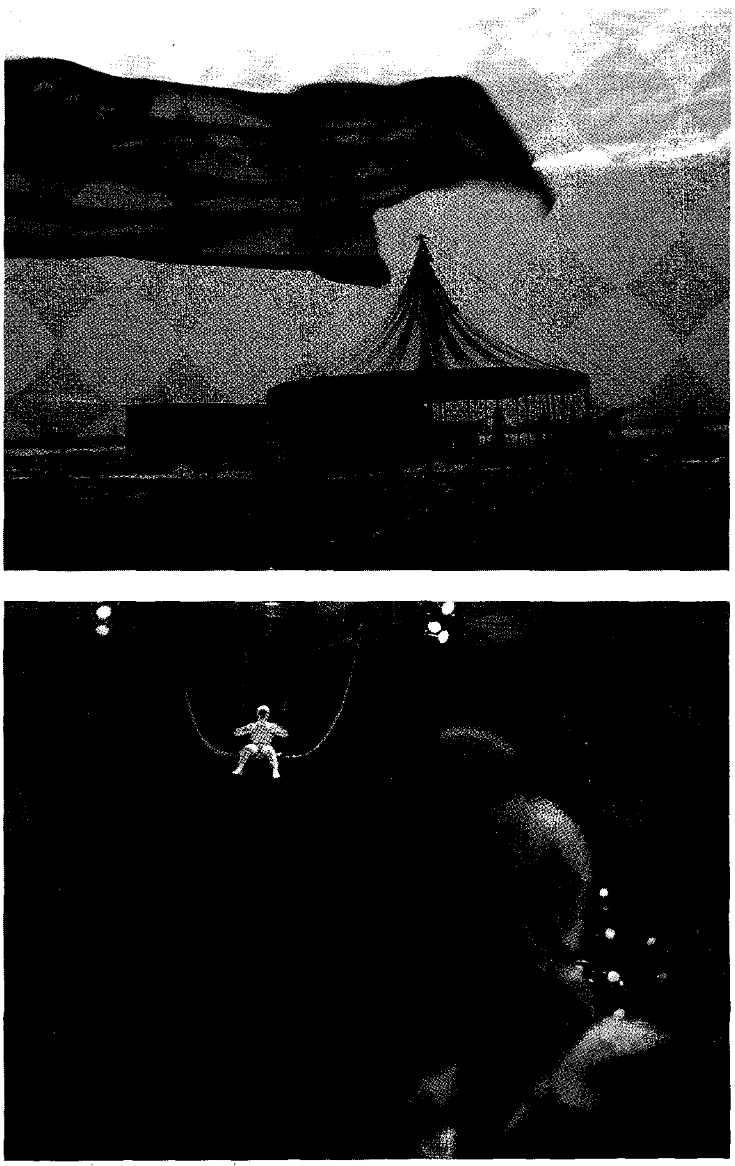
NIGHT LIFE

New Girl in Town

THE bad joke about the California singer Weslia (the "i" is silent) Whitfield, who is making her début at the Algonquin, is that, unlike so many singers who have appeared here recently, she will not fly up onto the piano midway in her act—because she can't. Paralyzed from the waist down in a shooting accident in 1977 (she began her cabaret career two weeks after leaving the hospital), she sits in a high swivel chair and swings slowly from side to side so as to catch all her listeners in the awkward, trolley-shaped Oak Room. She has short grayish hair and a lovely, narrow smile, and when she sings she moves her delicate head and hands in the small birdlike swoops of Mabel Mercer. Her fragility is deceptive, though, for she is probably the most assured and affecting jazz-cabaret singer to arrive in New York in many years. She says she admires Frankie Laine and Peggy Lee, and both are marvelously juxtaposed in her style. She can belt like Laine, and then in the next measure hold a soft, simmering Lee long note.

Whitfield's attractive repertoire includes Berlin, Dietz and Schwartz, the Gershwins ("They All Laughed"), Lane and Loesser, Styne and Cahn, and Ray Noble ("The Very Thought of You"). She is backed by the bassist Peter Weiss and by her husband, Mike Greensill, an English jazz pianist who has much of the irresistible, eccentric swing of Jimmy Rowles. He even gets away with an expansive tremolo behind Whitfield in Rube Bloom's "Don't Worry 'bout Me."



Cirque du Soleil in "Saltimbanco," at Battery Park City.

MAXINE HENRYSON

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**WESLIA WHITFIELD** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, a gift shop, and, of course, those incredible shrinking aisles that turn a mid-set dash to the rest room into something of a steeplechase. The **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** quintet and the **ASTRUD GILBERTO** septet are here through April. 18. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A pleasant place to take in a show of folk or rock. **BUSTER POINDEXTER AND HIS BANSHEES OF BLUE** perform April 16-17; **DARLENE LOVE** is here on Tuesdays and Wednesdays through April.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The art collection in this neighborhood restaurant, bar, and jazz club is a curator's worst nightmare. Fortunately, the musicians who gather round the Steinway each night are usually more harmonious. **BENNY GREEN** and **CHRISTIAN MC BRIDE** work out through April 17; a benefit for Allyson Paul takes place on April 18; and **RENEE ROSNES, AL FOSTER,** and **LARRY GRENADIER** begin work on April 19. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and, for the next few weeks, **DIXIE CARTER.** . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano.

CORNELIA STREET CAFÉ, 29 Cornelia St. (989-9319)—In the basement of this tucked-away Village restaurant-bar is a narrow, white-brick-walled room, decorated with a few tables and steampipes where you'll find music, poetry readings, and theatre-of-the-cramped.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—One of the city's top jazz spots—thanks largely to the club's talent bookers. But watch your head. The **JIMMY SMITH** trio, with **GRADY TATE** and **KENNY BURRELL,** is in action through April 18. **AHMAD JAMAL** gets started on April 20. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

FIVE SPOT, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—The latest entrant in the jazz-club sweepstakes. The **RIPPINGTONS,** featuring **RUSS FREEMAN,** are on hand through April 18. Dining.

GRAND, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—The former home of the gone and forgotten Cat Club. The new owners have given the space a much-needed facelift—more bars, a paint job, a new stage, and a thumping sound system. Only the velvet rope out front remains. The **CYNICS** and the M-80's perform on April 14; **FIREHOSE,** Helious Creed, and Crackerbash appear on April 17.

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St.—This two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. Physically, the place is sagging a bit, but it has an odd, dingy charm. On April 14, the Colorado band **BIG HEAD TODD AND THE MONSTERS** brings seventies-style rock, awash in wah-wah and blues guitar, to town. For concert information, call 249-8870. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. **SWING FEVER** claims April 18. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the Society, call 696-9737.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, a menu full of items like bangers and mash, and a piano. **ROB BARGAD** and **RICHARD ZISMAN** work out together through April 17.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. **ELLIOTT SHARP'S CARBON** makes an appearance here on April 16.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—Many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. **FREEDY JOHNSTON** is here on April 16. The **LYRES** and the **SENDERS** appear on April 17. **ULTRA VIVID SCENE** and the blazing-hot Los Angeles rock trio **GRANT LEE BUFFALO** play on April 18.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. **NANCY MARAN[illegible]** and **EDDIE MONTEIRO** are in for an open-ended run. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Intimate nineties glitter. The performers, with their backs to the window, have to compete with a view of the Hudson, the George Washington Bridge, and beyond. **KAREN AKERS** is here for the next three weeks. Dining. Closed Mondays.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—The club features a broad stage, mobile-home-size speakers, plenty of room to shimmy, and, for the sedentary, a giant Big Brother video screen. April 14: **MOLLY HATCHET, BLACK OAK ARKANSAS,** and **FOGHAT.** April 17: the **ROBBY KRIEGER** band and the **MACHINE.** April 18: the great Australian band **MIDNIGHT OIL** and **JOAN OSBORNE.** April 19: **MAXI PRIEST.**

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs, there's a small, red-gold-and-green cabaret. **BETTY BUCKLEY** performs on April 18. Dining.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut decorated with a fruit-and-bamboo motif and dedicated to such things as calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. Through April 15: **MAX ROACH AND M'BOOM.** April 16: **ARROW.** April 20-21: **DORI CAMMI** and **TONINHO HORTA.** Closed Sundays. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This brown-toned ski chalet of a club is a fine place to study jazz-group dynamics. This week and next belong to **RON CARTER'S** quintet. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. On April 19, there is a benefit for Allyson Paul. Dining.

TAVERN ON THE GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—In the heart of the heart of this legendary indoor-outdoor eatery is one of Manhattan's newer jazz spots, the Chestnut Room. The **ROLAND HANNA** trio is here for the next couple of weeks. **JOHN HICKS** and **ELISE WOOD** are in for a day on April 15.

TIME CAFÉ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Hidden inside this sleek and trendy restaurant is a two-story club called Fez where the **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. The fourteen-piece ensemble concentrates exclusively on the tricky, cacophonous work of its catalyst, the late Charles Mingus. Dining.

TRAMPS, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—A broad, spacious, and agreeable club. On April 16, **ADEWALE AYUBA** and his twenty-two piece Bonsui Fuji Creation band take the stage. **LUTHER (GUITAR JR.) JOHNSON** is here on April 17.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The holiest of jazz shrines. The **KENNY BARRON** trio is here for the next two weeks. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

FASHION claims its victims in many ways. One of its more traditional forms of devastation was being enacted by the merlot-tressed d.j. trying to maneuver her way out of an impromptu post-Todd Oldham celebratory cocktail gathering at Fez, in Time Café; having fallen from her platform shoes the night before, she was using a cane. And, being nearsighted after a few Absoluts in a place with lighting so diffuse the Vampire Lestat might complain, she wisely enlisted the help of a club-soda-drinking editor. Things went smoothly until they reached the door. Unfortunately, Fez is on one of those we-love-it-scrungy NoHo blocks where stepping off the curb is a must-look-down affair. He was guiding. He wasn't looking.

Suddenly he was splashing face down in liquid X, his legs asymmetrical and in pain. He couldn't get up. She obviously couldn't get him up. No passerby was materializing to help him up—until the editor's sewer-level vision detected a pair of gnarly sneakers and a pair of shredded, stained jeans anchoring a man holding a bottle of Windex and a rag. "Fell on your face, huh?" the washer asked rhetorically as he put down his equipment. "Don't worry," he continued as he bent down to lift the fallen editor off his swelling knees. "The first time is always the hardest."

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

RINGLING BROTHERS AND BARNUM & BAILEY CIRCUS—A great big gaudy spectacular for kids. For adults, the pleasure comes in seeing scores of children having so much fun. The Children of the Rainbow segment of this year's hundred and twenty-third edition spotlights some talented young performers, including the Ashton family of foot jugglers, the gymnast Youlia, and the Chicago Kidz and the Children of Cherepovets (two rope-skipping and tumbling teams). Still, it's hard to have an uncomplicated reaction to baboons in tutus, hoop-jumping buffalo, and a leashed mountain lion riding a pony. (Madison Square Garden. Through May 2. For information about show times and tickets, call 465-6000.)

CIRQUE DU SOLEIL—This intimate one-ring circus from Montreal is presenting a new show, "Saltimbanco," which has beautifully costumed performers and lots of choreographed elegance. The emphasis is on human feats of strength and derring-do, interspersed with clowning; there are no animals at all. Though it seems geared for adults (the audience is peppered with quite a few Downtowny types in black), there's plenty for kids—the clown René Bazinet is especially funny. The evening's speedier second half includes the trapeze artists Karyne and Sarah Steben, whose high-flying stunts offer just what a circusgoer craves: seeming impossibility. (The blue-and-yellow tent at Battery Park City. For information about tickets, call 809-6969.)

"BITCH! DYKE! FAGHAG! WHORE!"—Performance artist Penny Arcade tells her own coming-of-age story with bawdy humor and sisterly warmth. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Fridays and Saturdays at 8.)

STUFFED PUPPET THEATRE—Neville Tranter presents two works for adults, "Manipulator" and "Underdog." (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. April 14-18 at 8.)

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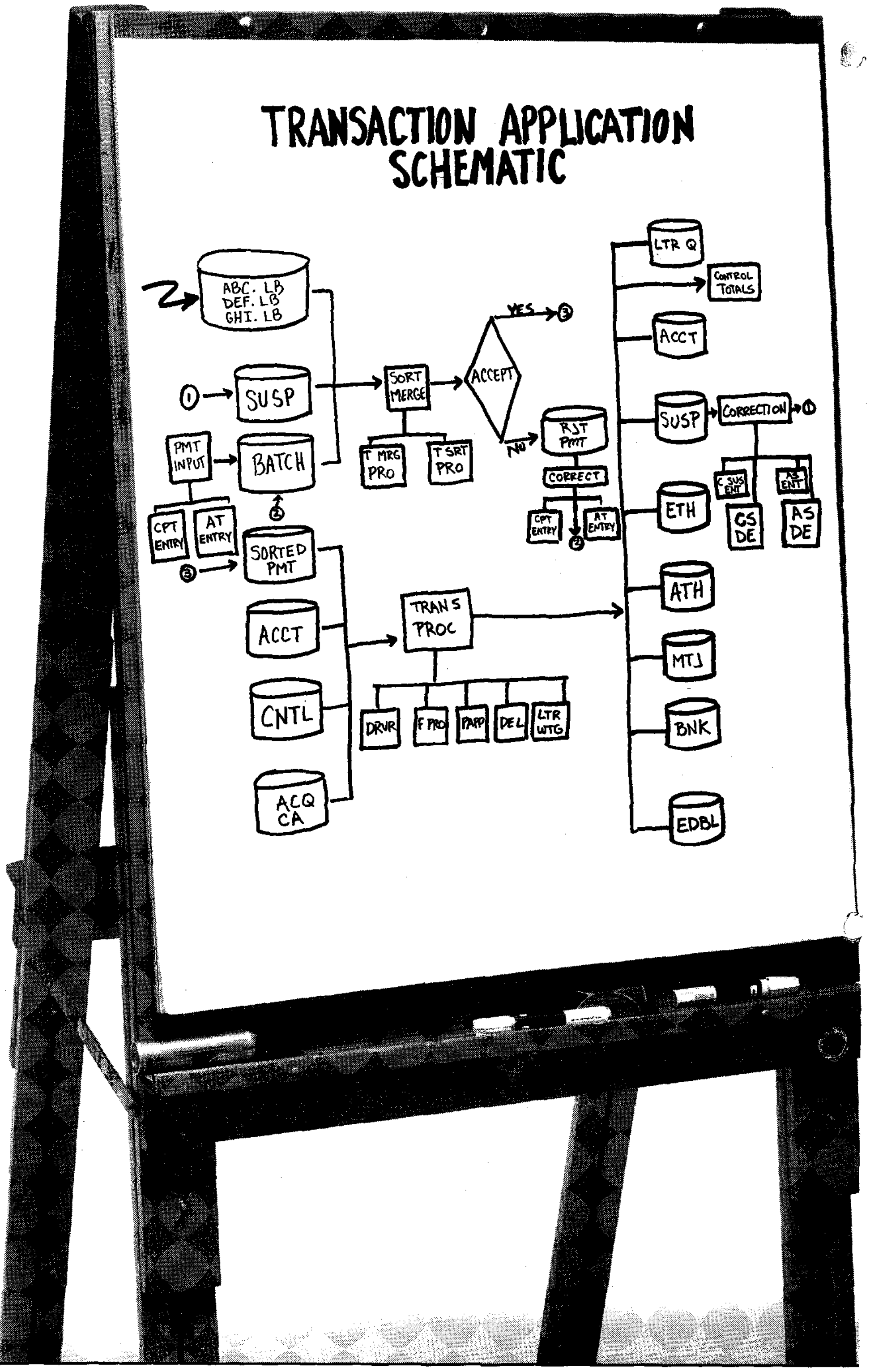
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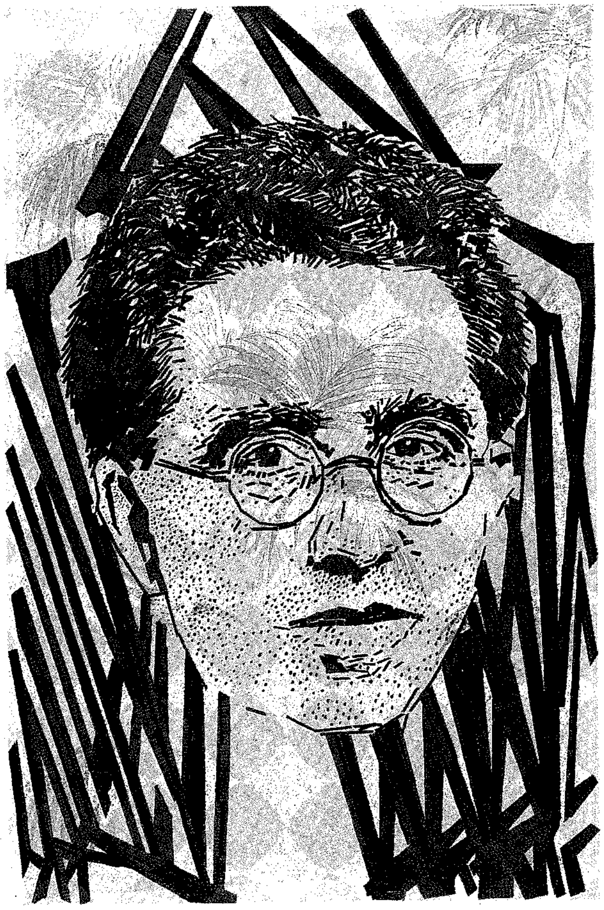
ART

Insiders

JANE KAPLOWITZ was born to the Pop instinct, was one of the early art-historical appropriators of her generation, and is a widely respected connoisseur of camp, yet unlike so many of her contemporaries she has little taste for harsh conjunctions. It is, indeed, an elegiac note, violet-scented and composed of light spring rain, that seems to linger over the artist's wan and altogether marvellous new paintings of interiors and interior designers (McCoy, 41 East 57th Street; through May 1). Among the subjects of these fey homages are such peacocks as Stephen Tennant, Oliver Messel, and Jean Cocteau, as well as a roomful of New York decorators, circa 1940. Based on photographs from periodicals, catalogues, and biographies, the images of these and other fine figures of taste are presented in more or less their original context—complete with captions. There's a portrait of "Messel decorating the Pavilion Room at the Dorchester," taken from a picture book, and "Cocteau in bed with the mask of Antigone, 1927," from a period print by Berenice Abbott. Also, Kaplowitz has drawings made directly on the walls. The New York decorators, for instance, make a second appearance, in misty grisaille—the ghosts of taste gone by.



Santiago Calatrava at MOMA.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Daumier Drawings" is the first major exhibition devoted specifically to the drawings of Honoré Daumier (1808-79). Daumier was a working artist in the modern sense, a lithographer by trade and a savage pictorial satirist whose lampoons of King Louis Philippe once landed him in jail. The show contains more than a hundred of his caustic masterpieces, including "The Drunkenness of Silenus," "The Legislative Belly," and the saturnine "Doctor Prunelle." Through May 2. . . . ¶ "The Greek Miracle: Classical Sculpture from the Dawn of Democracy, the Fifth Century B.C." This remarkable exhibit of more than forty statues, stelae, busts, and figures from the fifth century B.C. features such archetypal works as the "Kritios Boy" and "Nike Unbinding Her Sandal." Through May 23. . . . ¶ Paintings from fifteenth-century China, in "Painters of the Great Ming: The Imperial Court and Zhe School." Through May 9. . . . ¶ "Splendid Legacy: The Havemeyer Collection." More than four hundred and fifty works—Islamic pottery, Tiffany Favrile glass, Manets, Monets, Degases, et cetera—from the Havemeyer family's modest agglomeration. . . . ¶ "The Waking Dream: Photography's First Century" features rare prints from 1839 to 1939. . . . ¶ The New Costume Institute's first show, "Infra-Apparel," puts into perspective the phenomenon—not at all confined to the present day—of underwear worn as outerwear. This show ranges from a white American Empire-style day dress (circa 1799)—which would make the wearer look to us like chastity incarnate but to Victorians as if she had just got out of bed—to the gold-sprayed satin corset worn by Madonna in her "Like a Virgin" video. In between are designs by Balenciaga, Fortuny, Lagerfeld, Versace, you name it. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Max Ernst: Dada and the Dawn of Surrealism" comprises two hundred and thirty paintings, relief sculptures, collages, drawings, and prints. Through May 2. . . . ¶ "Thresholds/Santiago Calatrava: Structure and Expression." This exhibition, which inaugurates the museum's Thresholds series, dedicated to contemporary issues in architecture and design, includes an installation of Calatrava's drawings and scale models. Among the architect's projects documented here are viaducts, bridges, and railway stations realized throughout Europe; the Spanish pavilion from last year's World's Fair, in Seville; and, most impressive of all, the model for a life-sustaining or "biospheric" addition to the cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York. Calatrava's designs, at once organic and futuristic, suggest influences ranging from Gaudí to Eero Saarinen, and seem to be vigorously poised for the coming century. The show continues outdoors in the sculpture garden with a mechanized structure, "Machine for Making Shadows." Through May 18. . . . ¶ "Thinking Is Form: The Drawings of Joseph Beuys." Through May 4 (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Picasso and the Age of Iron" contains more than ninety works, by Picasso, Alexander Calder, Alberto Giacometti, Julio González, and David Smith. Sculpted iron, bronze, brass, and steel seem particularly suited to the austerity of the Guggenheim. As you wind along the ramp toward the summit, past Smith's arc-welded abstractions, González's woven rods and ribbons, and Calder's fragile mobiles, you find such masterworks as Picasso's Cyclopean "Head" (1964) and Giacometti's delicate, life-size "Capsizing Man" (1950). Through May 16. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Like one of those Russian *matrioshki*, this Biennial, boasting the work of more than eighty American artists, is a show within a show within a show. You could spend days here if you were diligent about combing all the installations, reading all the texts, and watching all the videos—much of the material evincing a concern for sociopolitical issues. Better to go with the flow and not ask whither. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Manet to Picasso" is a choice show of approximately forty works on paper, dating from 1871 to 1937 and all drawn from the museum's collection. Here, for example, is Degas's "Mary Cassatt au Louvre: La Peinture" in company with perhaps the most engaging work in the show, by Cassatt herself: "In the Omnibus," depicting the interior of a tram crossing a bridge, with a woman holding a child and seated beside another woman (sister? friend? stranger?), who is lost in thought—a study in the mystery of human relationships that anyone who has ever taken a train ride has sometimes pondered. Through May 23. . . . ¶ Women's age-old passion for stylish shoes is the subject of "Fancy Feet: A Historic Collection of Ladies' Footwear." Included are a pair of early-sixteenth-century Venetian silk-taffeta-and-metallic-lace *chopines*, which resemble gaping fish; an Italian orange calf-leather mule (circa 1955) that, with its spike heel and dagger-tip toe, might suit a female Merlin; and an American "Pop Power" heel (circa 1980). . . . ¶ More than twenty paintings and works on paper by Leon Polk Smith. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Gods, Guardians, and Lovers: Temple Sculptures from North India, A.D. 700-1200." Medieval North Indian iconography reflects a notion of the divine as abstract, playfully erotic, and polymorphous. This exhibition presents such figures as the twenty-armed Ganesa, the elephant-headed god of wisdom and good fortune; Vishnu in his boar incarnation; a monkey untying the girdle of a celestial beauty; and other lasciviously smirking, prodigiously endowed guardians and lovers. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Czech Cubism: Architecture and Design."—This exhibition of a hundred and twenty-seven objects—clearly, in hindsight, representing one of Europe's last breaths of optimism before the century's true character set in—is dominated by the spirited and complementary work of Pavel Janák (1882-1956) and Josef Gočár (1880-1945), architects who were at the center of the movement to elaborate a distinctively Czech look in design. Janák's fascination with prismatic forms in building façades was carried over into his treatment of household furnishings, and he turned his hand to everything from sofas and chairs to vases, carpets, and wallpaper. The defining object of the exhibition is the simple lozenge-shaped mirror he designed in 1913. Gočár had a particular affinity for the bookcase, of which there are four examples here, including his massive, outlandish Rondo-Cubist cabinet of 1922. A dozen other designers are represented. . . . ¶ "Collecting A to Z." The museum's recent acquisitions, arranged alphabetically. Architecture, bentwood, color—you get the idea.

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(Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Assault on the Arts: Culture and Politics in Nazi Germany." Through May 28. . . . ¶ "Christian Boltanski: Books, Prints, Printed Matter, Ephemera." Through May 15. (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 5:45; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:45.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Pello Irazu—This young Spanish artist's current show contains geometric wood sculptures, brightly colored in parts, which are attractive and energetic but reside deep in the shadow of Donald Judd. Through April 17. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

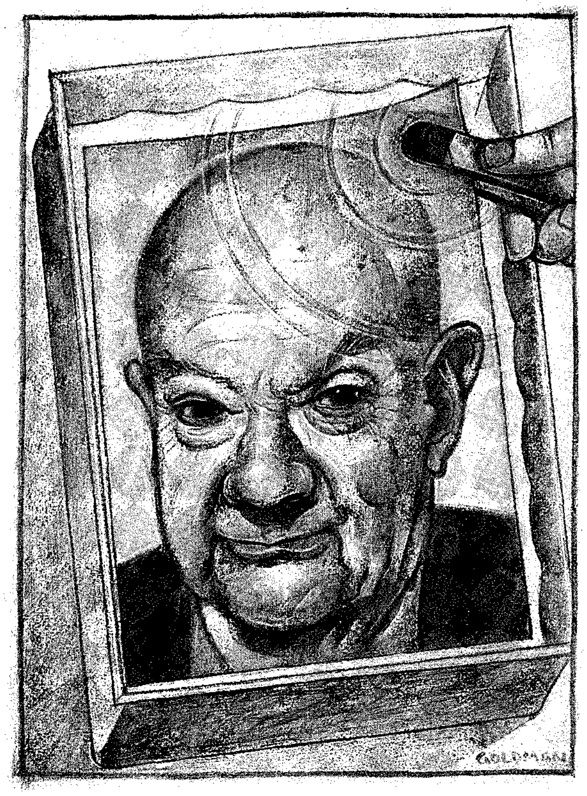
Ronald Jones—Each of the eight groups in this dreadful show consists of different arrangements of the same elements: a bronze head, a partially decomposed femur, and a planter containing both fake plants and castor beans. According to the artist's scheme, the planters allude to the ones belatedly installed as barriers against suicide truck bombs at the United States Embassy in Beirut, and the castor beans (source of ricin, one of the most poisonous toxins in the plant kingdom) suggest an alternative weapon available to terrorists; the femur stands for the misidentified remains returned to the family of an American soldier missing in action in Vietnam; and the busts commemorate victims of the Nazis, the Khmer Rouge, and the Ku Klux Klan. Jones obviously thought hard about all this, but none of it could be guessed in a million years without the aid of the Acoustiguide provided by the gallery. Through May 1. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Donald Judd—A show of four impeccable sculptures. There are two freestanding works made of rusted Cor-ten steel, each consisting of several five-foot cubes that are solid on some sides, open on others. These are the artist's largest pieces yet in steel but, paradoxically, they're also his least intimidating. And there are also two wall-mounted works, each composed of five stacked boxes. One set of boxes is made of Cor-ten, the other of plywood, each backed in Plexiglas ranging in color from violet to celadon. Through April 24. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

Alix Lambert—As part of what her gallery calls a "marriage project," Lambert has been busy marrying as many men as she can, and making cohabitation agreements with the occasional woman. The legal documents themselves are the most interesting things in the show. They reveal an irreverent streak, but otherwise this young artist's spirited playfulness has yet to settle into the works themselves—stacks of mover's boxes, wedding-gift toasters, and U-Haul car-top carriers displaying "Always the bride, never the bridesmaid" T-shirts. Even where the work takes off, the lengths to which Lambert goes ultimately seem disproportionate to the meagre results of all this frenetic marital action. Through April 17. (Newburg, 43 Greene St.)

Nancy Rubins—This enormous work—it nearly fills the gallery's front room—is a sort of Dada fog bank. It is made of old mattresses dotted with mounds of partially mashed Entenmann's cakes and suspended a few inches off the floor. Through April 24. (Kasmin, 74 Grand St.)

Short List—**ILAN AVERBUCH:** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Through May 17. . . . **MIRIAM BEERMAN:** Klarfeld Perry, 472 Broome St. Through May 8. . . . **JONATHAN BOROFSKY:** Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Through April 24. . . . **MICHAEL CHANDLER:** Ala, 560 Broadway. Through April 17. . . . **SARAH CHARLESWORTH:** Gorney, 100 Greene St. Through April 24. . . . **RAY CIARROCHI:** Perlow, 560 Broadway. Through April 28. . . . **CARMEN CICERO:** Kelly, 591 Broadway. Through May 4. . . . **JAY DE FEO:** Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St. Through April 17. . . . **ARTURO DUCLOS:** Nosei, 100 Prince St. Through April 22. . . . **JENE HIGHSTEIN:** Klein, 594 Broadway. Through May 9. . . . **ON KAWARA:** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. Through April 24. . . . **JOHN MILLER:** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. Through May 8. . . . **THOMAS NOZKOWSKI:** Protetch, 560 Broadway. Through April 24. . . . **NAM JUNE PAIK:** Solomon, 174 Mercer St. Through May 8. . . . **ODILON REDON:** The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Through May 28. . . . **MIA WESTERLUND ROOSEN:** Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway. Through May 8. . . . **CAROLE SEBOROVSKI:** Weber, 142 Greene St. Through April 17. . . . **RICHARD SERRA:** Gagosian 136 Wooster St. Through April 17.



Roman Vishniac at I.C.P. Midtown.

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Yves Klein (1928-62)—The mythical qualities and alchemical applications of fire have been evident in much of this artist's oeuvre, yet his occasional use of fire as a tool for scorching canvasses is not well known. The works in this show, from a series of "paintings" from the early sixties, take the period's expressionist gesture and transform it with the kiss of a flame. They also have the je ne sais quoi of old photographs about them. While lacking Klein's usual elegance, they are very grounded pieces for such an ethereal artist. (Alas, none of Klein's famous sculptures made literally of fire are included here.) Through April 17. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—A delightful show of small abstract ink washes made in the early thirties—blunt, angular Cubist storms that suggest the rising New York skyline. Through May 8. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

"The Lyrical, the Logical, and the Sublime"—One wouldn't want to guess which of the three Italian artists in this exhibit—all of whom came of age artistically in the early eighties—is which. Sandro Chia is mostly a showman, although in rare instances his metaphors succeed, as in one painting of spermatozoally squiggly men jousting and boxing. Mimmo Palladino's doelike demons in frames carved to resemble primitive art are much more convincing than Chia's work. But this show's chief reason for being is to present Silvio Merlino, whose paintings are simply inept. Through April 24. (Haime, 41 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**PIERRE ALECHINSKY:** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Through April 24. . . . **DENNIS ASHBAUGH:** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. Through April 24. . . . **FRANCIS BACON:** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Through April 27. (Open Mondays). . . . **WILL BARNET** and **WILLIAM KING:** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. Through April 17. . . . **NELL BLAINE:** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Through May 1. . . . **MARCEL BROODTHAERS:** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. Through April 17. . . . **MICHAEL BYRON:** Baron-Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St. Through May 8. . . . **RALSTON CRAWFORD:** Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. Through April 24. . . . **TIBOR CSERNUS:** Stiebel Modern, 32 E. 57th St. Through April 17. . . .. **DANIEL DALLMANN:** Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. Through April 17. . . . **STUART DAVIS:** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Through May 1. (Open Mondays). . . . **NANCY GRAVES:** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. Through May 6. . . . **GWEN JOHN:** Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. Through May 28. . . . **ROBERT LA HOTAN:** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through May 1. . . . **JOAN MITCHELL:** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. Through May 8. . . . **JAN MÜLLER** and **BOB THOMPSON:** Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St. Through May 29. . . . **JOEL PERLMAN:** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Through April 17. . . . **PAVEL TCHELITCHEW:** Rosenfeld, 50 W. 57th St. Through May 29. . . . **ROBIN UTTERBACK:** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. Through April 29. . . . **DAISY YOUNGBLOOD:** Mc Kee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Through May 8.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Another Side

The legendary relationship of Alfred Stieglitz and Georgia O'Keeffe had many twists and turns, and one of these involved the photographer Dorothy Norman, who met Stieglitz in 1926, and until his death, in 1946, did for his ego and heart what O'Keeffe couldn't, or wouldn't. After decades of only modest recognition, Norman's own photography, which basically came to an end in the mid-fifties, is finally in the spotlight, at the International Center of Photography (1130 Fifth Avenue, at 94th Street; through June 27). Now eighty-eight, Norman herself attended the opening of the exhibition, her first retrospective.

The show isn't just a chance to decide if Norman is an important photographer in her own right; it is also a display of the bond that existed between her and Stieglitz. It seems that Norman—who, like Stieglitz, was married, and who had many social as well as artistic concerns—found in Stieglitz' world the chance to

BART GOLDMAN

express her affinities. All her prints—whether shots of artists, gravestones, flowers, or the New York skyline—manifest a gemlike quality attributable not only to their tiny scale but also to their aesthetic of extreme concentration on whatever the subject is. This is seen most clearly in her portraits of Stieglitz and in her pictures taken at his gallery, some of which are as abstract as the modern art that her mentor so passionately championed. Several prints in this exhibition are mounted so as to give us a view of the reverse side, too. Some of these include a telling comment from Stieglitz. On one he wrote, "Very good. Very interesting. I L Y." (Gallery 292, at 120 Wooster Street, is also showing Dorothy Norman's work.)

Roman Vishniac—Far from being mere historical documents, Vishniac's photographs of impoverished Jewish communities in Lodz, Cracow, and other Eastern European ghettos depict a moment of insular calm before the Nazi onslaught. Through April 18. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**CECIL BEATON:** Danziger, 415 West Broadway. Through May 1. . . . **WILLIAM CLIFT:** Equitable Gallery, 787 Seventh Ave., at 51st St. Through June 12. . . . **STAN DOUGLAS:** Zwirner, 43 Greene St. Through April 24. . . . **NANCY GOLDRING:** Baum, 588 Broadway. Through May 1. . . . **ALEXANDER RODCHENKO:** Sander, 19 E. 76th St. Through April 30. . . . **THOMAS RUFF:** 303 Gallery, 89 Greene St. Through April 17. . . . **PENELOPE UMBRICO:** Saul, 560 Broadway. Through May 1. . . . **JOEL-PETER WITKIN:** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. Through April 24.

MUSIC

Center Stage

As the Metropolitan Opera season winds down each spring, there comes an event that is always recommendable, even though one has no idea whether it will succeed spectacularly or not at all. Some of the excitement went out of the Metropolitan Opera Auditions fifteen years back, when the awarding of prizes was eliminated. Nowadays, ten or so young singers are presented as democratic equals in the Winners Concert (this year's is April 18 at 3). The auditions don't guarantee a contract with the Metropolitan, as they used to. But hope is always there: theirs for a contract and a career, ours for fresh voices to fill some of the heartbreaking gaps in the house's roster.

And in recent years hope has sometimes been rewarded. The young Canadian tenor Ben Heppner, for instance, first came to local attention singing the Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger" at a Winners' Concert a few years back; more recently, he has been singing the whole opera, at the Met and elsewhere. He is clearly the best new Wagner tenor to turn up in the past twenty-five years. The most memorable voice at last year's concert belonged to a soprano named Marie Plette; just now she is appearing on the big stage as one of the ladies in "Die Zauberflöte" and as Gutrune in "Götterdämmerung." The house's annual circuit of nationwide preliminary auditions tends to turn up singers who aren't already making the rounds of the regional companies (those who are, and are Met material, get snapped up separately), so one almost always sits down to the Winners Concert with innocent anticipation.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall, 875-5050; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**LA TRAVIATA,** with a Victoria Villarroel to be announced, Franco Farina, and Sherrill Milnes; conducted by Placido Domingo. (April 14 at 8 and April 17 at 8:30.). . . **LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR,** with Sumi Jo, Alfredo Kraus, Haijing Fu, and Paul Plishka; Michelangelo Veltri. (April 15 at 8.). . . **DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE,** with Renée Fleming, Sally Wolf, Deon van der Walt, Manfred Hemm, and Matthias Hölle; Donald Runnicles. (April 16 at 8.). . . **GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG,** with Gwyneth Jones, Marie Plette, Tatiana Troyanos, William Johns, Alan Held, Ekkehard Wlaschiha, and Matti Salminen; James Levine. (April 17 at noon.). . . **DAS RHEINGOLD,** with Hei-Kyung Hong, Hanna Schwarz, Hitomi Katagiri, Philip Langridge, Graham Clark, James Morris, Ekkehard Wlaschiha, Matthias Hölle, and Matti Salminen; James Levine. (April 19 at 8.). . . **DIE WALKÜRE,** with Gwyneth Jones, Jessye Norman, Hanna Schwarz, Gary Lakes, James Morris, and Matti Salminen; James Levine. (April 20 at 6.) (Metropolitan Opera House. The company's season ends on May 2.)

Metropolitan Opera National Council—April 18 at 3: The organization's annual Winners Concert features eight promising young singers; with Michelangelo Veltri conducting the Met-

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ropolitan Opera Orchestra. (Metropolitan Opera House.). . . ¶ April 19 at noon: Several of the winners, in a recital of arias. (St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway at Fulton St. Admission by contribution.)

Amato Opera Company—Opening performances of a new production of Verdi's "Otello," in a new English translation. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. April 17 at 7 and April 18 at 2:30. Through May 16.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducts light music of a primaveral persuasion, and composer-and-pianist Marvin Hamlisch helps out with some pieces of his own. (Carnegie Hall. April 16 at 8.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducts an all-Beethoven concert: the "Ruins of Athens" Overture, Piano Concerto No. 2 (with William Wolfram), Symphony No. 8, and "Choral Fantasy" (featuring Mr. Wolfram, several vocal soloists, and the Taghkanic Chorale). (Metropolitan Museum. April 16 at 8.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directs Verdi's Requiem. (Carnegie Hall. April 17 at 8.)

New York Chamber Symphony—At the 92nd Street Y, Gerard Schwarz conducting. April 17 at 8 and April 18 at 3: Barber's "Capricorn Concerto" (featuring flutist Judith Mendenhall, oboist Randall Ellis, and trumpeter Neil Balm), Chopin's Piano Concerto No. 2 (with Eduardus Halim), Corigliano's "Voyage" (featuring Ms. Mendenhall), and Brahms' Serenade No. 2. . . . ¶ April 20 at 8:30: Concertos featuring young musicians supported by Young Concert Artists: Copland's Clarinet Concerto (with Todd Palmer), Mendelssohn's E-Minor Violin Concerto (with Chee-Yun), and Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1 (with Mikhail Yanovitsky). (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—André Previn conducts Vaughan Williams' "Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis," Ravel's "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and Mozart's A-Major Piano Concerto (K. 488, with Jean-Philippe Collard) and Symphony No. 38 (the "Prague"). (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. April 18 at 8.)

New Mozart Ensemble—A period-instrument group, playing a Haydn divertimento, a sextet by Boccherini, a pair of Mozart piano concertos (K. 107 and K. 415), and "An Airmail Letter from Mozart," a set of variations on a theme by Mozart, composed by Jonathan Dove (yes—contemporary music for ancient instruments). Melvyn Tan presides from the keyboard. (Walter Reade Theatre, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. April 19 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.)

St. Paul Chamber Orchestra—Hugh Wolff conducts Ravel's "Le Tombeau de Couperin," Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 2 (with Gil Shaham), and Beethoven's Symphony No. 2. (Carnegie Hall. April 19 at 8.)

RECITALS

Jon Klibonoff—Pianist, performing an all-American program: Allen Gimbel's Piano Sonata (1982), two recent movements by Richard Danielpour, Copland's "Piano Variations," Gershwin's "Three Preludes," and two pieces by Gottshalk. (Weill Recital Hall. April 14 at 8.)

Popov and Vona—In their New York début recital, the Canadian two-piano team of Lark Popov and George Vona performs the première of Gary Kulesha's "The Book of Mirrors," a musical interpretation of Peter Greenaway's speculations (in his novel and film, "Prospero's Books") concerning the library that accompanied Shakespeare's Prospero into exile. Also on the program are works by Mozart, Rachmaninoff, Corigliano, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. April 14 at 8.)

Opening the Vaults—When it comes to collecting musical manuscripts, the Morgan Library has very few rivals. Its collection includes some eighteen hundred autograph scores (not to mention ten thousand letters) by the leading composers of Western music. We're talking major-league stuff here: Mozart's "Haffner" Symphony, Schubert's "Winterreise," and Mahler's Fifth Symphony are just the tip of the iceberg. The Morgan is instituting a series in which distinguished musicians will perform works whose autographs reside in its vaults. Pianist Gilbert Kalish, tenor John Aler, and a string quartet will perform during the first installment, which will comprise Haydn's E-Flat-Major Piano Trio, selections from Beethoven's "Schottische Lieder," songs by Rossini and Donizetti, and Walton's A-Minor String Quartet. (29 E. 36th St. 685-0008, ext. 347. April 15 at 6:15.)

Bargemusic—Cellist Nathaniel Rosen and pianist Jerome Lowenthal perform Grieg's Cello Sonata; violinist Nai-Yuan Hu and violist Maria Lambros join them for piano quartets (both in E-Flat Major) by Mozart and Schumann. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. April 15 at 7:30 and April 18 at 4.)

Musicians from Marlboro—Presenting Mozart's D-Major Flute Quartet, Fauré's Second Piano Quartet, and Brahms' First String Sextet. (Metropolitan Museum. April 15 at 8.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—Performing Mozart's "Dissonance" Quartet and (with Claude Frank) piano quintets by Schumann and Schnittke. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 15 at 8.)

Jennifer Hayghe—Pianist, performing music by Haydn, Busoni (his Sonatina "super Carmen"), Brahms (his "Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Handel"), Chopin, and Liszt, as well as Liszt's transcription of Wagner's "Liebestod." (Alice Tully Hall. April 15 at 8.)

Lark String Quartet and Michael Blum—The string players perform Aaron Jay Kernis's "Musica Celestis," the pianist offers Bach's D-Major Partita, and all join for Schumann's Piano Quintet. (Weill Recital Hall. April 15 at 8.)

Continuum—The general public knows György Ligeti primarily through his haunting score for Stanley Kubrick's film "2001: A Space Odyssey." The modern-music group observes his seventieth birthday by presenting a handful of his works, including several New York premières. (Alice Tully Hall. April 17 at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Performing Beethoven's Quartets in A Major (Op. 18, No. 5) and F Major (Op. 135), as well as his "Grosse Fuge." (Metropolitan Museum. April 17 at 8.)

Eduardus Halim, with the New York Chamber Symphony, at the 92nd Street Y.

KEVIN FUNABASHI

Borromeo String Quartet—Performing Haydn's G-Major Quartet (Op. 64, No. 4), Prokofiev's Quartet No. 1, and Schubert's G-Major Quartet (D. 887). (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. April 17 at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.). . . ¶ The Haydn and Schubert, as above, plus Bartók's First Quartet. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. April 18 at 2. For information about tickets, call 229-5689.)

Works by Gyula Csapó—Three compositions by this student of Morton Feldman. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. April 17 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Trio Tiento!—Classical guitarist Stephen Robinson, plus colleagues, perform a recent composition by Samuel Adler, as well as pieces by Paganini, Sarasate, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 17 at 8:30.)

The Other Vaughan Williams—Ralph Vaughan Williams enjoyed creative vigor practically until the day he died, rich in years and reputation, in 1958. Some of his autumnal energy can be attributed to his marriage (as an octogenarian, in 1953) to the writer Ursula Wood, who was four decades his junior. (It was his second marriage: he had lost his first wife two years earlier, following a marriage of fifty-four years.) Inspired by their union to refocus his attention on the art song—a genre he had neglected since the mid-twenties—Vaughan Williams intended to compose two song cycles to poems by his new bride. The plan never reached completion, but the portions he did finish were published posthumously (in 1960) as his "Four Last Songs," echoing the title of Strauss's valediction, which had been premièred just ten years earlier. Ursula Vaughan Williams, now an octogenarian herself, will be on hand to read from her own poetry and to hear a performance (by mezzo-soprano Lauren Lipson and pianist Francis Heilbut) of the "Four Last Songs," among other works of her late husband. (Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E. 20th St. April 18 at 2. For information about tickets, call 866-2086.)

Augustin Dumay and Maria João Pires—The violinist and the pianist perform sonatas by Brahms (his Second), Schubert, and Franck. (Alice Tully Hall. April 18 at 2.)

Merling Trio—Performing piano trios by Beethoven (the "Ghost"), Mendelssohn (in C Minor), and Curtis Curtis-Smith (his Second, in its première). (Weill Recital Hall. April 18 at 2.)

Cassatt String Quartet—Performing Mozart's Adagio and Fugue in C Minor (K. 546), Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" Quartet, and Grażyna Bacewicz's Quartet No. 6. (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130. April 18 at 2:45.)

Brooklyn Friends of Chamber Music—Presenting piano trios by Haydn (in G Major), Copland (his "Vitebsk"), and Schumann (in D Minor). (Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, 85 S. Oxford St., Brooklyn. April 18 at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Angeles String Quartet—Performing Schubert's "Quartettsatz," Mozart's D-Major Flute Quartet (with Carol Wincenc), and Brahms' A-Minor Quartet, as well as the première of "Equinox," by Tania Gabrielle French. (St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway at Fulton St. April 18 at 4. For information about tickets, call 602-0873.)

Winslow Browning—Classical guitarist, performing a pair of tangos by Astor Piazzolla; colleagues join him for chamber music by Haydn, Paganini, and François de Fossa. (St. Luke In-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. April 18 at 4. For information about tickets, call 1-718 788-1988.)

Cavani String Quartet—The Cleveland-based foursome performs Mendelssohn's D-Major Quartet, Schumann's A-Minor Quartet, and the New York première of Dan Welcher's "Harbor Music." (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. April 18 at 5.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Presenting trios by Ravel (his A-Minor Piano Trio) and Poulenc (for Piano, Oboe, and Bassoon), Milhaud's "La Création du Monde" (in a piano-quintet arrangement), and Saint-

Saëns' Septet for Trumpet, Strings, and Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. April 18 at 5 and April 20 at 7:30.)

Hawthorne String Quartet—Performing chamber music by Pavel Haas, Gideon Klein, Hans Krása, Ervín Schulhoff, and Viktor Ullman, all of whom contributed to the macabre musical life of the Terezin concentration camp, a sorry excuse for an artists' retreat but one that gave birth to numerous compositions of exceptional pathos. Mark Ludwig assists as narrator. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 18 at 7.)

Colorado String Quartet—The ensemble celebrates its tenth anniversary by performing Mozart's D-Major Quartet (K. 499), Karel Husa's Quartet No. 4 ("Poems," in its New York première), and Schumann's Piano Quintet (with the assistance of David Korevaar). (Alice Tully Hall. April 19 at 8.)

Chelsea Chamber Ensemble—Presenting Mozart's Oboe Quartet, Beethoven's Septet for Strings and Winds, and a chamber reduction of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." (Weill Recital Hall. April 19 at 8.)

Tanya Stambuk—The pianist offers a non-standard program: Jan Ladislav Dussek's Sonata "Le Retour à Paris," Barber's Piano Sonata, Two Preludes (Op. 13) by Joseph Jongen, and Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition." (Merkin Concert Hall. April 19 at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Presenting a grab bag of small-scale curiosities, including a Sextet for Piano and Strings written by the fifteen-year-old Mendelssohn but not published until after his death (and largely ignored since). Also on the program are Mozart's Oboe Quartet, Brahms' two "Viola" Songs (Op. 91), and Poulenc's cycle "Le Bal Masqué"; featuring mezzo-soprano Milagro Vargas, pianist Gilbert Kalish, and violist Louise Schulman. (Merkin Concert Hall. April 20 at 8.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK
PERSONAL APPEARANCES

June Tabor—A singular British folksinger who makes you wonder how she does it. Does she have an extra set of vocal chords? How can she harmonize with herself without the benefit of studio magic? While she can look like a slightly haunted technician who wandered out onstage by mistake, doubts vanish when she sings her first notes. Her range is tremendous; with equal freshness she sings Billy Bragg's "Valentine's Day Is Over" and old Scottish ballads. St. Ann's Church should provide ideal acoustics, especially for her a-cappella numbers. (St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. 1-718 858-2424. April 17 at 8.)

808 State—This English trio of musical programmers and their bank of machines make the techno music all other techno units seek to equal. As they modestly adjust their digital equipment, a very big steamrolling sound flattens the ravers in attendance. Meat Beat Manifesto (an industrial-dance duo) and Supreme Love Gods will also appear. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. April 17 at 11.)

Willem Breuker Kollektief—Alternative Museum, 594 Broadway. 966-4444. April 14 at 8.

Tribute to Erroll Garner—The Carnegie Hall Jazz Band and guest artists George Shearing, Monty Alexander, Roland Hanna, Dave McKenna, and Vanessa Rubin salute the late jazz pianist. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. April 15 at 8.)

Dorothy Donegan—With Ifeachor Okeke and her trio. (Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St. 491-2206. April 15 at 7.)

B. B. King—With Millie Jackson and Bobby Blue Bland. (Apollo, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. April 16 at 7 and 11.)

Claudio Roditi Quintet—Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. April 16 at 8.

New York Theatre Organ Society—Presenting Thomas Hazleton. (Schwartz Athletic Center, Long Island University's Brooklyn campus, Flatbush and DeKalb Aves. April 18 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the performance.)

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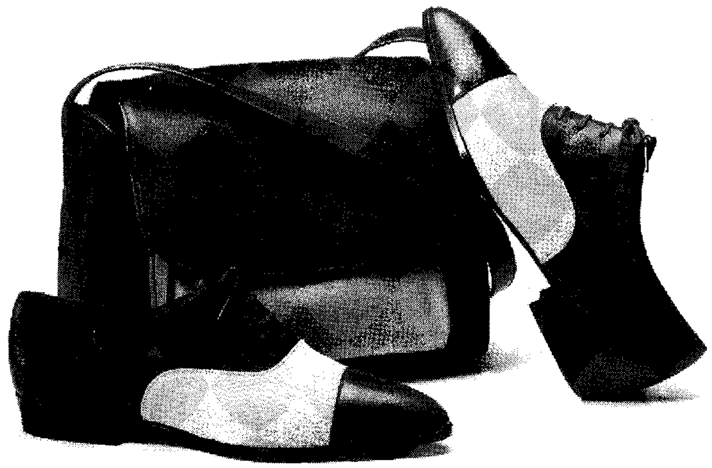

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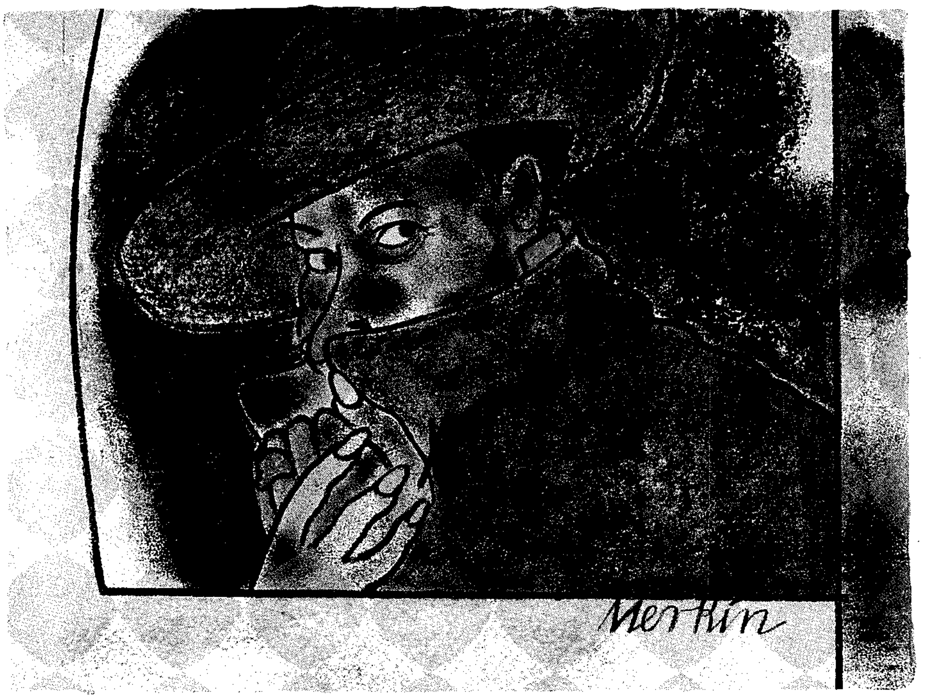


Betty Carter at BAM's Majestic Theatre.

Uptown Express—The pops ensemble of the New York City Gay Men's Chorus. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. April 18 at 7 and 9. For information about tickets, call 279-0228.)

Betty Carter—This showcase concert—it is billed as "Jazz Ahead '94," the first of what is envisioned as an annual event—includes a headlining performance by Brooklyn's grande dame. Ms. Carter, an outspoken proponent of musical education for jazz musicians—she was once a student at the Detroit Conservatory of Music—will also introduce sixteen outstanding young performers from around the country whom she has chosen for this evening. The sixteen have been grouped as four quartets, and Ms. Carter will probably join each combo for a number or two. It is certain that no educational experience in jazz can surpass the pleasure of seeing Betty Carter sing with her exceptional trio. Her interplay with pianist Cyrus Chestnut, bassist Christopher Thomas, and drummer Clarence Penn is almost supernatural. It's jazz telepathy. (BAM's Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. April 17 at 8 and April 18 at 3.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Maybe Next Year—At press time, as the season concludes, the Rangers, Islanders, and Devils are all fighting for playoff berths. Things look bleak for the Rangers, but what do we know?

Rangers—Vs. the Washington Capitals, April 14 at 7:30.

Islanders—Vs. the Hartford Whalers, April 15 at 7:35.

Devils—Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, April 14 at 7:35.

Knicks—Vs. the Detroit Pistons, April 17 at 8:30.

Nets—Vs. the Boston Celtics, April 15 at 7:30.

Yankees—Vs. the Kansas City Royals, April 14 at 1 and April 15 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Texas Rangers, April 16 at 7:30 and April 17-18 at 1:30.

Mets—Vs. the San Francisco Giants, April 20 at 7:40.

(The Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; the Devils and the Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900; the Yankees at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000; and the Mets at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Womb to Tomb

City Lore, the New York Center for Urban Folk Culture, has long been devoted to documenting and presenting the cultural heritage of New York City's wide spectrum of races and social groups. At its recent People's Hall of Fame ceremony, honoring a Yiddish folksinger, a Latino muralist, and the originator of the Halloween parade, among others, the word "multicultural" never crossed anyone's lips. Yet the gathering looked like nothing so much as a potluck supper for all the riders on a couple of randomly selected subway cars.

"That's Life! Womb to Tomb on Film and Video," City Lore's seventh annual film festival, is a one-day cradle-to-grave extravaganza. Thirty-two films will be shown in a twelve-hour marathon—from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. on April 17—with works like "All My Babies" and "Midwives: Births Beyond Hospitals" early on, and "Grim," "Final Rest," and "On Ice" in the waning hours. In between, the festival will screen such works as "The Tourist," about a traveller's midlife reconsideration, and "Rocks with Wings," a film about a Navajo high-school girls' basketball team. Eric T. John, the festival's coördinator for the last four years, says that he looked for rites-of-passage films "that were concerned with genuine experience, as opposed to Hollywood's insincere portrayals." Several of the filmmakers will be present to answer questions. (Tishman Auditorium and the Greenberg Lounge at the New York University School of Law, 40 Washington Square South. For more information, call 529-1955.)

Grand Central Grooms—Red Grooms' sculptural interpretations of some of New York's most famous icons. Visitors can walk into a subway car that's complete with a spring-mounted floor; sit in the back of an oversized cab that has large video screens of animated traffic on three sides; and climb to the top of the World Trade Center for a breathtaking view of the real star of the show, the majestic, newly renovated Main Waiting Room. (Enter on 42nd Street. Mondays through Fridays, from 11 to 7, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, from noon to 5. Through July 31. Tickets at the door.)

Everybody Sing!—The Urban Bush Women will lead an informal community sing exploring African-American and Jamaican traditions. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. April 18 at 3. The event is free, but reservations, which can be made by calling 674-8194, are suggested.)

Shad World—The Riverside Park Shad Festival, at 74th Street, includes music, a boat parade, and fresh-cooked fish. (April 18, from noon to 4. No tickets necessary.)

Go To Hell—Nineteen poets will read from their collaborative translation of Dante's "Inferno." The marathon includes Amy Clampitt, Robert Hass, Sharon Olds, and C. K. Williams, to name just a few of the pantheon. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. April 14 at 7:30.)

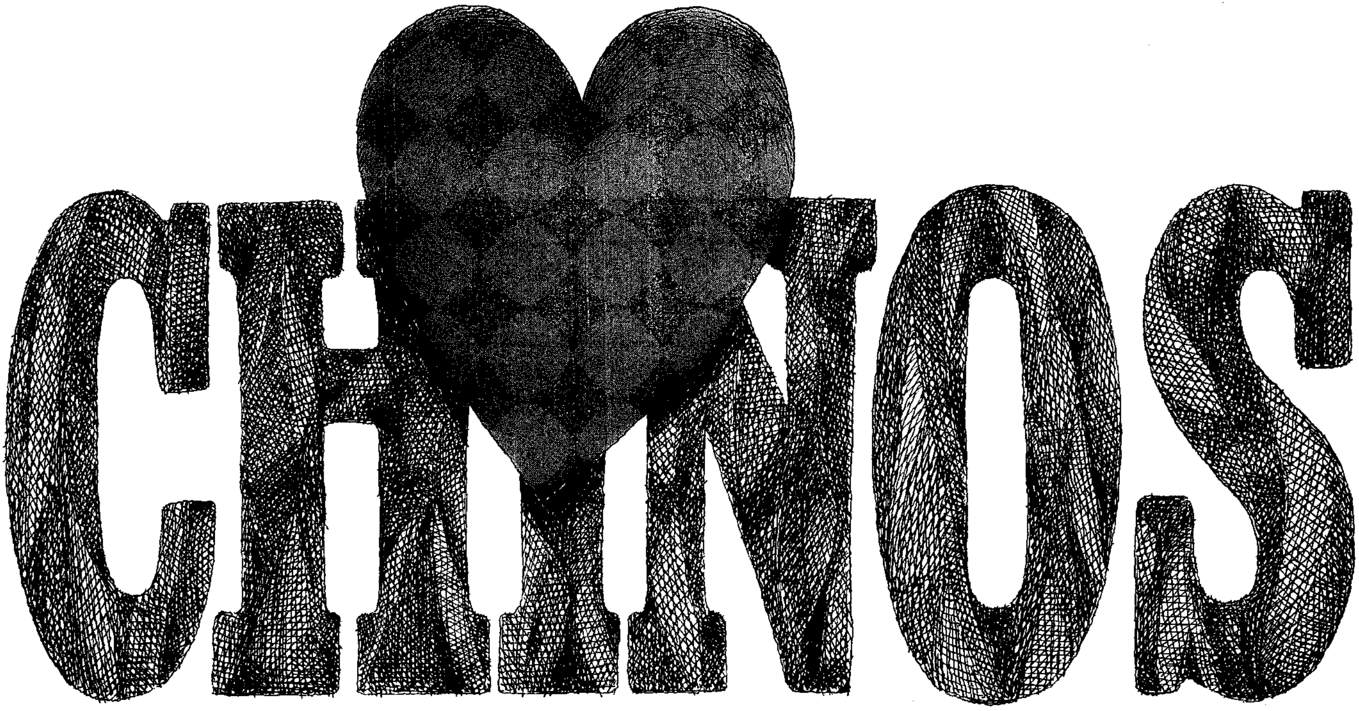
Readings—April 14 at 7:30: Science-fiction writers Pat Cadigan, Ellen Datlow, Nancy Kress, and Laura J. Mixon will read from recent work. (B. Dalton, Sixth Ave. at 8th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ April 18 at 4: Poets Carol Moldaw and Jennifer Rose will read from their own work. (Alliance Stage, 197 East Broadway, at Jefferson St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ April 19 at 7:30: Poems of the Sufi mystic Rumi will be read by translator Coleman Barks, accompanied by music performed by members of the Paul Winter Consort. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ April 19 at 8: Poet W. S. Merwin will read from his own work. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.). . . ¶ April 20 at 7: Donald Justice and Ellen Bryant Voigt will read from their own poetry. (French Institute/Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Talks—April 14 at 6: Doris Grumbach will give a talk titled "The No Man's Land of Fiction/Non-Fiction." (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571.). . . ¶ April 15 at 7: Feminist philosopher and author Mary Daly will talk about her most recent book, "Outercourse: The Be-Dazzling Voyage." (Friends Meeting House, 15 Rutherford Place, between Second and Third Aves. Tickets at the door on the night of the talk.). . . ¶ April 20, from 5:30 to 10: Two panels on gay men's literature. The first, "Heroes Looking Back," features Edmund White, among others; the second, "Gay Men's Literature Now and Tomorrow," includes Dennis Cooper. (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ April 20 at 6: Sidney Rittenberg, who joined the Chinese Communist party in 1946 and later spent sixteen years in Chinese prisons, will be interviewed by Amanda Bennett. They are co-authors of the book "The Man Who Stayed Behind." (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571.)

Weekend Walks—April 17 at noon and 2:30: Big Onion Walking Tours travels to Governors Island. For more information, call 439-1090. . . . ¶ April 18 at 1: Radical Walking Tours reveals the underground Greenwich Village of Emma Goldman and John Reed, among other revolutionaries. For more information, call 1-718 492-0069. . . . ¶ April 18 at 1: A tour that will trace the development of the Brooklyn waterfront from Colonial times to the present. For more information, call 1-718 788-8549.

Memorandum—April 15: Post those valentines to the I.R.S.

RICHARD MERKIN



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Mac" (directed by John Turturro).
Theatre 2: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 3: "Léolo" (†).
Theatre 4: "Strictly Ballroom" (†).
Theatre 5: "Okoge" (Takehiro Nakajima, in Japanese).
Theatre 6: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through April 15: Five different programs of animated films by the Hubley family.
From April 16: "The War Against the Indians" (Harry Rasky), a documentary.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through April 15: "Passion Fish" (John Sayles), with Mary McDonnell and Alfre Woodard. From April 16: "Boiling Point" (James B. Harris), with Wesley Snipes.
Theatre 2: "Jack the Bear" (†).
Theatre 3: "Point of No Return" (†).

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "El Mariachi" (†).
Theatre 2: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles III" (Stuart Gillard).
Theatre 3: "Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson.
Theatre 4: "Just Another Girl on the I.R.T" (Leslie Harris).
Theatre 5: "The Crush" (Alan Shapiro).
Theatre 6: "Falling Down" (Joel Schumacher).
Theatre 7: "Groundhog Day" (Harold Ramis), with Bill Murray.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 15: "Nitrate Kisses" (Barbara Hammer), a documentary; and "Manufacturing Consent."
From April 16: "Claire of the Moon" (Nicole Conn).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "The Last Days of Chez Nous" (Gillian Armstrong).
Theatre 2: "Bodies, Rest & Motion" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Adventures of Huck Finn" (†).
Theatre 4: (Matinées only) "Aladdin," an animated film; and (evenings only) "Damage" (Louis Malle), with Jeremy Irons and Miranda Richardson.
Theatre 5: "Howards End" (James Ivory), with Anthony Hopkins and Emma Thompson.
Theatre 6: "Born Yesterday" (†).
Theatre 7: "Unforgiven" (Clint Eastwood).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Born Yesterday" (†).
Theatre 2: "Watch It" (Thomas Flynn).
Theatre 3: "Point of No Return" (†).
Theatre 4: "Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson.
Theatre 5: "Married to It" (Arthur Hiller).
Theatre 6: "Unforgiven" (Clint Eastwood).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Scent of a Woman" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "The Panama Deception" (Barbara Trent), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles III" (Stuart Gillard); and "Married to It" (Arthur Hiller).
Theatre 3: "The Adventures of Huck Finn" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 15: "Born Yesterday" (†). From April 16: "Benny & Joon" (†).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson.
Theatre 2: "The Crush" (Alan Shapiro).
Theatre 3: "Point of No Return" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jack the Bear" (†).

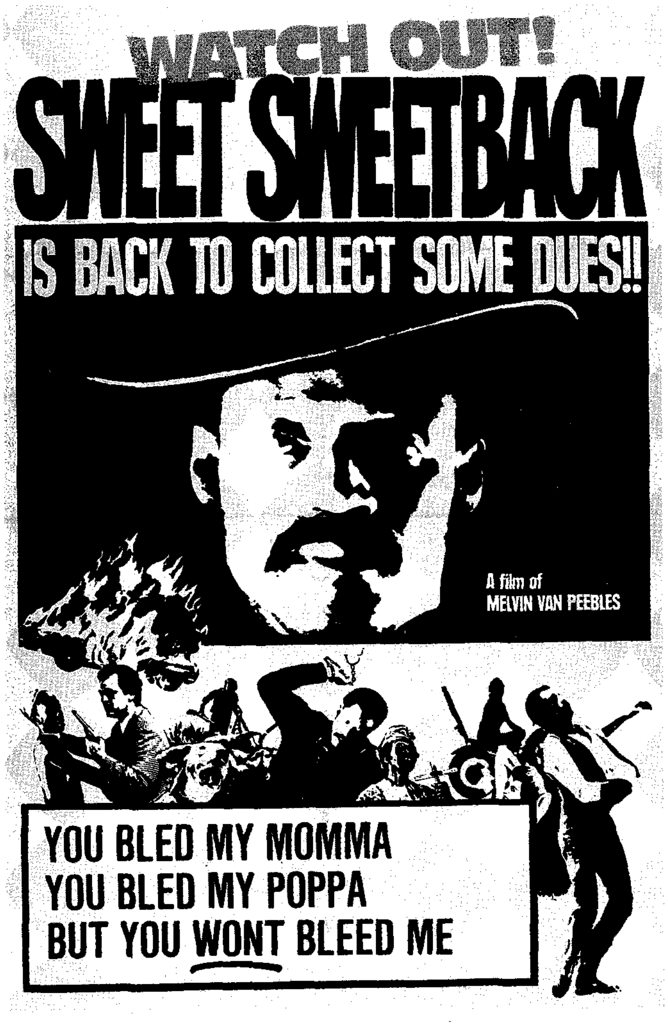
Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Crying Game" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Jack the Bear" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Ethan Frome" (John Madden), with Liam Neeson.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Unforgiven" (Clint Eastwood).
Theatre 2: "Hear No Evil" (Robert Greenwald).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
(Matinées only) "Aladdin," an animated film; and (evenings only) "Sommersby" (Jon Amiel), with Richard Gere and Jodie Foster.



At MOMA, *Melvin van Peebles' "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song."*

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Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Mad Dog and Glory" (John McNaughton), with Robert De Niro, Uma Thurman, and Bill Murray.
Theatre 2: "The Sandlot" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through April 15: "Born Yesterday" (†). From April 16: "Wide Sargasso Sea" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Adventures of Huck Finn" (†).
Theatre 3: "Howards End" (James Ivory), with Anthony Hopkins and Emma Thompson.

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Strictly Ballroom" (†).
Theatre 2: "Groundhog Day" (Harold Ramis), with Bill Murray.
Theatre 3: "A Few Good Men" (Rob Reiner), with Tom Cruise and Jack Nicholson.
Theatre 4: "Cop and a Half" (Henry Winkler), with Burt Reynolds and Norman D. Golden II.
Theatre 5: "Watch It" (Thomas Flynn).
Theatre 6: "Scent of a Woman" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Point of No Return" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Crush" (Alan Shapiro).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Rich in Love" (Bruce Beresford), with Albert Finney and Jill Clayburgh.

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Falling Down" (Joel Schumacher), with Michael Douglas.
Theatre 2: "Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Last Days of Chez Nous" (Gillian Armstrong).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"This Boy's Life" (†).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Cop and a Half" (Henry Winkler), with Burt Reynolds.
Theatre 2: "Sandlot" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "The Crush" (Alan Shapiro), with Cary Elwes and Jennifer Rubin.
Theatre 2: "Just Another Girl on the I.R.T" (Leslie Harris).
Theatre 3: "Married to It" (Arthur Hiller).
Theatre 4: "The Adventures of Huck Finn" (†).
Theatre 5: "Watch It" (Thomas Flynn).
Theatre 6: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles III" (Stuart Gillard).
Theatre 7: "Point of No Return" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Unforgiven" (Clint Eastwood).
Theatre 2: Through April 15: "Born Yesterday" (†). From April 16: "Benny & Joon" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "Joan Mitchell: Portrait of an Abstract Painter" (directed by Marion Cajori); and "Guerrillas in Our Midst" (Amy Harrison).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Visions of Light: The Art of Cinematography" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Sandlot" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 15: "CB4" (Tamra Davis). From April 16: "Benny & Joon" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Scent of a Woman" (†).

Theatre 2: "Cop and a Half" (Henry Winkler), with Burt Reynolds and Norman D. Golden II.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "American Friends" (Tristan Powell), with Michael Palin.
Theatre 2: "Indochine" (Régis Wargnier, in French), with Catherine Deneuve.
Theatre 3: "Riff-Raff" (Ken Loach).
Theatre 4: "Masala" (Srinivas Krishna).
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "The Sandlot" (†).
Theatre 2: "Scent of a Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: Through April 15: "Passion Fish" (John Sayles), with Mary McDonnell and Alfre Woodard. From April 16: "Benny & Joon" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Crush" (Alan Shapiro), with Cary Elwes and Jennifer Rubin.
Theatre 5: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 6: "Jack the Bear" (†).
Theatre 7: "Cop and a Half" (Henry Winkler), with Burt Reynolds and Norman D. Golden II.
Theatre 8: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles III" (Stuart Gillard).
Theatre 9: "Falling Down" (Joel Schumacher), with Michael Douglas.
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "CB4" (Tamra Davis).
Theatre 2: "The Adventures of Huck Finn" (†).
Theatre 3: "Enchanted April" (Mike Newell).
Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Adventures of Huck Finn" (†).
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Sommersby" (Jon Amiel), with Richard Gere and Jodie Foster.
Theatre 2: "Scent of a Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: "Tous les Matins du Monde" (Alain Corneau, in French).
Theatre 4: "Enchanted April" (Mike Newell).
Theatre 5: "Ethan Frome" (John Madden), with Liam Neeson.
Theatre 6: "Groundhog Day" (Harold Ramis), with Bill Murray.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles III" (Stuart Gillard).
Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Passion Fish" (John Sayles), with Mary McDonnell and Alfre Woodard.
57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Bodies, Rest & Motion" (†).
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Jack the Bear" (†).
Theatre 2: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"El Mariachi" (†).
Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Lover" (Jean-Jacques Annaud).
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Howards End" (James Ivory), with Anthony Hopkins and Emma Thompson.
Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Unforgiven" (Clint Eastwood).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"The Sandlot" (†).
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Léolo" (†).
Theatre 2: "Indochine" (Régis Wargnier, in French), with Catherine Deneuve.
Theatre 3: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 4: Through April 15: "Strictly Ballroom" (†). From April 16: "The Story of Qiu Ju" (Zhang Yimou; in Mandarin).
Theatre 5: "Olivier Olivier" (Agnieszka Holland; in French).
Theatre 6: "Stolen Children" (Gianni Amelio, in Italian).
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through April 15: "Scent of a Woman" (†).
From April 16: "Benny & Joon" (†).
84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Born Yesterday" (†).
Theatre 2: "Falling Down" (Joel Schumacher), with Michael Douglas.
Theatre 3: "Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson.
Theatre 4: "Groundhog Day" (Harold Ramis), with Bill Murray.

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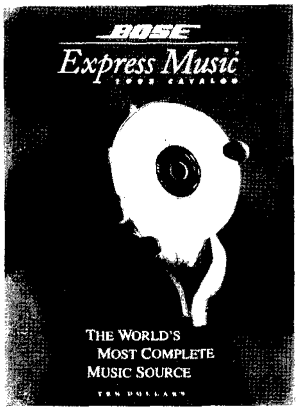

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Theatre 5: "The Crush" (Alan Shapiro), with Cary Elwes and Jennifer Rubin.
Theatre 6: "Point of No Return" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Cop and a Half" (Henry Winkler), with Burt Reynolds and Norman D. Golden II.
Theatre 2: "The Adventures of Huck Finn" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles III" (Stuart Gillard).
Theatre 2: "CB4" (Tamra Davis).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Just Another Girl on the I.R.T" (directed by Leslie Harris).
Theatre 2: Through April 15: "Best of the Best 2" (Robert Radler). From April 16: "Boiling Point" (James B. Harris), with Wesley Snipes.
Theatre 3: "Falling Down" (Joel Schumacher), with Michael Douglas.
Theatre 4: "The Sandlot" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Crush" (Alan Shapiro), with Cary Elwes and Jennifer Rubin.
Theatre 6: "The Crying Game" (†).
Theatre 7: "Point of No Return" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Born Yesterday" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Fire in the Sky" (Robert Lieberman).
Theatre 2: "A Far Off Place" (Mikael Salomon).
Theatre 3: "Aladdin," an animated film.

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Indecent Proposal" (Adrian Lyne), with Robert Redford, Demi Moore, and Woody Harrelson.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "CB4" (Tamra Davis).
Theatre 2: "Cop and a Half" (Henry Winkler), with Burt Reynolds and Norman D. Golden II.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through April 15: "Tales of the Brothers Quay" (†).
From April 16: "Money from Home" (1954, directed by George Marshall), with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis; and "The Charge at Feather River" (1953, Gordon Douglas), with Guy Madison. Both films are in 3-D.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through April 16: "Bram Stoker's Dracula" (Francis Ford Coppola), with Gary Oldman; and "A Few Good Men" (Rob Reiner), with Tom Cruise and Jack Nicholson.
April 17-19: "On the Town" (1949, Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly), with Kelly and Frank Sinatra; and "42nd Street" (1933, Lloyd Bacon), with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, and Dick Powell.
From April 20: "Alexander's Ragtime Band" (1938, Henry King), with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Tyrone Power; and "Born to Dance" (1936, Roy Del Ruth), with Eleanor Powell, James Stewart, and Buddy Ebsen.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
April 14: "The French Connection" (1971, William Friedkin), with Gene Hackman, Fernando Rey, and Roy Scheider; and "French Connection II" (†).
April 15: "Rope" (1948, Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956, Hitchcock), with Stewart and Doris Day.
April 16-17: "The Women" (1939, George Cukor), with Norma Shearer; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933, Cukor), with Jean Harlow, John Barrymore, and Lionel Barrymore.
April 18: "Jules and Jim" (1962, François Truffaut; in French); and "The 400 Blows" (†).
April 19: "Red Desert" (1964, Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian); and "Blow-Up" (1966, Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemming.
April 20: "Sudden Fear" (1952, David Miller), with Joan Crawford and Jack Palance; and "Harriet Craig" (1950, Vincent Sherman), with Crawford and Wendell Corey.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Programs of films from the Museum's archives.

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—A program of recent films from Africa.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—"Masters of Cinematography: A Haskell Wexler Retrospective." April 17 at 2: "The Loved One" (1965, directed by Tony Richardson). . . . ¶ April 17 at 4:30: "Medium Cool" (see below). Mr. Wexler will be present. . . . ¶ April 18 at 2: "Blaze" (1989, Ron Shelton). . . . ¶ April 18 at 5: A seminar with Mr. Wexler.

Symphony Space, B'way at 95th St. (864-5400)—April 20 at 6:30: "Baby Doll" (1956, Elia Kazan), with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, and Eli Wallach. . . . ¶ April 20 at 8:45: "Pretty Baby" (†).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—April 14 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Butterfly Hunting" (1991, Otar Iosseliani; in French), with Narda Blanchet.

Le Cinematographe at Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—April 15 at 6:30 and 8:15: "Weekend" (1967, Jean-Luc Godard; in French).

Brooklyn Museum, 200 Eastern Parkway. (1-718 638-5000)—"Modern Days, Ancient Nights: Thirty Years of African Filmmaking." April 17 at 12:30 and April 18 at 2:30: "Gito the Ungrateful" (1992, Léonce Ngabo). . . . ¶ April 17 at 2:30 and April 18 at 12:30: "Toubab Bi" (1991, Moussa Touré).

New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5690)—From April 17: A two-week festival of recent films from Albania, Bulgaria, Croatia, the Czech Republic, Hungary, Poland, Romania, Serbia, and Slovakia. Many of the directors will be present.

MOVIES IN BRIEF

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JOHN DE FAZIO

The Real Thing

No trend in movies or video is more viewer-unfriendly than the return of the jitterbugging camera of the sixties. It first reëmerged in music videos and TV commercials. Now even the directors of prestige features ("Husbands and Wives") and network series ("Homicide") use wavering, off-center compositions and nervous, pseudo-spontaneous tics to express everything from hyperanxiety to casual chic. Those who work in a free-form style are advised to see Haskell Wexler's "Medium Cool" and learn how it should be done.

Wexler shot, directed, wrote, and co-produced this staggeringly ambitious 1969 release (playing April 17, at the American Museum of the Moving Image), a Godardian blend of fact and fiction about the disillusionment of a TV cameraman (Robert Forster) and his involvement with a transplanted Appalachian mother and son (Verna Bloom and Harold Blankenship) before and during the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago. Although the characters are skimpily developed and the connections between them and the headlines sometimes forced, Wexler has an uncanny talent for analyzing actual events visually, on the run, with maximum limpidity and impact. There are several knockout sequences. In the most emblematic moment, the riot squads shoot tear gas at the protesters outside the Convention as a voice exclaims, "Look out, Haskell, it's real!"

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

The Adventures of Huck Finn—Disney puts Twain through the Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah treatment. The writer-director, Stephen Sommers, gives even the roughest issue—Huck's ambivalence toward helping his runaway slave pal, Jim—a clear, smooth complexion. Although it retains a couple of violent episodes, the film has been aimed at the very young, starting with the central casting of eleven-year-old Elijah Wood. He's a child stuck in an adolescent's job. Courtney B. Vance does an intelligent, self-aware Jim, Robbie Coltrane and Jason Robards are engagingly hammy as the Duke and the King, and James Gammon brings his humorous growl to a gullible lawman. But Sommers keeps the action on one level, as if he feared that "Sesame Street" hadn't taught his target audience the word I-R-O-N-Y.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, Guild, and Metro Cinema.)

Benny & Joon—With Johnny Deep, Mary Stuart Masterson, and Aidan Quinn; directed by Jeremiah Chechik. (See illustration on page 30.) (Murray Hill Cinemas, 86th Street East Twin, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, and Regency; starting April 16.)

Bodies, Rest & Motion—Michael Steinberg's movie is set in the Southwestern town of Enfield. A young, unloving couple called Nick (Tim Roth) and Beth (Bridget Fonda) are about to leave town; instead, they leave each other. Nick drives off into the desert, thirsting vainly for his roots, while Beth stays home and goes to bed with a housepainter, Sid (Eric Stoltz).

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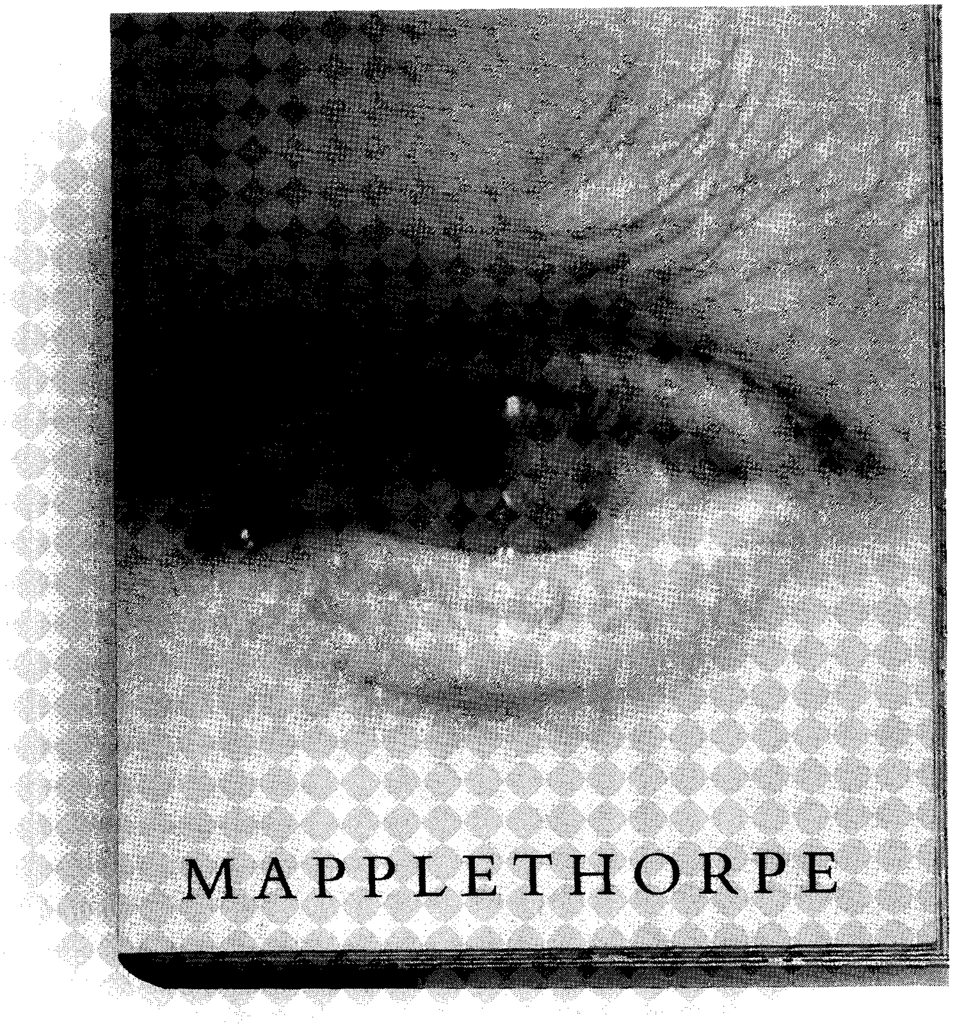

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IN BRIEF-Cont'd

Why she should do this is anyone's guess; but then private motivation, like much else about the film, seems arbitrary and floating. Steinberg wants to tell a tale of boredom, of a generation almost too cool to make decisions, and it's no surprise that his movie should fall prey to the same failings; as time passes, and as Stoltz's character labors us with dud hippie mantras, it becomes hard to care what happens to these people. Tim Roth survives by the sheer prickly push of personality, and Phoebe Cates has some upbeat moments as his ex-girlfriend, but it's a struggle all the way. The camera follows suit; the crisp, sunbaked images of the first half hour promise a clarity that slowly blurs and fades.—A.L. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/93.) (Village East Cinemas, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

Born Yesterday—Or maybe the day before. Garson Kanin's 1946 play was always a rickety contraption with one prize screwball rattling around inside it: Billie Dawn, the hard-shelled consort of a coarse tycoon who pays a Washington journalist to tone her mind. Instead of sharpening and toughening Kanin's play, the screenwriter, Douglas McGrath, dips it in aspartame. At the nadir, Billie gets D. C. bigwigs to sing along as she sets the Constitutional amendments to the tune of "The Twelve Days of Christmas." John Goodman brings welcome joviality to the millionaire (unlike Broderick Crawford in George Cukor's 1950 film), but Melanie Griffith just squeaks through the role that made Judy Holliday a star, and Don Johnson acts too earnest and smiles too easily as the reporter (a part that stymied even William Holden in Cukor's movie). The director, Luis Mandoki, grows one more inch of mold on the material; his pacing is flaccid, his staging soggy.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, and 86th Street East Twin; through April 15.)

The Crying Game—This amazing new movie by the Irish writer and director Neil Jordan ("Mona Lisa," "The Miracle") has the sure grip and the unstoppable momentum of a dream. Jordan tells the story of Fergus (Stephen Rea), a troubled I.R.A. gunman who undergoes a thorough emotional metamorphosis, and he makes the hero's change of heart moving and persuasive; the film inspires an irrational sort of trust, a willing suspension of something deeper and more fundamental than disbelief. The script is full of reversals and abrupt dislocations and, halfway through, the movie springs a huge, jaw-dropping surprise. Disorienting us isn't the ultimate aim of Jordan's artistic strategy, though; he jars us out of our accustomed responses to prepare us for the purer, more penetrating ones he really wants from us. The picture is a splendid entertainment—an elating, charmed sprint through all sorts of contemporary terrors. With Jaye Davidson.—T.R. (11/16/92) (Angelika Film Center, Sutton, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Criterion Center.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's first feature struck a direct blow for personal cinema, reaching international audiences simply on the strength of the director's perceptiveness, honesty, and ability to evoke (as he wrote of Jean Vigo) "short pants, school days, and the blackboard . . . . our beginnings." The antihero is Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud), a thirteen-year-old rebel filled with inchoate yearnings. He brings a tragicomic volatility to the film. Photographed by Henri Decae, it's packed with racing images: Doinel scampering through Paris streets, whirling on a carnival ride, and (most famously) galloping toward the seashore. With Claire Maurier and Albert Rémy as Doinel's parents. In French.—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 18.)

French Connection II (1975)—Just as brutal, not as skillful as the original. Popeye Doyle (Gene Hackman) journeys to Marseilles in search of the heroin kingpin Charnier (Fernando Rey). Forcing a Gotham Neanderthal like Doyle to operate in France is a funny idea, but all the movie delivers is blunt Yankee-go-home humor and melodramatic reversals. When Charnier's men grab Doyle and turn him into the kind of junkie the cop would terrorize back in New York, the film inevitably turns ironic. Yet the irony is as sluggish as the addicted Doyle. The director, John Frankenheimer, lingers on needles and sores. Script by Alexander Jacobs and Robert and Laurie Dillon.—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 14.)

Jack the Bear—The hero and narrator of Marshall Herskovitz's movie is twelve-year-old John Leary, Jr. (Robert J. Steinmiller, Jr.), nicknamed Jack the Bear, who lives in a run-down Oakland neighborhood with his father (Danny DeVito) and a three-year-old brother (Miko Hughes). In the smart, tough-minded 1974 novel, by Dan McCall, on which the movie is nominally based, the nickname refers to the great 1940 Duke Ellington record; in the film, the name suggests a cuddly toy, and that's exactly what Herskovitz and the screenwriter, Steven Zaillian, have turned Jack into. They've drained the life out of the material, eliminated anything that an audience might find ambiguous or disturbing—or interesting. The movie is a faded, forlorn thing, and a real missed opportunity. Jack the Bear might have been a great film character—perhaps the American counterpart of Antoine Doinel in "The 400 Blows"—but here he's just a scrubbed sitcom cutie: Beaver Cleaver with a hint of attitude.—T.R. (4/5/93) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th St. East, Gotham Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

Léolo—Weird but none too wonderful. Jean-Claude Lauzon's film is set partly in Montreal and partly inside the bustling imagination of its hero. Léolo (Maxime Collin) is a young boy who thinks, quite mistakenly, that he's Italian—a fairly mild delusion by the standard of his family, most of whom are crazy about bodily functions and heading straight for the asylum. You see Grandfather having his toenails clipped by the teeth of a young girl, and Léolo himself attending the ritual rape of a cat, but you don't even bother to be repelled; this is Believe It or Not cinema, and the answer is mostly Not. Lauzon's reckless fancy doesn't have anything to brace against, to spring off from: he tires you out by trying too hard to shock you. Worst of all, he lathers the images with extra voice-over, just in case you don't get what's going on. That smacks of cowardice; as Buñuel showed long ago, the first duty of a good Surrealist is to have the courage of his own concoctions. In French.—A.L. (4/12/93) (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

El Mariachi—This first film by twenty-four-year-old Robert Rodriguez was made for seven thousand dollars, and part of its enormous charm is that it really looks like a seven-thousand-dollar movie. It's a grubby little thriller, set in a Mexican border town, about a wandering mariachi musician (Carlos Gallardo) who is mistaken for a killer. The picture is a virtually unbroken series of chases and shoot-outs, and the non-stop action should be tiresome, but it isn't. Rodriguez establishes a delirious pace, and keeps the bullets flying and the corpses crumpling for a brisk, and appropriately terse, eighty-two minutes. The movie has the sort of dry, bracingly unwholesome humor that relentless mayhem can produce if the characters are mean and abject enough and the storytelling is speedy and laconic. This young filmmaker is no visual wizard; he's just an energetic and imaginative manipulator of tried-and-true genre conventions. But if you enter his seedy world with expectations as low as the picture's aspirations, you'll probably have a very good time. In Spanish.—T.R. (2/22/93) (Village Theatre VII, and Angelika 57.)

Point of No Return—John Badham remakes Luc Besson's chic Eurostinker, "La Femme Nikita" (1991), as a big, square, stupid American action movie. It's a slight improvement, but so what? Return to sender. With Bridget Fonda.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

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IN BRIEF-Cont'd

Pretty Baby (1978)—All frills. The title character (played by Brooke Shields) is a Pollyannaish child prostitute in a Storyville, New Orleans, brothel. In the merest slip of a story (set in 1917), shy photographer E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine) takes pictures of her mother (Susan Sarandon) and eventually marries the girl. Louis Malle's first American movie boasts many incidental pleasures—especially the Jelly Roll Morton tunes on the soundtrack. But the central character study is riddled with question marks. You can't tell if the girl's deflowering means anything to her. And aside from one fleeting bedroom scene, her relationship with Bellocq—a boy-man to her child-woman—seems chaste. With Antonio Fargas, Frances Faye, and Diana Scarwid. Sven Nykvist was the cinematographer; Polly Platt wrote the script, from a story by herself and Malle.—M.S. (Symphony Space; April 20.)

The Sandlot—With nine prepubescent kids doing shtick, one drooling mammoth dog, a voice-over soaked in early-sixties nostalgia, and the message that baseball brings fathers and sons together, this movie is an unholy pastiche of "The Bad News Bears," "Beethoven," "The Wonder Years," and "Field of Dreams." The director, David Mickey Evans, takes an old plot—about the new boy in town who finds himself when he joins a sandlot baseball team—and tries to make it mythic through hyperbole. There's a snappy change-of-pace gag involving a little guy and a nubile lifeguard, but the screams and barks and fraudulent emotions grow wearying. Featuring Tom Guiry as the newcomer, Karen Allen and Denis Leary as his mom and stepdad, Mike Vitar as the leader of the pack, and James Earl Jones as the mystery man who owns the giant canine.—M.S. (Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and Criterion Center.)

Johnny Depp in "Benny & Joon."

ROBERT DEMICHIELL

Scent of a Woman—Director Martin Brest and screenwriter Bo Goldman labor mightily to design a holiday-season heart-warmer about a middle-aged blind man and a troubled teenager (Chris O'Donnell), but fortunately their low intentions are undone by the star, Al Pacino, whose performance taps emotions too complex and too frightening to be resolved by the simple moral victory that ends the picture. His Frank Slade, a retired Army officer and former aide to L.B.J., is a bitter, misanthropic, profoundly depressed man, and the actor makes us feel the full weight of the character's hopelessness. This is acting that chills the heart beyond any possibility of warming. The filmmakers may dismiss the audience with a banal lesson written on the blackboard—"Smell the roses" is the gist—but by the end we're not paying much attention. We're still sorting out the ambiguities and uncomfortable truths that Pacino's great performance has let us in on.—T.R. (12/28/92-1/4/93) (Bay Cinema, First & 62nd Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Regency; through April 15.)

Strictly Ballroom—Baz Luhrmann's first film brings good news: Australian cinema is on the move again, with a vigor not seen since the days of "Mad Max." There's no violence in "Strictly Ballroom"—the general lack of unpleasantness, in fact, is quite unnerving—but the speed of it still leaves you reeling. A young dancer, played by Paul Mercurio, acquires a new partner (Tara Morice), dreams up a flash routine, and sets out to break the Old Guard. The plot is cut-rate melodrama, and Luhrmann knows it; but he never sneers at his hero's ambitions. Besides, there are so many other things to laugh at—the costumes, the minor characters with their major obsessions, the psychedelic makeup, the trashy music. The movie is over before you know it, and is not one to linger in the mind, or indeed pass through the mind at all; but it's a good-humored ride for the senses, never too sickly, and who can say no to that?—A.L. (2/15/93) (Angelika Film Center, and First & 62nd Cinemas. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; through April 15.)

Tales of the Brothers Quay—Even at their most opaque, the animated puppet films of the Brothers Quay (Philadelphia-born identical twins who now live in London) are eerily moving, like ancient volumes brought from the obscurity of a Borgesian library into the light. The camera dances gracefully, but the dolls move with the awkward gestures of sleepers only half awakened; they seem to be covered in layers of fine dust, as if layers of meaning had settled on them during years of neglect, and the Quays bring them to life with enormous tenderness, careful not to shake off the history their dazed puppets have acquired. These astonishing artists, working in an unlikely form, awaken our senses, too. They combine a demiurgic, Caligari-like mastery over their creations with the gentle dream archeology of Joseph Cornell: their puppets look less like things invented than like things discovered. This program includes six short films: "Anamorphosis" (1991); "Are We Still Married" (1992); "Long Way Down (Look What the Cat Drug In)" (1993); "Rehearsals for Extinct Anatomies" (1988); the classic "Street of Crocodiles" (1986), based on the writings of Bruno Schultz; and "The Comb" (1991), which is the most ambitious and the most beautiful of their recent films.—T.R. (Film Forum 2; through April 15.)

This Boy's Life—With Robert De Niro, Ellen Barkin, and Leonardo DiCaprio; directed by Michael Caton-Jones. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Tower East.)

Visions of Light: The Art of Cinematography—This documentary, directed by Arnold Glassman, Todd McCarthy, and Stuart Samuels, is much more fun than its college-catalogue title suggests. The movie is cheery, convivial, and swift: for ninety minutes, stunning images, drawn from all eras of movie history, pass before us, and we listen to a couple of dozen veteran cinematographers speaking about what they do. The craftsmen are a likable and unpretentious bunch, and it's easy to share their delight in the achievements of their colleagues and masters: the film is a joy to look at. (The clips are taken from the best possible prints, and they're all shown in their original aspect ratios.) Movie-lovers can argue with some of the filmmakers' choices—the near-total exclusion of images from Westerns is the most serious flaw—but, in a strange way, that's part of the picture's charm. It has the power to revive senses that have been dulled by the crushing predictability of recent movies.—T.R. (4/5/93) (Film Forum.)

Wide Sargasso Sea—With Karina Lombard and Nathaniel Parker, directed by John Duigan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I; starting April 16.)

Photo: Minh Nguyen

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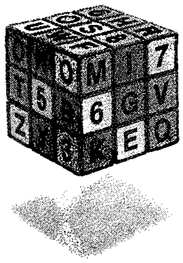

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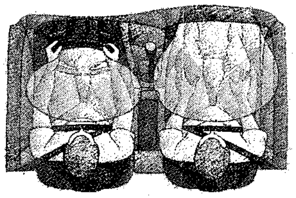

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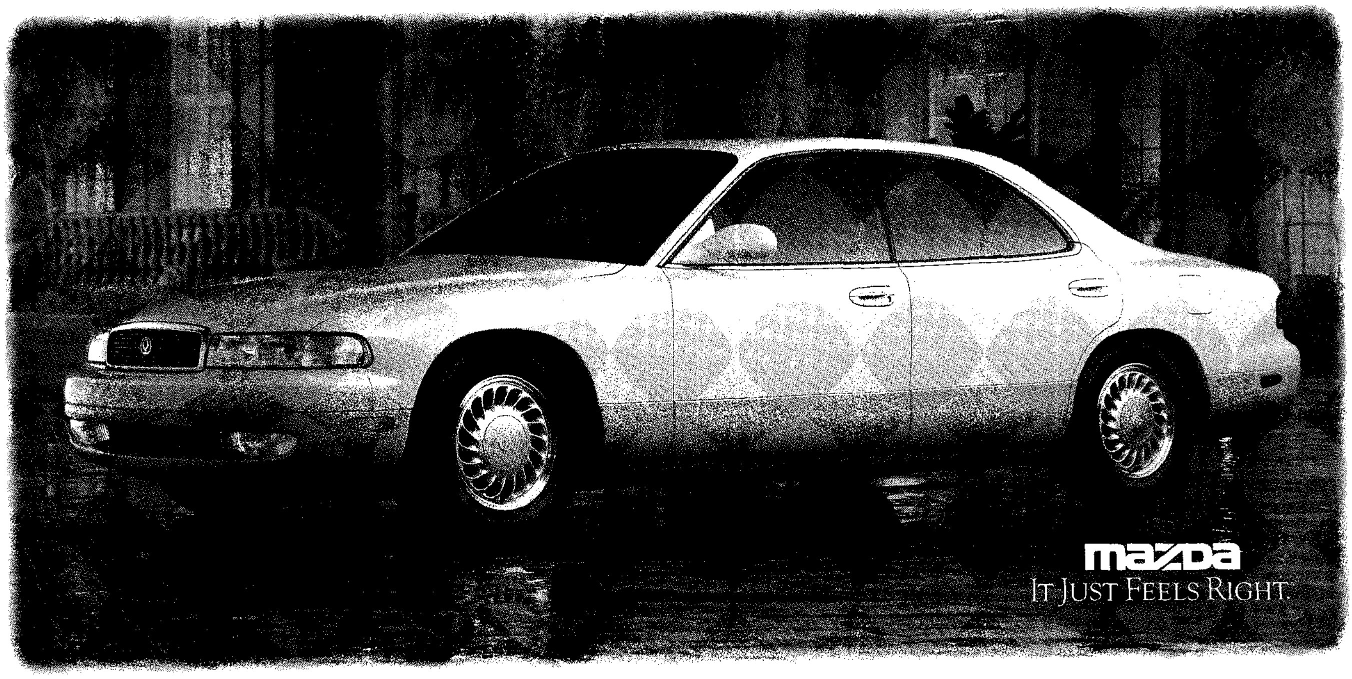

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

DAY AT THE RACES

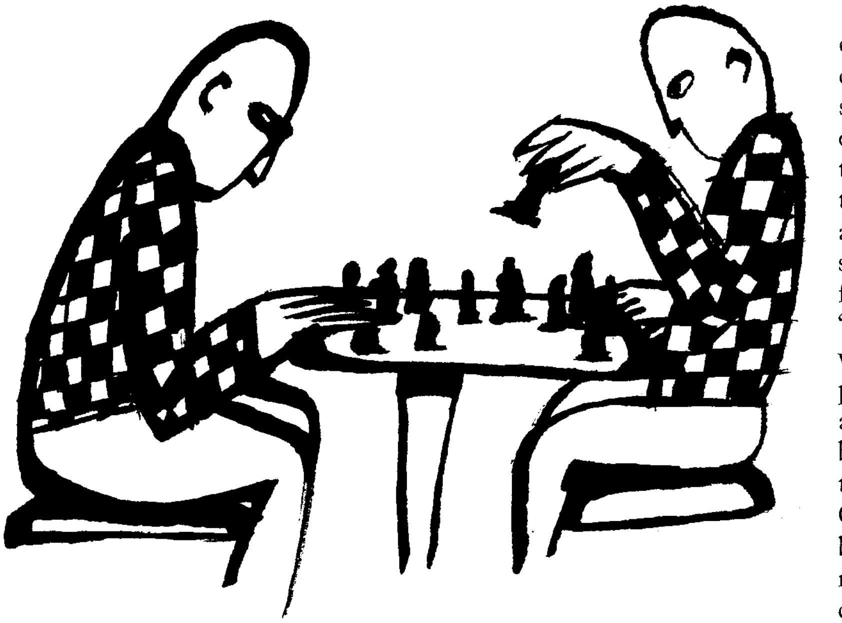
THE annual Grand National Handicap Steeplechase, at Aintree, near Liverpool, is routinely described in the British press as the greatest steeplechase in the world. Whether it is or it isn't, the race has a vast popular following in Britain, and in the hundred and fifty-four years since it was instituted, by a Liverpool innkeeper named William Lynn, it has acquired the status of a great national institution. So when this year's race, on April 3rd, was cancelled after two false starts—the second of which went unnoticed by three-quarters of the competitors, who embarked on the gruelling course amid scenes of spectacular confusion—the disaster was widely seen as yet another symptom of Britain's general decline.

The name Grand National played into the hands of the headline writers of the Sunday newspapers. “NATIONAL DISGRACE,” said the *Sunday Mirror*. “GRAND FIASCO,” said the *Sunday Times*. “NATIONAL DISASTER,” said the *Sunday Telegraph*. In radio phone-ins, and in ordinary conversations all over the country, the dominant theme was national humiliation. The consensus appeared to be that Britain had made itself the laughingstock of the world.

What actually happened was as follows. Moments before 3:50 P.M., the official starting time of the race, a group of about thirty animal-rights demonstrators climbed over the fences, darted onto the course, and rushed across it, with police in hot pursuit. The crowd roared with anger, horses grew agitated, and the start was delayed for several minutes. With the race being broadcast live on television to some fifteen countries and an estimated ninety million viewers, this delay was embarrassing enough. But worse was to come. The first start was aborted when horses, anticipating the gun, broke the tape stretched across the track. The whole field was called back before any of the runners reached the first of the jumps.

With all thirty-nine horses back in line, the starter, sixty-four-year-old Captain Keith Brown, who was later to need police protection against the wrath of the crowd, tried once more to get the race under way. But when he hit the lever to raise the tape, something went wrong and the tape got caught around a jockey's neck and appeared for a moment to be about to strangle him. Captain Brown waved a red flag to signal another false start, but by then thirty of the jockeys were roaring around the track. Some even went the full course—twice around the track, over a distance of four miles and eight hundred and fifty-six yards—jumping such legendary fences as Becher's Brook, the Chair, and Valentine's Brook, which have claimed the lives of many horses in the history of the Grand National. A recall man posted about a hundred yards along the course allegedly failed to raise his red flag to stop the runners, so on they galloped. The thousands of spectators massed around the course and the millions of viewers at home all knew that the race was a phony; only the jockeys and the horses did not.

Other officials periodically ran onto the course in attempts to stop them, but several of the jockeys said afterward that they had thought the men were animal-rights demonstrators and had therefore ignored them. The “race” ended with tears, violent rows, bitter public recriminations—and, finally, a decision by the racing authorities that the 1993 Grand National would be cancelled and would not be run again. The cost of the fiasco in-



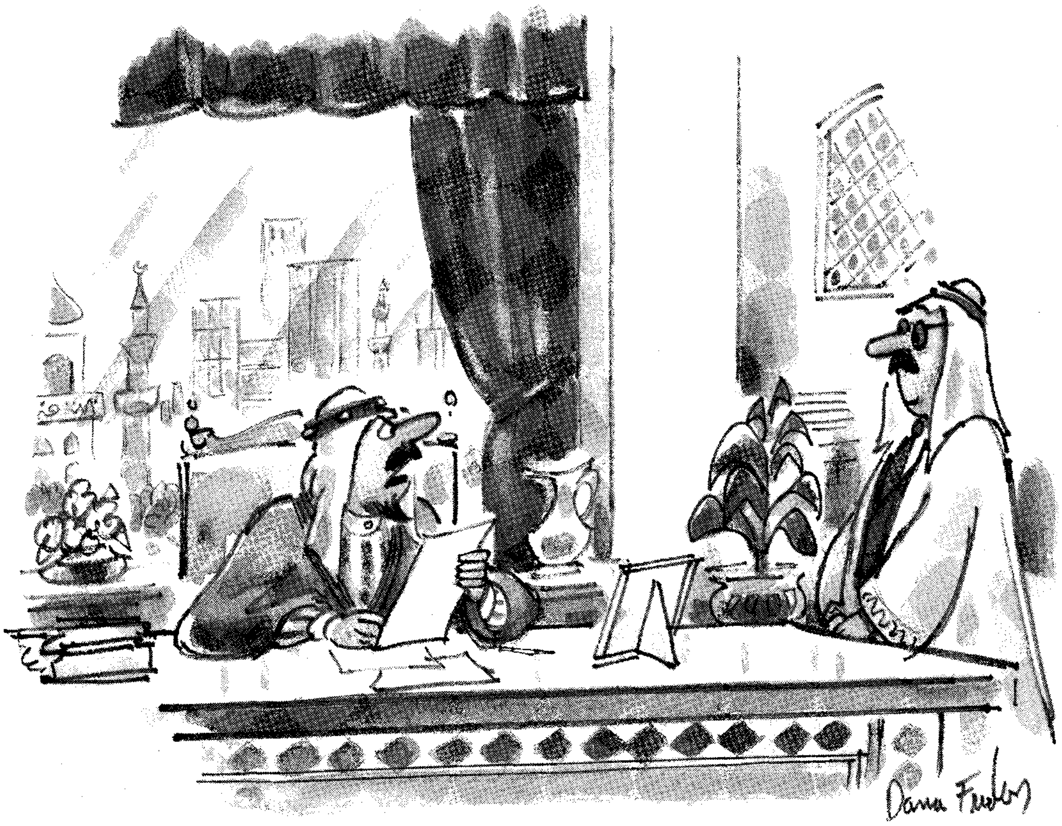
SCOTT MENCHIN

cluded seventy-five million pounds that had been placed in bets and would have to be returned. It all added up to another supposedly wounding blow to the nation's low morale.

The fallout from the disaster spread to Ireland after John Upson, the enraged trainer of one of the favorites, Zeta's Lad, said on television that such administrative incompetence would not be found even in "a backward little country like Ireland." He later said he was thinking of scrapping plans to enter Zeta's Lad for the Irish Grand National this week, because he had received death threats in response to his remark.

There was also an escalation of the traditional British class war, because British racing is still controlled mainly by aristocrats and members of the landed gentry, its ruling body being the Jockey Club, a self-electing group founded in the mid-eighteenth century and headed at the moment by the Marquess of Hartington. An article in the *Guardian* last week said, "The British ruling class, long perceived to be incapable of controlling the country's traditional institutions—the monarchy, the Church of England, the BBC (not to mention the government)—revealed itself on Saturday afternoon, during an hour-long charade at peak-time viewing, to be spectacularly inept at running a whelk stall. If ever a future historian wishes to signal a definitive date for the collapse of Britain's ancien regime, Saturday, April 3, 1993, at 4.30 in the afternoon will be the time and the day to remember. For a class that can no longer organise properly the sport of kings does not deserve to survive."

But is there not something exaggerated and unhealthy in all this self-flagellation? The system for recalling horses after a false start—having a man with a flag half a furlong or so down the course—is in force in other major racing countries, including France and the United States, and it nearly always works. It had always worked at the Grand National until this year. Even the *Guardian* acknowledged in an editorial, "Saturday's shambles wasn't a metaphor for contemporary Britain. It was just an old-fashioned, almighty, honest to goodness, comprehensive cock-up." And yet the British seem now to insist, as they did at the time of the fire at Windsor Castle, on seeing every little accident as a sign of some deep national tragedy.



"Ahmed, check on the rumor that we have pork in our budget!"

HOLLYWOOD COMPLEX

MICHAEL TOLKIN—the writer and director who became famous last year for "The Player," Robert Altman's celebrated satire of Hollywood hypocrisy, which Tolkin adapted for the screen from his own novel—is a tall man with a high-browed, closely cropped head that seems perilously balanced on his long body, and he often appears to be anchoring himself into position: clamping his large hands onto his scalp or, when he's seated, bracing his legs against a wall or a desk edge. By his own description, Tolkin is a "totally, totally" self-conscious man, who for many years felt he didn't fit in anywhere. He can seem, by startling turns, canny and fatuous, self-contemptuous and self-lauding, and he can plunge instantly from oracular self-importance into an awkward, adolescent self-doubt that is slightly painful to witness. At times, he sounds like one of "The Player" 's control-addicted executives on greased rails. "If I look at the size of the ad in the paper for 'The Player' compared to the size of a Miramax ad," he says, "I go fucking ballistic-apoplectic." But he brings an outsider's edge of self-parody to the statement.

Tolkin is, in fact, a child of the entertainment industry. His father, Mel Tolkin, was a writer on such landmark television comedies as "Your Show of Shows" and "All in the Family." His mother, Edith, was a vice-president in the legal department of Paramount Pictures. He grew up, he says, with the perhaps erroneous impression that one could always make a living writing. (His younger brother, Stephen, who is also a scriptwriter, seems to have received the same impression.) Tolkin spent his early childhood—happily, he says—in Manhattan and Westchester County. When he was ten, the family left the East for Beverly Hills, in what he has described as "a fairly complicated move, emotionally." He found himself in school with the children of movie and television stars—something he says he was "embarrassed" by. "Jeff Bridges was in the class, and he was Lloyd Bridges' son. I thought, How do you treat the son of 'Frogman'? . . . What was that show? 'Sea Hunt.'" His family, he adds, later lived on the "unfashionable" south side of Santa Monica Boulevard—a fact that his classmates took pains to remind him of. "They're still around, the kids from the north side," he says. "You still see them around town. And the division is still there. And we're in our forties now. And the resentment is still there. It can't go away. It's too powerful." He cradles himself in his arms, and his voice becomes small. "At its worst, you get to walk around nursing a lot of contempt," he says. "And superiority. But at its best it gives you a lot of time to think, you know. Because you're cut off from people."

Since he has turned forty, though, Tolkin says, the fog of resentment and confusion has lifted, and he has learned to detach himself from his anger. "If you can see your emotions as being typical, then it's interesting to see yourself as being one character in the parade, and not being particularly special. And you can be easier on yourself, you know?" Part of this change can be directly attributed to the success of "The Player," although by traditional Hollywood standards Tolkin still isn't a big-time player. "Every time I brush up against the studios, I know I'm in a different game," he says. So he continues to pursue his singular vision—poised between irony and earnestness—in the commercially marginal but increasingly visible realm of independent filmmaking. The first movie he directed, "The Rapture" (1991), was a dark, brazenly literal-minded story of a born-again Christian woman whose faith is vigorously tested on the eve of the apocalypse. His newest film project, "The New Age," stars Peter Weller and Judy Davis and is being directed by Tolkin from his own script. The story of a high-living Los Angeles couple who lose their well-paid jobs (as an agent and a design director) and open a fashion boutique to finance their divorce, it sounded like a screwball comedy when it was initially announced in the trade papers. But the script deals, in detail, with the concept of suicide and with people groping for a structured faith in a time of anomie. Its characters seek out many of the panaceas associated with Southern California spiritualism—consultations with gurus, pilgrimages into the desert, ritualized "modern primitive" sexual

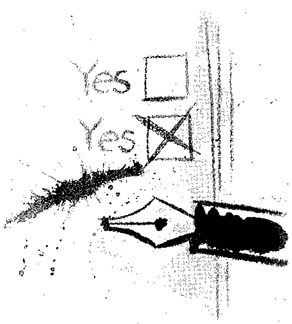
ANDERS WENNGREN

LINE 46A

"The government gave her a choice. Death. Or life as an assassin."—*From the ad for the movie "Point of No Return."*

DEAR TAXPAYER:

As Commissioner of Internal Revenue, I would like to take a moment to familiarize you with new tax laws that will affect all those filing Form 1040, Schedules A through SE. Please note that, as of this year, taxpayers filing single or joint returns are provided with the option of checking one of two boxes on Line 46a (Miscellaneous Credits). You may check either the box marked "Yes" in the first category or the box marked "Yes" in the second category. If filing jointly, your spouse must also check one of these two boxes. Selection of a category is required of all taxpayers.



Frequently asked questions:

What tax benefits will I receive if I check "Yes" in the first category?

Within thirty days, you will receive a mailing from your local I.R.S. office, as a result of which you will die. Should your death occur in a year in which you already have tax liability, the anticipated decrease in income will keep that liability close to the previous amount. For this reason, taxpayers choosing the first category are encouraged to file early.

What if I check "Yes" in the second category? What happens then?

We realize that tax laws are complex and sometimes frustrating. In an effort to streamline bureaucratic procedures, we ask all who decide that the second category makes better tax sense for them to call one of several phone numbers listed on page 28 of the instruction booklet. A representative will record your Social Security number and describe a preselected individual or group of individuals to you. When the next filing deadline comes around, you will fill out your return as usual, indicate your eligibility for tax credit, and enclose check or money order payable to Internal Revenue Service. Be sure to list victim's name and taxpayer identification number on your payment.

How soon do I get my refund?

You'll get your refund soon enough—from four to eight weeks, depending on time of filing. You don't have to worry about that.

What if I am unable to choose a category on Line 46a? Are there any other options available to me?

No. As per Section 5 of the Choices Offered to Citizens by Government act, these choices are the only ones you have. In certain instances, preselected taxpayers may be able to choose both categories, but not for longer than one calendar year. If you are unable to choose, an I.R.S. representative will compute your choice for you.

Can I apply for an extension?

You or your tax preparer may, if unable to file by deadline, apply for an extension by submitting Form 4868, Application for Automatic Extension of Time (due April 15). An extension of four months may be granted, provided you have already chosen a category on Line 46a.

I'm single, live alone, and have no dependents.

Perfect. If you choose the first category, you will retain your one exemption (yourself) for that tax year regardless of the date on which your death occurs, as long as it is on or before December 31. If you choose the second category, you will be able to move about freely, store materials in your house or apartment, and amass a paper trail of deductible long-distance travel expenses, which will lower your tax bill still further. From a tax standpoint, you win either way.

What if I choose a category and then change my mind?

All taxpayers are permitted to file an amended return up until six months from the filing date, after which time their decision is regarded as final.

I'm a first-time filer. What if I miss?

Read Step 4, "How to Avoid Common Mistakes," found on page 9. It will assist you in important procedures, such as finding street addresses and calculating daily routine. If you need additional help, you may call your local I.R.S. office. (Note: To make sure that you receive deniable service, two or more I.R.S. representatives sometimes listen in on calls.)

The government—not just the United States of America but the government in general—could not function without the voluntary compliance of millions of citizens like you. You deserve excellence in the service that we in the government provide. We understand your need for simplification and paperwork reduction. We, too, are ordinary taxpayers in most cases. Without your taxes and prompt selection of a category on Line 46a, we would not be able to do a number of things that the government has to do: provide essential social services; fund projects; build bridges, cul-de-sacs, and roads; and regulate interstate trade. In return, you have a right to expect that what happens to you will be applied fairly and across the board. We are reaching out to bring noncompliers back into the program, to insure that everyone does his or her part. We are vigorously pursuing enforcement of category choice, so that every citizen receives no fewer than two categories to choose from, and no more.

Our goal is full compliance from every citizen by the end of the decade. You will make this easier by filing voluntarily and without frivolous objection. Your decision, whatever it may be, will help us to see a little farther into the future, to a day when the government can do away with such necessities. Thank you again for making the only choice you can. —IAN FRAZIER

therapy. In researching "The New Age," Tolkin visited yoga classes, consulted with gurus, and attended spiritual retreats, and he's been surprised to find his initial cynicism giving way to a respect for faith in all its incarnations. "I'm always happy at being humiliated by my own recognition of my contempt," he says.

Tolkin also has a novel out this month—"Among the Dead," published by William Morrow. It dissects the guilt (and the embarrassing behavior it inspires) of an adulterous husband, Frank Gale—a cripplingly self-conscious embodiment of bad faith—after his wife and young daughter are killed in a plane crash. Like "The Player," it is a disturbing interior monologue, though written in the third person, and it is informed by Tolkin's reaction to a "flurry of tragedies" that he went through in the early eighties. "It's good to see yourself at your worst and to know that you've seen yourself at your worst," he says, and adds, "It's interesting to me what we're capable of, rather than what happens to us. I mean, I drive the car pool and I joined the temple and I grew up in a middle-class urban-suburban house. But I live on a planet in which the worst things you can think of are going to be topped a hundredfold. I know it's a cliché, but that must be in me, too."

MAD MONEY

WHEN Sol Wachtler, the former Chief Judge of the New York Court of Appeals, pleaded guilty in Federal Court in New Jersey on April 1st to threatening to kidnap the fourteen-year-old daughter of Joy Silverman, it appeared to mark the end of the legal battle between the two former lovers. But in fact their conflict is continuing in an obscure court on Long Island.

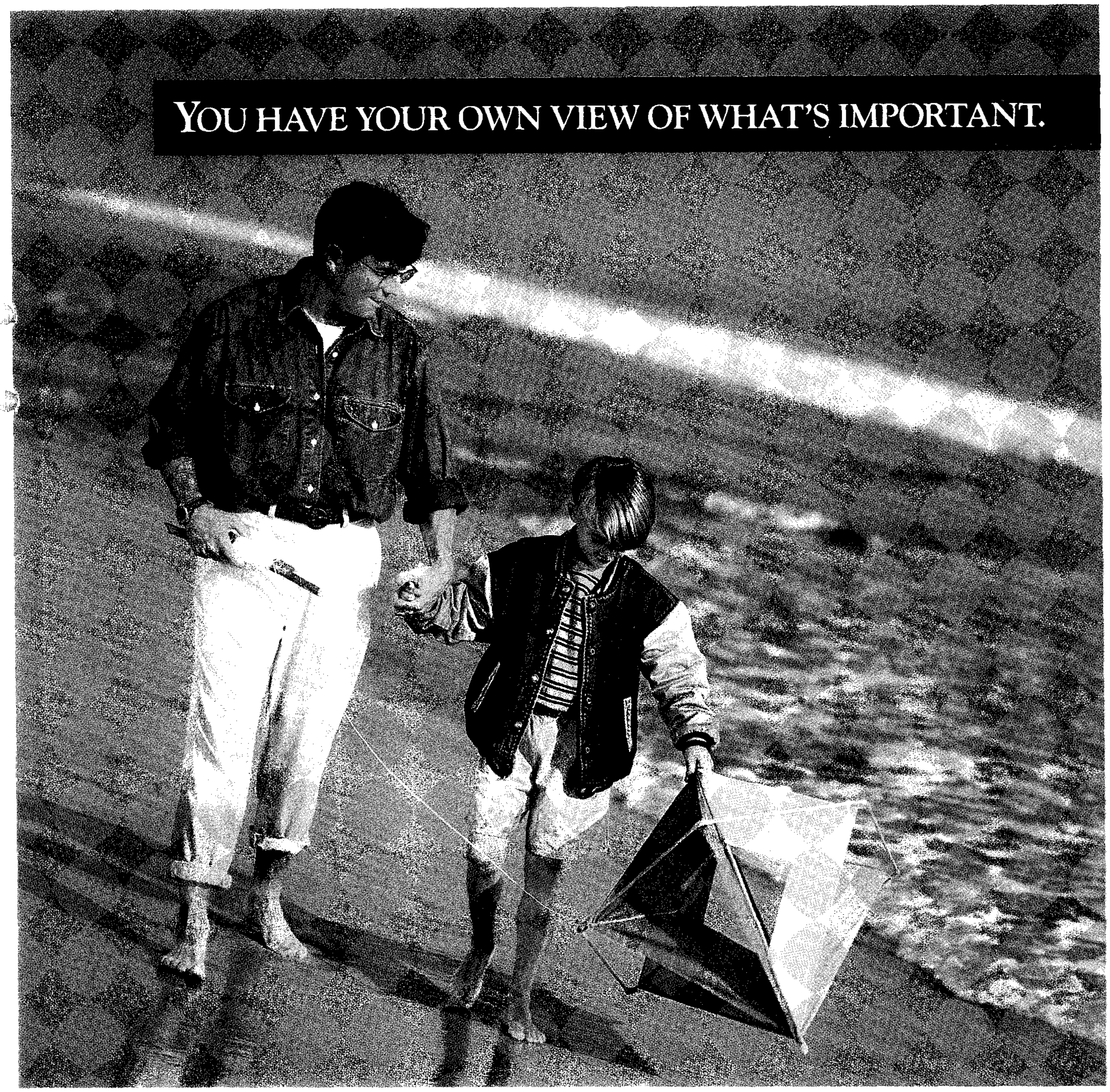
At the time of his plea, Judge Wachtler said to Anne Thompson, the judge who will sentence him, "I have been told by several psychiatrists that I suffered from a mental illness during that year." And Wachtler's lawyers released an affidavit from a psychiatrist, Dr. Frank T. Miller, that all but said he had been out of his mind. Dr. Miller testified that Wachtler had been "suffering from a major mental illness that had afflicted him throughout all of 1992." Judge Wachtler, in his dispute with Ms. Silverman in Nassau County Surrogate's Court, is claiming that he provided valuable legal services to Ms. Silverman and her daughter, Jessica, in 1992—at the very time when, by his own admission, he was not himself and was harassing Ms. Silverman and her daughter. And Judge Wachtler would like to be paid for his services.

The Nassau County lawsuit is rooted in the document that first thrust Ms. Silverman and Judge Wachtler together—the will of Ms. Silverman's stepfather, Alvin B. Wolosoff, who died in 1984. Mr. Wolosoff, a wealthy real-estate developer, set up a series of trusts for his family members, including one for Ms. Silverman, which is now worth more than three million dollars. Judge Wachtler was appointed executor of the estate and trustee of the trusts by Mr. Wolosoff (his wife's uncle), which meant that he supervised the investments, filed the tax returns, and generally made sure that the assets of the trusts were not squandered. In return for his services, Judge Wachtler received a fee, which was fixed by law as a percentage of the trusts; it amounted to about thirteen thousand dollars a year.

The beneficiaries of the trusts—including Ms. Silverman—want Judge Wachtler to give back all fees for his services in 1992 (the money is currently being held in escrow), as well as twenty thousand dollars he took from the trusts to pay his own lawyers. Ms. Silverman's lawyers pointed out that Mr. Wachtler "paid himself $38,665 in commissions from trusts created for her benefit and the benefit of her family, for the very period during which he was committing criminal acts against her and her child." One such act was a telephone call in which the Judge impersonated a private investigator, and told Ms. Silverman, "I'm a sick and desperate man."

But not, apparently, too sick to generate fees for services in 1992. "Look, no one says Judge Wachtler did anything wrong with the trust," John Barnosky, Mr. Wachtler's lawyer, argues. "The trust is squeaky clean. Unless the bad things he did had something to do with financial mismanagement of the trust, he should be paid, like any other trustee."

Carl Rauh represents Joy Silverman and her daughter. "Jessica is the ultimate beneficiary of the trust," he says. "Wachtler's fees come out of the trust. So Wachtler's claim is that he can threaten to kidnap a fourteen-year-old child and then take money out of her pocket. It's unbelievable." ♦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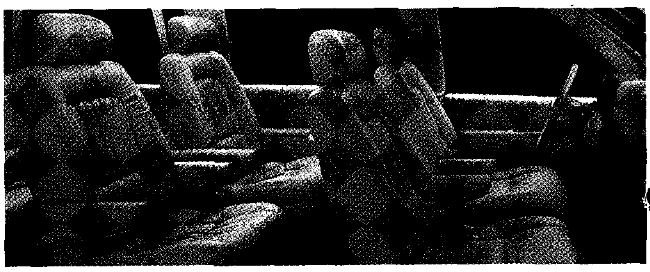

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ANNALS OF POLITICS

GARY HART IN EXILE

The personal and political lessons of Gary Hart's career paved the way for Bill Clinton's victory, but the former Senator is still paying for his own defeat.

BY DAVID REMNICK

IT was freezing in the mountains, about ten degrees below zero. All across Colorado, drifts of snow swept halfway up the sides of the barns and the cabins. Without waking his wife, Gary Hart got up before dawn and walked downstairs to his living room, a cavernous place with a vaulted ceiling, high windows, and walls of lodgepole pine. It is a mountain house out of a plutocrat's fondest four-color dream. Hart could sit by the fire that morning and see deer, elk, mountain lions, and red fox move through the woods as the sun came up over the foothills of Kittredge. Lately, a Corsican ram had been climbing around the rocks near the house, and the dogs barked up at him. Hart built the house a couple of years ago for his wife, Lee, he said the other day, "because Lee had never had anything like this and Lee deserved it."

Hart was making real money now, as a lawyer and an international businessman. Born to Nazarene evangelicals in Kansas, he confessed to sometimes feeling "a little funny" about all the opulence: the poolroom, the sauna, the walk-in closets, the state-of-the-art appliances. It seemed sinful somehow. But the unease of living here was more severe than a passing case of guilt; it was endless and deep.

This was not the house that Gary Hart had thought he would be living in. At the start of the 1988 Presidential campaign, he had been headed, as if on a greased chute of destiny, for the White House. But out of vanity, it seemed, and stubborn refusal to curb his extramarital liaisons for the purposes of high politics, he threw it all away long before the first primary. He could rage at the press for its blithe savagery, its puritan hypocrisy. But he should have known. In fact, he did know: he knew the risks and he ignored them. In May of 1987, he even invited the press to "follow me around" during the campaign. "I don't care. I'm serious," he told the *Times*. "If anybody wants to put a tail on me, go ahead. They'd be very bored." In the end, Hart paid for the sins of the flesh as no one else had done in two hundred years of American political history.

Hart's exile was immediate and absolute. To venture from the mountains of Colorado was to open himself to further humiliation. When he went to the 1988 Democratic Convention, in Atlanta, the only way he could enter the arena was with a Colorado delegate's pass. When he reached the Convention floor, the Democratic chairman, Paul Kirk, put a few security men between him and the television cameras. Hart's sense of martyrdom and piety was acute. "All our heroes are dead," he told Maureen Dowd, of the *Times*. "John is dead. Bobby is dead. And I'm dead—walking dead."

Now, five years on, Hart dispensed with self-pity and stuck to a handful of pitiful jokes. "Sometimes I'll be walking down the street in Washington and someone'll come up to me and say, 'Aren't you Gary Hart?' And I give 'em this little joke. I say, 'Yeah, I used to be.' And they laugh—'Ha! Ha! Ha!' "

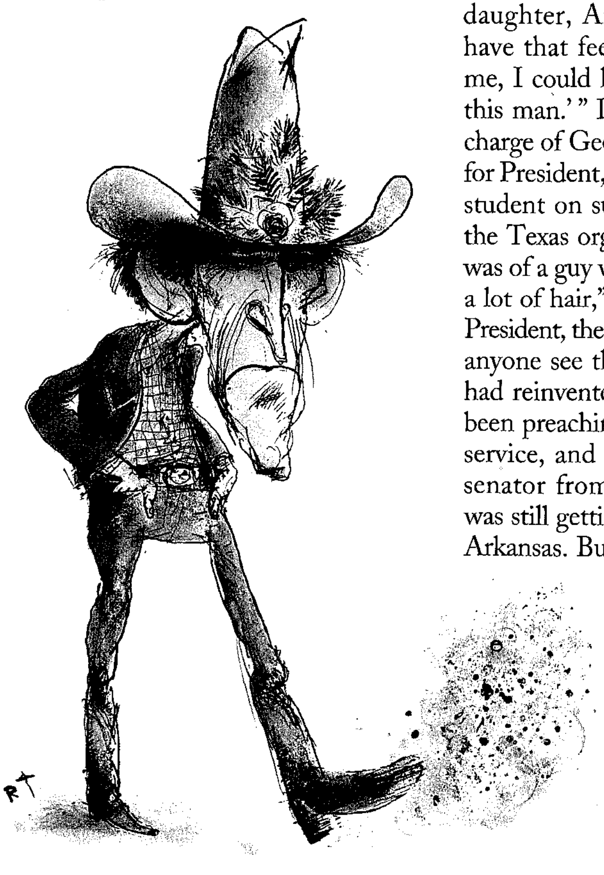
After the Convention was over, Hart had wanted to get on with his life. He was constantly on the road, especially in Russia, trying to set up business projects—seaports, airports, banks, phone systems—that would enrich his clients and connect him, in some marginal way, to public life. But the 1988 bruises still hurt. Hart was convinced that he would never have lost to George Bush, that his fall was "an accident, a car crash in history." When his friend and adviser Paul Tully died, last September, Hart ran into Richard Gephardt, the House majority leader, at the funeral. The election was only weeks away, and Gephardt, ever the Eagle Scout, could barely keep a cap on his fizzy enthusiasm.

"I think Bill's gonna do it!" Gephardt said.

"Yeah," Hart said darkly. "But Bush never should have won in the first place."

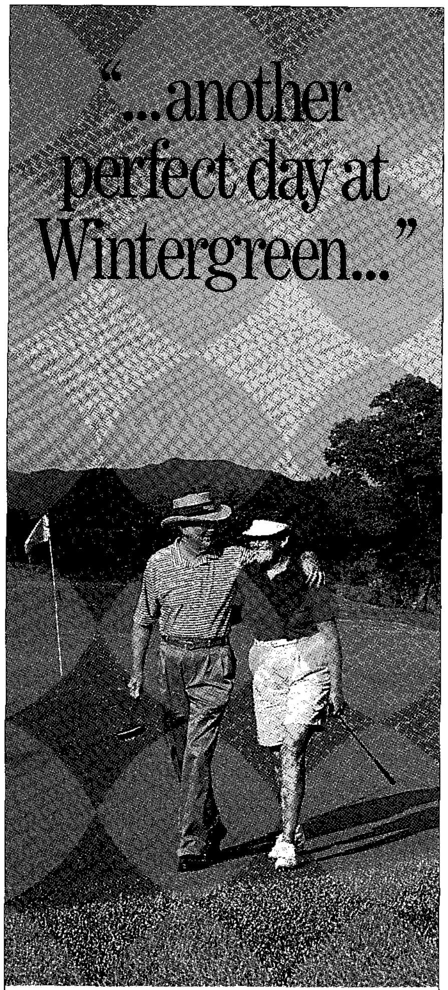
When Bill Clinton finally did win, Hart tried not to betray his mixed feelings. "He was glad Clinton won," his daughter, Andrea, said. "But he does have that feeling—'It could have been me, I could have done as good a job as this man.' " In 1972, when Hart was in charge of George McGovern's campaign for President, he had hired Clinton, a law student on summer break, to help lead the Texas organization. "My impression was of a guy with a lot of enthusiasm and a lot of hair," he said. Now that kid was President, the savior of his party. But didn't anyone see that Hart, and not Clinton, had reinvented the Democrats? He had been preaching military reform, national service, and economic investment as a senator from Colorado when Clinton was still getting to know the precincts of Arkansas. But no one much cared. Hart had lately sent memos to the White House but had got no answers.

Hart's frustration in exile was not just a matter of failed ambition—nothing as vain and petty as that. Take the winter of 1990-91. The Harts were moving into the new house, on Troublesome Gulch Road—just up the path



RICHARD THOMPSON

During Hart's first Presidential campaign, Warren Beatty warned him, "Watch out. You've become famous too fast."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from their old log cabin—but Gary felt no great happiness. Like everyone else in the country, he was spending hours in front of the television watching the bombing raids over Baghdad. In the press, many of the armchair analysts were predicting that when the land war finally began thousands of American soldiers would die. Hart reflected that if he had been in the White House he would have gone the "sanctions route" a good deal longer. "I was terrified we'd lose a lot of people," he said later. "If thousands of American lives had been lost, I would have felt personally responsible."

Personal responsibility for thousands of dead—all for a weekend trip to Bimini on the good ship Monkey Business. This was what it was, at times, to be Gary Hart. "When you talk about Gary Hart now, people don't focus on anything except that here was this guy who got out of the race and the Donna Rice episode," Billy Shore, one of Hart's closest aides from the early days, said in February. "If he'd been hit by a bus the week before all that happened, the *Times* would have written an obituary paying tribute to 'a legislators' legislator.' " Now he was a living punch line.

"I DON'T like 'feel' questions," Hart said as we drove in his Jeep from Denver west to Kittredge. Over and over, in Kittredge, in Denver, and in Washington, Hart would dip lightly into the waters of the personal and then suddenly yank himself out. "It's all part of my death struggle with ego," he said.

Rarely has an American ego been more thoroughly probed, indulged, and, ultimately, destroyed. After his weekend became public knowledge, Hart quickly toppled from the pinnacle of public life, to join that shadowy population of Americans who are ready fodder for "Where Are They Now?" columns. They are figures first of irony and then of trivia; after a while, the game is guessing whether they are alive or dead. But Gary Hart's story will prove grander than that. His rise to prominence and fall from grace rings of Hawthorne and Dreiser, and it played a critical role in the election of Bill Clinton.

Hart, whose parents forbid dancing, movies, alcohol, and the indulgences of the flesh, marries Lee Ludwig, a Nazarene girl from a good family, and they head east to New Haven. It is the age of John Kennedy, and Hart, at Yale Law School, is swept up in Kennedy's charisma and call to public service. In 1972, he runs McGovern's children's campaign against the demonic Richard Nixon. The loss is overwhelming, but is eventually redeemed somewhat by Watergate. In 1974, Hart is elected to the Senate, where he gains a reputation as an innovative advocate of reform, the best of a new generation of "neo-liberals." In 1984, he runs for President and stuns the experts by placing second in the Iowa caucus and winning the New Hampshire primary. One estimate has him suddenly gaining three million supporters a day. "Not since the Beatles had stormed onto the stage of the Ed Sullivan Show twenty years before had any new face so quickly captured the popular culture," Paul Taylor, of the Washington *Post*, writes. Hart is told by Warren Beatty, "Watch out. You've become famous too fast." If it hadn't been for the Democratic Party machinery and a botched campaign in Illinois, Hart could well have won the nomination in 1984. He finishes the race with a string of victories, but loses narrowly to Walter Mondale. In 1987, Hart is the odds-on favorite to win the Party's blessing and challenge George Bush in November. But then, in May of 1987, he vanishes under the wave of scandal as the Miami *Herald* stakes out his house and the Washington *Post* snags a detective report commissioned by a jealous husband. Hart quits the race. In December, he reënters it, but he can never regain his footing. In Iowa, he gets less than one per cent of the vote and finishes last. Five weeks later, he goes home to stay.

Hart still has the rangy, handsome look that his handlers always hoped would be seen as a Colorado version of "Kennedyesque." In deepest winter, he still wears cowboy boots with his business suit, and no overcoat. Aware that his tag has come to be "aloof," or "imperious," Hart makes an effort to charm. As we drove through the foothills of the Rockies, past one old mining town after another, he told some familiar Nixon stories in a dead-on Nixon voice. His set piece is about the day he found himself seated next to Nixon at the funeral of Jacob Javits.

"All of a sudden I feel him tapping me on the knee. . . . Whap! Whap! Whap! . . . And he says, 'That music. Is that Bach or Brahms?' . . . Bach or Brahms? . . . I said I didn't know. And he says, 'Bach is much better than Brahms. Because Bach is *tougher* than Brahms.' "

Hart is fascinated by Nixon—by his cynicism and his uncanny ability to remain in the political limelight. Though Hart would be appalled by the idea, he and Nixon are historical partners. Both men were always remarkable analysts of everyone but themselves. Their downfalls were successive chapters in the history of the media and American politics. Watergate represented the apogee of investigative reporting on the Presidential level; the Hart scandal took the public's right to know beyond any previous framework. It was Nixon who acknowledged this strange kinship when he wrote to Hart in 1987:

> DEAR GARY,
> This is just a line to tell you that I thought you handled a very difficult situation uncommonly well. . . . What you said about the media needed to be said. They demand the right to ruthlessly question the ethics of everyone else. But when anyone else dares to question their ethics, they hide behind the shield of freedom of speech. They refuse to make the distinction that philosophers throughout the centuries have made between freedom and license.

Hart drove slowly along the road that cuts through his property, of a hundred and seventy acres. He pointed to a spot where he had seen a fox the week before and to the gate outside which, in 1987, hundreds of reporters and TV trucks had hunkered down, waiting for another glimpse of scandal. The Harts haven't had many reporters at their house since those days. They had invited me for dinner and to stay the night, and, in a clumsy attempt to thank them, I'd bought flowers in Denver and brought them as a gift.

Getting out of the Jeep, Hart smiled thinly at the bouquet. "It's gonna take a lot of flowers to make Lee feel any better about reporters," he said. "Lee was pretty brutalized, you know. I think she's all right now."

As we walked through the snow toward the house, we were greeted by the barking of dogs and then by Lee Hart, standing in the doorframe. She looked eager and nervous at the same time. Since "the events of 1987," as her husband often calls them, Lee Hart has kept out of the public eye. Even some of the Harts' closest friends are bewildered by the endurance of their marriage.

"Babe, why don't you give him the tour, and get that over with?" Hart said.

"That's what I was going to do, Gary."

Perhaps the thing that struck me most about the house, besides its sheer splendor, was how few signs there were that one of its owners had been so close to becoming the most powerful person on earth. Politicians usually keep several dozen grip-and-grin photos around—self-gilding memorabilia from the old campaigns or the trips abroad. At the Harts', just a few black-and-white pictures had been tacked up—familiar images from the campaign trail, with both Gary and Lee all smiles and looking a bit younger.

We sat by the fire and talked about "The Good Fight: The Education of an American Reformer," a book that Hart was getting ready for publication. "I really wanted to title the book 'The Diary of a Failed Reformer,' but they wouldn't let me," he said. "My editor had a fit. They give no credit to people for a sense of irony. The truth is, I don't think I was a failure. I just wasn't a success."

Hart's is a willfully soulless book. Throughout, he uses "the reformer" in place of the first person—a device that was intended to make the book seem less self-conscious and succeeds only in making it seem more so. Instead of paying tribute to Henry Adams with this device, as Hart had intended, he summons Norman Mailer's old alter ego, Aquarius. That might not be so grating if Hart had written openly, bravely, even angrily, about his own experience. He has not. His reticence is at constant war with his sense of injury, and the conflict produces a tinny, self-righteous effect.

Hart wrote with far more passion in a number of letters to his editor at Random House, Jonathan Karp. One reads:

> You must condition yourself and your colleagues to the fact that nothing short of suicide will satisfy the skeptics and the cynics or even the asinine acquaintances. The reason simply is this: a newly aggressive and intrusive press establishment, never comfortable with my refusal to be categorized, exploited (and possibly created) an incident very near the bone. . . . I will never escape from this event, as you say, simply because the press cannot afford to let me escape it and because social and political exile is demanded to sustain the hypocrisy. *Nothing*, I repeat, *nothing*, I say in the foreword would solve these two problems. It would require an act of utmost contrition, which I am incapable of making.

In "The Good Fight" Hart writes a skeletal history of various reformers in America and the ways they have been stifled, thwarted, or killed. Although he propounds no grand conspiracy theory,

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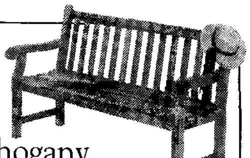

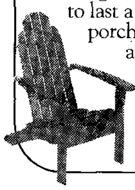

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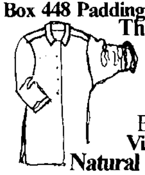

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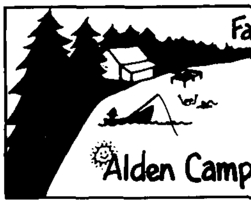

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he is fascinated by the conspiratorial elements in the murders of Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Kennedys, and in the defeats of McGovern and the reformer. A prominent Washington journalist once told me that Hart, after a couple of drinks on an airplane five years ago, described his own fall in 1987 as a conspiracy of power élites: the military establishment, the energy industry—in short, all the institutions he planned to reform as President.

I told Hart I thought there was an acute sense of conspiracy running through the new book linking his own trials with those of the Kennedys and King.

He seemed genuinely surprised. "If you think that a paranoid sense of conspiracy runs through the book, then you're misreading it, or maybe I should rewrite it," he said. "And I may put myself in line with reformers, but it doesn't mean my loss was in any way equal to their losses. You can be a good Christian or a follower of Christ or Paul and not think you are Christ or Paul. My own impression of my experience in politics is that it was very minor. Virtually none of the things I wanted to get done got done."

LEE HART called us in to dinner. She had prepared an elaborate salad of greens, bacon, cheese, and fruit, and then chicken breasts with wild rice and, for dessert, the richest chocolate cake this side of Lyons.

"This wine's a little tart, though, isn't it, babe?" Hart said. "Musta been a lemon vintage."

Lee Hart looked mortified. "Maybe another bottle . . ."

Hart smiled. "Don't bother, babe. This'll do."

I asked Lee Hart how the two of them had managed to pull themselves together after the disaster of 1987.

There was a pause. Then Lee said, "We were redoing the kitchen in the old house, where Andrea's living now. And Gary cut a lot of logs. Some were the Miami *Herald*, others were the Washington *Post*—"

Gary Hart's face turned the color of claret. "Now, babe," he said, in a voice freighted with anger and meaning.

"I just meant—"

"Babe, speak for yourself. Sure, it was hard. And if it was a career it was the tragic end of a career. But if you take it as public service, the way I did, then it's just the end of that part of your life."

"That's true, Gary. You always said that."

"The key thing is your attitude going into it. When I was elected to the Senate, I was eager to be there. But I never thought that this would be it, senator for life, or climb the ladder to the Presidency. I just decided in the eighties that the Democratic Party had to be the party of change. And 'up or out' became my attitude. I just could not stand to look at the lack of courage in the Senate. And then after I lost in '84—well, you really can't go back to the Senate after running for President, and rejoin those silly, inane discussions. I'm against the two-term limit, but people should leave voluntarily. They have to avoid being coöpted by the permanent Washington crowd—the journalists, the friendship. They get coöpted after a couple of terms. I want to go back to an earlier time, when politicians didn't hobnob with the press, and they saw themselves as public servants for a time. I was made fun of, even ridiculed, because I always said 'Mr. Koppel' or 'Mr. Brinkley' when I was on TV. My staff and family gave me hell about it . . ."

"I didn't," Lee said.

"Now, babe. C'mon. But for me it was an important thing. I thought I should be businesslike. Chumminess on television, the 'David' and 'Ted' stuff, was symbolic of the problem."

I tried to get back to the question of how the Harts went on with their lives in 1987.

"I left the Presidential race at noon Friday and I was back in my law office at eight o'clock Monday morning," Hart said. "To prove something to everyone—that life goes on. Being President isn't everything in the world. If you are a mature adult and you have your values straight, you just go ahead and do the next thing. The hardest thing to deal with was the continual drumbeat of the press. I was out of politics, but it kept coming. I mean, how many times can you kill someone? How many times can you be dead?"

"Gary, don't make it seem as if—"

"Speak for yourself, babe," Hart said.

"Well, O.K.," she said. "A lot of people have the idea that you just didn't want to be President."

"Well, that's just . . . Look. We are at the stage where we think that you've got to be all-consumed by the idea of becoming President. But it's nonsense. Thomas Jefferson gave his Inaugural speech and then walked home through the mud to his boarding house. Now they think that your life is ruined if you fail. The danger of running for the Presidency is that if you don't make it—and that's the case for almost everyone who tries—then you are considered a failure."

After dinner, we had coffee in the living room, and I asked the Harts about the '92 race.

"When Clinton began to pick people for his team, there was a moment of elation for me when I saw Eli Segal, John Emerson, and those people—people who had been with me once—getting serious jobs in the Administration," Hart said.

I asked him whom he had supported initially in the race.

He seemed embarrassed, and Lee broke in, saying, "I supported Tsongas in the primaries. Clinton's idea of a middle-class tax cut was just pandering to voters. I also didn't like the Japanese-bashing. Gary, you said the same thing."

Hart reddened once more.

"Just let me recollect, babe," he said, and then, "Tsongas's famous little book looked like a lot of my stuff. When he called me and said, 'I'm going to run for President,' I started laughing. And he did, too. It was like an unspoken thing on how crazy it is to run for President."

"I remember you said, 'Paul, I knew you weren't feeling well, but I didn't think you were sick in the head.' "

"Maybe, babe. Maybe. But we went on laughing for three minutes or so, and then, a few days later, he announced."

Hart said he was tired and ready for bed, but before he left I asked him what he did now on a typical day when he was not travelling abroad.

"It's very boring," he said. "I sit behind a desk. I make telephone calls, draft proposals. I give speeches. I negotiate proposals for airports and seaports. I'm an advocate. In '88, I tried to figure out a way to maintain a link to the private sector, to do something in the private sector related to what my goals had been in the public. I went to Taiwan, to Argentina, but it didn't lead to anything."

"You got to play a lot of tennis," Lee Hart said.

"Yeah, babe. And to Czechoslovakia, Japan. When I travelled, I discovered there was a lot of bewilderment out in the world about why I hadn't succeeded. They still thought I had something to say, even if no one at home did. That was very vivid."

LEE HART and I stayed up and talked awhile in the kitchen. I was grateful to her for the trouble she had gone to. No matter how much the Harts steered away from the "events" that Hart had ruled out of bounds, the presence of yet another reporter could only have been painful to both of them.

"You know, it's different for Gary from what it is for me," she said. "He was the one running for office, and, contrary to what some people might have thought, I really never fantasized about being in the White House. That was putting the cart before the horse. I did think Gary should have been President. I didn't fear the White House. There were all sorts of things I would have worked on. But I had no long-standing ambitions. Maybe that was a mechanism of self-protection. You protect yourself against disappointment. I'm delighted with Hillary. Early on, she made a few faux pas, which happens, but she's a good speaker and doesn't have a lot of mannerisms that drive you crazy."

I said it seemed strange that the Clinton Administration had asked Mondale, Hart's 1984 opponent, to be the Ambassador in Moscow—an appointment that Mondale eventually turned down, and that went to Thomas Pickering. Friends and family had told me that Hart, who wrote a book on *perestroika*, and travels to Moscow several times a year, was particularly galled by the Mondale appointment.

Lee Hart's face tightened into an expression infinitely sad.

"I'd have been stunned if he had been asked," she said. "But it tells you something. Gary has never, ever, abused the public trust. And when we know the garbage that's come out of that city . . . The truth is, Gary is trashed anytime there's anything negative brought up about anyone else. Clinton would never have been President had it not been for what happened to Gary. The Clinton people know that they got off easier than Gary did. Clinton also had the support of the Democratic Party people, who hung in there with him, which Gary never had. I was just very happy that they survived. The press seemed to have learned—or I hope so, for the sake of the country. Otherwise, who would ever run for office?" Lee Hart's eyes widened and filled. "In

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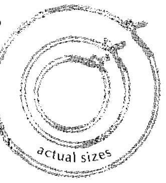


many respects," she said slowly, "our situation was just so simple, but it was not what they thought it was or said it was. It never was."

WHILE Gary Hart was still running for President in 1988, he mapped out in his mind the first months of his term. The first thing he would do was invite Gorbachev to the Inauguration, and then he'd get a quick arms-control treaty on strategic arms and nuclear testing. "I may flatter myself, but I think Gorbachev sensed in me a dramatic figure who was like him, at least in some small way," he said. Then he would get started on the Middle East, break some of the old molds on defense policy, the economy, energy policy.

Some of Hart's former aides found themselves wandering through the Inaugural events in Washington this year and thinking, This should have been us—four years ago.

Hart had hoped that Clinton, as President, would make a bold gesture to the Russians, as he said he himself would have done. He told some of Clinton's aides that they ought to invite Boris Yeltsin to the Inauguration, as an indication of support for democratic reform. "I got back mumbo-jumbo about who was where last, the protocol of it," he said, rolling his eyes. "They missed the whole point."

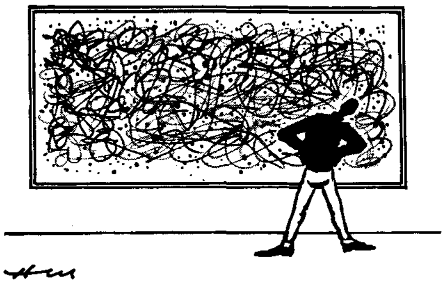
But even if Clinton didn't ape Hart's Inaugural strategy, the political debt of the new President to the exile is undeniable. For one thing, the White House is stocked with former Hart people: John Emerson, the deputy director of personnel; Eli Segal, the head of the fledgling national-service program; David Dreyer, the director of planning; Jeremy Rosner, the counsellor and director of legislative affairs at the National Security Council. And Larry Smith, who was Hart's key aide on defense policy, is now the counsellor to Secretary Les Aspin, at the Pentagon.

The influence goes beyond mere personnel. In Denver, Hart and I watched the State of the Union speech together. He spent some of the time laughing at the standing ovations and the primping of his old colleagues, and the rest of it, and he nodded paternal assent to the policy initiatives coming from the podium: a streamlined defense, an economy based on investment rather than on consumption, a program of national service. In Hart's time, all this was known as neoliberalism, the sharp break with the ideological orthodoxy of the Hubert Humphreys and Walter Mondales of the Democratic Party.

"In 1984, Hart fired the first shot at the fortress of the Democratic Party and lived to tell the story, which inspired a bunch of others who might have been scared off," Bruce Reed, a domestic-policy adviser to Clinton, said recently. "To the extent that he made the world safe for new ideas, Gary Hart made his mark."

Where Hart and Clinton differed profoundly was in their style of personal politics. Hart's was cool, intellectual, while Clinton's is more that of a populist, a hugger, a figure of almost preternatural resilience. The joke about Hart among his aides during the 1984 and 1987 campaigns was that the candidate would go to a reception for five hundred people, and after it was over his aides would ask, "Well, did he meet any of them?" The joke about Clinton last year was that the duty of the Secret Service was to protect the people from the candidate.

But Clinton's edge didn't consist only of his natural warmth toward people and crowds; he had history, and Gary Hart, to learn from. In 1987, when the press first started asking Hart questions about his marriage and his sex life, he knew there was static in the Washington air. At the same time, he had faith—an unwise and luckless faith—in precedent and the secrets that the press had always kept. Hart's staff members were far from ignorant about "the Issue." They had prepared explanations in 1984, too. But they continued to suspend disbelief. They wished away disaster. Then, in April of 1987, just two weeks before the scandal broke, Larry Smith went to Colorado for a "blue skies" meeting with the campaign leadership. He asked the group what they intended to do about rumors of Hart's womanizing. "One of the campaign's leaders laughed, and said, 'We never talk about it,' " Smith recalled. "I said, 'Well, you'd better think about it.' "



Reporters might whisper, but what would the papers actually print? Just look at what had gone on before, they said. Andrew Jackson was married to a bigamist. Grover Cleveland supported an illegitimate child. Wendell Willkie had an affair with an editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* at the very time the paper was promoting his candidacy. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Dwight Eisenhower had affairs, and the Homeric catalogue of John Kennedy's afternoons of leisure surely needed no recounting.

But, as Hart well knew, the atmosphere had changed immeasurably after the Watergate scandal. The press had become adversarial, wary of being duped or of being seen as "in the tank" for a public official. And the truth was that reporters never really warmed to Gary Hart. They found him imperious, aloof, reckless, a little strange. Somehow, that made it easier to bring him down.

"It's like with George Romney in 1967," I was told by Richard Cohen, a Washington *Post* columnist who travelled with the Hart campaign in 1984. "The press knew that Romney was an idiot, but the question was: How do you write it? So along come his comments about being brainwashed, and—*wham!*—they take him out. He's history. Same with Hart. There was always this sense among the press that he just wasn't—well, right. That he was weird. But how do you write it? And then along comes Donna Rice."

After the Miami *Herald* rushed into print with the results of its stakeout of Hart's town house, on Capitol Hill, "Hell Week" began for the campaign. Nothing like this had ever happened in American politics. The rules had suddenly changed, and the Hart cadres, young, and scattered across the country, were utterly confused. The newspapers and the television stations were in a mad dash to win the race to nail Hart. "I thought the whole system had gone awry," says Kathy Bushkin, who was once a close aide of Hart's and is now an executive at *U.S. News & World Report*. "For whatever reason, Gary Hart showed bad judgment and, for whatever reason, the press seemed determined to get something on him. Inside the campaign, people were stunned, frightened, frustrated. These were people who had come to politics out of great idealism. They weren't prepared for things like spin control and damage control."

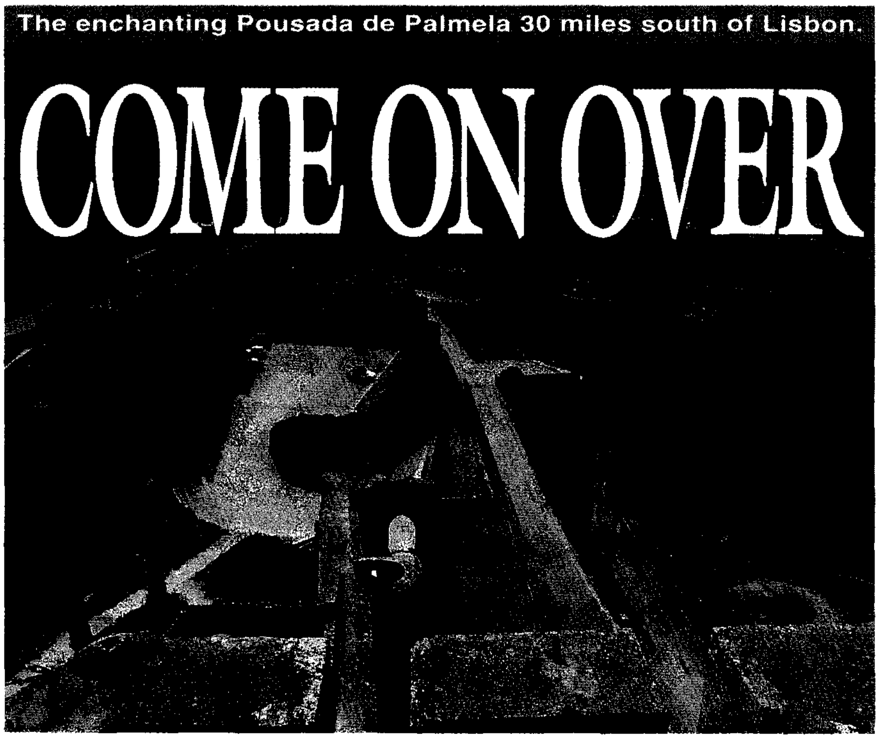
John Holum, who worked with Hart in both Presidential campaigns, told me, "When the story broke, Gary called me. No one else was talking to the press. We needed to do something. I said, 'What's going on?' He said, 'John, I'm not crazy.' So I said, 'So it's not true.' He said, 'Right, it's not true.' So I went on television and got hung out to dry saying that I had known Gary Hart for seventeen years and I believed him. Now I think he did lie. I was very angry. What really made me angry is that he could let all those people pin their hopes on him and then not have the personal discipline to make his candidacy viable."

While Hart struggled to keep his candidacy alive—while he faced unprecedented questions from the press on the order of "Have you ever committed adultery?"—editors and reporters at the Washington *Post* looked into a detective's report they had been given which provided evidence that Hart had been carrying on an affair with a Washington lobbyist. When the *Post* called Hart and said that it was preparing to run a story on the subject, Hart quit the race and went home to Kittredge.

"No one looks back on that with great memories, but the rules evolve," says Dan Balz, a political writer at the *Post*. "We're in a period like that now, with babysitters and nannies sinking Cabinet appointees. What Hart did was wrong, because he misrepresented his own marriage and life in a way that became fatal. For a lot of people in this country, the simple fact of infidelity is disqualifying. Also, his actions were contemporaneous with the race. He stretched the limits."

David Dreyer, who was a key Hart aide in the Senate and is now a member of Clinton's staff, naturally sees it otherwise. "I think he was treated shabbily by the press," he says. "His privacy was invaded. The trials he went through after the campaign were disproportionate to what he had done. He was treated as a non-person, almost as a political prisoner in a totalitarian system. He's off the political radar screen."

WHILE Hart always denied to his staff that there was a problem, Bill Clinton acknowledged from the start that there would be questions, and he intended to act before the press did. In



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September of 1991, John Holum and other Democratic activists went to a meeting of an exploratory committee of the Clinton campaign at the Quality Inn on New Jersey Avenue in Washington. "Clinton himself brought up the question of the marriage," Holum told me. "Clinton said, 'I know you are all concerned about this. Here's the situation: There were problems in our marriage and we've worked them out.' I was so gratified. No, I was *thrilled* that he was doing this."

To compare Hart's shock and his steely defensiveness at his press conferences during Hell Week with Bill and Hillary Clinton's command of the same subject in the early stages of their campaign is to see consummate politicians learning from the foibles of a deeply flawed teacher. Hart made himself into a martyr. He went before his supporters and the cameras and said that his campaign was a "crusade," and that "if I'm right about that, it really doesn't matter if the leader is struck down in battle or with a knife in the back, because the case goes on and the crusade continues."

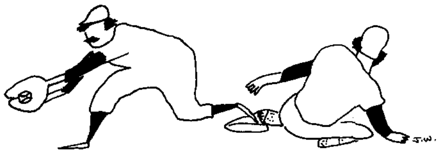
Clinton and his aides watched Gennifer Flowers unleash her unholy confession in the *Star* and went immediately on the counter-offensive, charging her with profiteering and saying that taped conversations with the candidate had been doctored. On January 26, 1992, just after the Super Bowl, Clinton and his wife went on "60 Minutes" and seemed to speak past the host, Steve Kroft, and straight to the voters, in a way never seen before in Presidential politics. When Kroft asked for the specifics of the problems in the marriage, Clinton replied with a combination of frankness, indirection, and a knowing vocabulary which was designed to admit imperfection and, at the same time, shield him from further assault.

"I think the American people—at least, people that have been married for a long time—know what it means and know the whole range of things it can mean," he said. "You go back and listen to what I've said. You know, I have acknowledged wrongdoing. I have acknowledged causing pain in my marriage. I have said things to you tonight and to the American people from the beginning that no American politician ever has. I think most Americans who are watching this tonight, they'll know what we're saying; they'll get it, and they'll feel that we have been more than candid."

And then, perhaps even more important, Hillary Clinton echoed her husband, and did so without apology or embarrassment: "You know, I'm not sitting here—some little woman standing by my man, like Tammy Wynette. I'm sitting here because I love him, and I respect him, and I honor what he's been through and what we've been through together. And, you know, if that's not enough for people, then, heck, don't vote for him."

The Clinton campaign had it easier. If there had been extramarital affairs, they were not going on during the campaign. Hart had not given voters reason to believe the same of him. And Clinton was not taken by surprise. His young campaign handlers, some of whom run the White House communications office today, were no longer fooled by even the friendliest of reporters.

"The Clinton cadre had no illusions about what the press was capable of doing, while the Hart people were stunned by it," a Party activist who worked in both candidates' campaigns said. "With the Hart episode, people on the Democratic side began to understand about reporters. 'O.K.,' they said about the reporters, 'they may be our age, they may look like us, and even vote like us, but they are not us. They are another political force, an adversary.' The Clinton people hated the press even more than the Hart people."



On a clear, cold evening this winter, I went out to the Pentagon and was led to Larry Smith's office. Like so many offices around Washington this year, Smith's rooms were newly painted and bare. "We're just finding out where the coffeepot is," Smith said by way of greeting. Smith worked as Hart's top aide in the Senate from 1978 to 1982, leaving the office just as the other aides were discussing strategy for the first Presidential race.

"Let me begin by saying this," he said. "Gary is a truly tragic figure. Though I love him, I left him in the late spring, early summer of 1982 because I lost confidence in him. I believed he felt himself in a way to be divine."

A mixture of anger, dismay, and real, lasting affection was characteristic of every former Hart aide I had met, but Smith was the one who was most willing, or able, to display his feelings.

"There is a theology that says that if you sin you are cast into the outer darkness, called Hell," Smith said. "If you are mortal, like most of us, you have to deal with the fact of sin, so when you do sin you are in your own mind condemned to Hell. That is, if you are human and do not deny that fact. The only other way is to insist that you are above the usual rules. I came to believe that Gary Hart felt that the fate of Gary Hart was that he was destined to be President of the United States and he was not bound by the disciplines that impinge on the rest of us. In the end, the guy broke everybody's heart.

"Look at what Clinton did. He signalled that he had come short of the glory of God. But he looked into the camera and acknowledged it and said he still felt worthy of support. In other words, he is like us. He is human. That was a powerful political act."

I interrupted Smith to say that Hart had told me he could not have stayed in the race, because "other lives" would have been dragged through the press and ruined.

"Maybe so, maybe so," Smith said. Then he said, "But before you go, I want you to hear something."

Smith crossed the room and found a hardbound copy of the collected poems of Yeats, a gift from Gary Hart. He leafed to one of the later poems—"Come Gather Round Me, Parnellites," an ode to the Irish hero and statesman whose political career faltered when he became a co-respondent in the divorce case of his mistress, Kitty O'Shea.

"I can't read this without thinking of Gary," Smith said. And he read:

The Bishops and the Party
That tragic story made,
A husband that had sold his wife
And after that betrayed;
But stories that live longest
Are sung above the glass,
And Parnell loved his country,
And Parnell loved his lass.

Larry Smith's eyes filled with tears as he closed the book. "That's the tragedy," he said. "But with Gary it's worse. He didn't even love the lass. Now he is walking around like a ghost. What I want for my friend is to have a fine peace on this earth."

GARY HART is in Washington looking for work at a new law firm. He sits by the window of a trendy Washington restaurant, i Ricchi, drinking cappuccino.

"Clinton was a watershed," he says. "There was the scandal, and it was dealt with for a couple of weeks, and then it went away. It wasn't just how he handled it. I hate that word 'handle.' They say Clinton handled his situation better than I did. Poppycock. It wasn't the decision to go on '60 Minutes.' It was the editorial decision not to pursue it any further. I didn't see editors this time sending reporters halfway around the world to peek in a politician's window. And that was good for the country. The wife of a very prominent Washington journalist told me the other day that everyone in Washington thinks Bill Clinton never would have been elected President without Gary Hart. Maybe. The idea is that I somehow carried away the burden of scandal. Maybe she also means that I plowed new ground on the Party and the issues. If that's the case, I'm a happy man. You don't always have to win to win. You don't always have to achieve the highest office to succeed.

"The hardest adjustment was having a platform for twelve years and then having it disappear overnight. See, you don't have to be President to have a platform, but when you lose you've lost your platform. Even if you are speaking in an empty Senate, when it's a sea of mahogany, you can feel you are contributing. That urge doesn't end overnight. Imagine a writer told he could not write. A painter. It was a way of expressing myself, my convictions. One day, you're speaking ten times a day, and then, suddenly, you're not. I was in London, and one of the papers sent around a reporter to interview me. They also sent over a photographer to take my picture. I'd met her before, and we started talking to kill time while she set up. I kind of interviewed her. She said she was married, but the marriage wasn't too happy, and someone had suggested she get involved in photography. And now, she said, her camera had become her whole life. 'If someone ever took away my camera,' she said, 'I'd be lost.' Then she started asking about my life and my situation. And I said, 'Well, you know how you would feel if someone took away your camera? You'd be completely lost. Well, that is how I feel. I've lost my platform, my chance to influence things and contribute.' And when she turned around there were tears streaming down her face.

"So now I have no public role. I don't have a platform. You are limited at the *Times* Op-Ed page to one appearance every six months or so. I tell them that doesn't seem to apply to Henry Kissinger, but that doesn't matter. Every time I call there with something to say, I get a new young thing on the line. Very nice, smart, but they just don't want to hear from me. This is not an American ethos, it's an American journalistic ethos. There are a handful of people who decide who is going to have a platform and who will not. The golden Rolodex. My category—my place in the Rolodex—is the Privacy Issue for Public Officials. Which is the only thing I won't talk about. My friend Billy Shore gets on me to write about Yugoslavia, and I say, 'For whom? Who cares what I think about Yugoslavia?' The young thing at the other end of the phone says, 'When were you last in Yugoslavia?' I'll bet they never ask Nixon that." ♦

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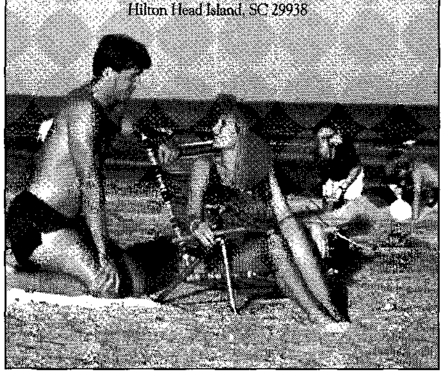

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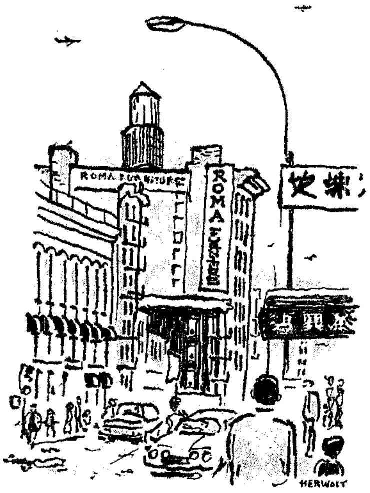
OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

A TASTE OF SUCCESS

New immigrants with new capital are reshaping Chinatown and the culinary landscape of New York.

BY JASON EPSTEIN



HERWOLT VAN DOORNEN

ON mornings when I cross Broome Street on my way to the uptown subway, I like to walk between the crates and baskets of bitter melons, bok choy, and other Oriental produce piled as high as my head outside Sun Farm, one of several wholesalers of Chinese vegetables that have opened recently in my neighborhood.

"*Dou mu*?" I ask Sun Farm's amiable proprietor when he is not busy with his order pad and portable phone.

"No *dou mu* now," he replies more often than not. "Maybe tomorrow."

Now and then, he talks about the weather, and if he hasn't seen me for a few days he asks whether I've been away on a trip. His English is accented but fluent and self-assured, unlike that of most of my Chinatown neighbors. I assume that this is why he's not reticent, as other Chinese tend to be when chatting with a cultural alien like me.

When I moved down here, some five years ago, Broome Street marked the northern boundary of Manhattan's Chinatown, but I have since seen the border extend four blocks north, to Houston Street, engulfing nearly all of what used to be Little Italy. Manhattan's Chinese enclave, which until the nineteen-sixties was confined largely within its traditional six blocks below Canal Street, may soon stretch as far north as Fourteenth Street and as far west as SoHo. To the east and south, Chinatown already abuts the river and the South Street Seaport.

More than one New Yorker in twenty is now Chinese. In my neighborhood, Chinese shop signs are going up everywhere, proclaiming not only the many new food stores and restaurants that line its streets but a dealer in electrical supplies, a seller of exotic goldfish, a plumber, a repair shop for industrial sewing machines, a noodle factory, an electrical contractor, a lobster pound, and two stores that rent Chinese videos. When I first moved here, the neighborhood was still ruled by Italian men in black suits and black hats and tieless white shirts buttoned to the neck. Or perhaps it was ruled by their wives, also in black, with white head scarves and shapeless black shoes—the mothers of the sulky young centurions who once lounged in the doorway of John Gotti's Ravenite Social Club, on Mulberry Street. It wasn't so long ago that a racial outsider took his chances down here. Now there are entire blocks where I find it odd to see a Western face. Along Broome Street, the owner of Sun Farm and his fellow produce merchants have become as familiar to me as the fireplugs, the street lamps, and the cracked pavements. My friend Justin Yu, a journalist who writes for *World Journal*, Chinatown's widely read Taiwanese paper, jokes that next year the Ravenite Social Club will be a Chinese restaurant.

On days when there are no *dou mu* at the wholesale market, there almost certainly won't be any when I shop for my dinner at the retail stalls on Mott or Mulberry Street, amid crowds of Chinese women coming to buy their greens after a long day's work in the Chinatown garment factories before they plunge into the Grand Street subway for their trip back to Brooklyn or Queens. But now and then I search from stall to stall anyway, hoping that some miracle might have produced a shipment of this enchanting and costly vegetable. Out of season, a pound of *dou mu* sells for three or four dollars, half as much as the best paid of my fellow-shoppers make in an hour at their sewing machines. Nevertheless, when a shipment reaches the market it is usually sold out well before the evening rush. Because few of these Mott Street venders understand my attempts at Cantonese, I often have to try again by asking, in English, for snow-pea leaves, to which the reply is "No soapy lees today"—an approximation no clumsier, I suppose, than my attempt to pronounce *dou mu.*

Along the western fringe of my neighborhood, at the corner of Centre and Grand Streets, the Sun Mei Food Market has just opened, and at the corner of Lafayette and Grand Streets the Foo Wah Bakery opened last fall, the third new Hong Kong bakery on Grand Street this year. Farther along Grand—as far west as Broadway—there are now several Chinese dealers in sewing machines and other supplies for Chinatown's four hundred or so garment factories, the mainstay of Chinatown's lively, if precarious, economy.

New York's garment manufacturers began to move their work to Chinatown in the nineteen-seventies, in search of stable low-wage labor, so they could avoid the inconvenience of sending work to Hong Kong or the Caribbean. Since 1989, the number of garment-manufacturing jobs citywide has declined from about a hundred thousand to just over eighty-five thousand, but the Chinatown factories still employ some twenty thousand women. Though these women earn barely enough to live on, they have created a surging market for the countless food stalls and fast-food noodle restaurants that have sprung up along Chinatown's streets in the last ten years or so.

Along Grand and Mott, Bayard and Mulberry, and on the Bowery north of Canal, these noodle shops, where the garment workers buy their takeout meals at the end of the day, are jammed shoulder to shoulder between fish markets and vegetable stalls and butcher shops displaying goods of such quality and variety—razor clams and Manila clams, octopus and squid and periwinkles, shrimp and bream and carp swimming in their tanks, to say nothing of wild duck, squab, and partridges at half the prices charged by uptown places—as to rival the markets of Verona and Arles.

It is not, of course, the underpaid garment workers alone who sustain this culinary abundance, which includes dried scallops at eighty dollars a pound and dried abalone at six hundred and eighty dollars a pound and rare teas at a hundred and thirty-five dollars a pound, and four- and five-pound lobsters that sell for twenty or thirty dollars each. Since the United States immigration quotas for Asia were relaxed in 1965, the number of Chinese in New York City has more than quadrupled, while the city's over-all population has remained more or less stable and the white component has significantly declined. Immigration law now welcomes two categories of Chinese. The first includes those with money and skills, most of whom come from Taiwan or Hong Kong and usually join the general population uptown or in the suburbs, but remain loyal to their culinary heritage. The second category includes those permitted to come here even without education or money to join members of their families.

Many immigrants in this category come from Hong Kong or the mainland and settle in Chinese neighborhoods rather than face the baffling language and customs of an alien society. Through their family associations, many of them manage to find work. According to Justin Yu, who specializes in immigration news for his paper, hardly any of them resort to public assistance—partly because they don't understand the procedures, partly because they're afraid of losing face, but mainly because they fear that a family that accepts welfare will find it difficult to sponsor the immigration of additional relatives. In the years that I have lived here, I have never seen a homeless Chinese sleeping in a doorway or on the sidewalk, or asking for money. When there are problems, the family associations usually take care of them privately. Nor have I seen any Chinese among the pitiful clients of the few remaining soup kitchens and shelters along the Bowery, where most of the old dollar-a-night flophouses have now been converted to low-cost hotels for immigrant Chinese workers.

In Manhattan alone, the Chinese population south of Fourteenth Street has grown from about forty thousand in 1980 to nearly sixty thousand today. In Brooklyn, the Chinese population, which was about twelve thousand in

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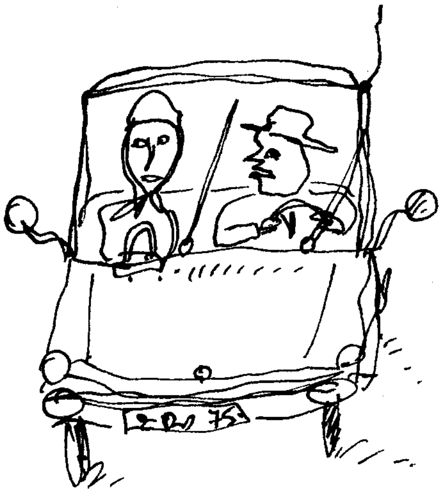
1970, now exceeds seventy thousand. In Queens, where the Chinese have established themselves along the route of the No. 7 elevated line—the so-called Orient Express—their numbers have grown from about thirteen thousand in 1970 to nearly ninety thousand.

In all, there are now about two hundred and fifty thousand Chinese living legally in New York City. Justin Yu estimates that, in addition, there are probably seventy thousand illegals in the tristate area—mainly Fujianese, who pay as much as thirty thousand dollars each to be brought here by smugglers. Some of the ships used by the smugglers are crammed with five hundred illegals at a time in their holds, and this traffic may now be more lucrative than heroin smuggling was when it flourished here in the nineteen-seventies and eighties.

Chinatown, however, has very little street crime, and, despite sensational reports of gangland shootings a few years ago, Chinatown's crime statistics are among the lowest in the city. Most of the young Chinese and Vietnamese hoodlums who caused this mayhem are now in prison or else have calmed down. Occasionally, gang members can be seen along Canal Street in their black silk Ninja outfits and spiky haircuts, but I'm told they are regarded with contempt rather than fear by the Chinese. Captain Wayne Bax, of Chinatown's Fifth Precinct, told me recently that he is "thrilled by this assignment," and went on to say, "I've seldom enjoyed working in a community as much as this one. My main problems have to do with quality of life: traffic and keeping the street venders under control." My own experience confirms Bax' view. Chinatown's streets, teeming with life, seem to police themselves. Though there are thriving Chinese settlements in Flushing, Elmhurst, and Brooklyn's Sunset Park, Manhattan's Chinatown is still the irresistible center to which Chinese by the thousand come to work, eat, and celebrate—especially on weekends, when entire Chinese families arrive for an afternoon meal.

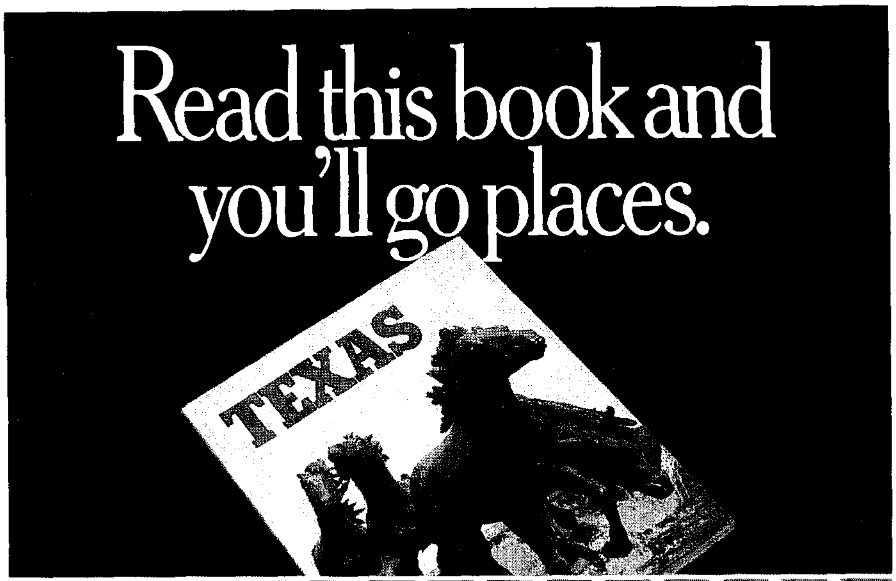
As a result, the restaurants in Chinatown no longer have to defer, as they once did, to American taste, and some restaurants, content with their expanded Chinese clientele, can ignore Western preferences altogether. The effect of this demographic shift has been profound, for while it is no longer as easy as it used to be in Chinatown to find sweet-and-sour pork swimming in a pool of pink syrup thickened with cornstarch, or those once ubiquitous thick-skinned eggrolls filled with shredded cabbage and bits of roast pork dyed red, there are now plenty of places that offer shark fin, live scallops, fresh eel, Dungeness crabs, and geoduck clams with necks half a foot long—not to mention restorative soups based on Chinese medicinal herbs steeped in a stock made from black-skinned fowl called silkies, which are said to have curative powers and are bred specially for soup. This is not to say that Chinatown restaurants are now uniformly good. They are probably no better on average than restaurants in any other ethnic category, and some are awful. But a patient search among them and a willingness to abandon one's culinary inhibitions will turn up some of the best restaurant food in New York.

THE great growth in New York's Chinese population since the late nineteen-sixties has been accompanied by an abundant flow of capital from Hong Kong, Taiwan, and, in the last few years, the mainland and Southeast Asia. This imported capital has helped finance such garish Chinatown banquet halls as the Silver Palace, on Canal Street; the Golden Unicorn, on East Broadway; Triple Eight Palace, beneath the Manhattan Bridge; and, most recently, Jing Fong, on Elizabeth Street. There are about half a dozen of these places, and they dominate the high-priced Chinatown restaurant trade. But some of the best restaurants in Chinatown, in my opinion, have evolved from among the countless noodle shops, whose windows are festooned with poached chickens, barbecued ducks, and honey-roasted ribs and loins of pork hanging from iron racks above steaming kettles of chicken soup. Many of these storefront restaurants are more congenial, I find, than the stiff and elaborate banquet palaces, with their nervous captains in blue business suits and their uniformed hostesses clutching two-way radios; and there are two places in particular—New Chao Chow and Tai Hong Lau, both on Mott Street—that have transcended their humble origins and offer dishes that challenge anything New York's uptown restaurants, in whatever ethnic category, can offer.



Meanwhile, I continue to search for a third such place—a quest so far unsuccessful, but one whose incidental rewards partly offset the inevitable disappointments. At Big Wong, for example, on the west side of Mott Street between Canal and Bayard, the duck and the pork, which hang in its window and can be carried away in transparent plastic cartons, are spectacular—especially at lunch, when they are still warm from the ovens. But the uninspired combination plates that Big Wong offers in its dining room are not up to the delights in its window. New Chao Chow, however, a block north of Big Wong, on Mott between Canal and Hester, which is now in mid-passage in its evolution from storefront noodle shop to proper restaurant, offers such treasures that when I travel and think of home it is New Chao Chow that I long for most. It is named for an administrative district in Guangdong Province, an hour and a half by plane north of Hong Kong and well within the culinary orbit of Guangzhou, or Canton. Chaozhou, in the official spelling, has always been a poor area, and its enterprising people have long looked beyond the adjacent major city of Shantou to seek their fortunes overseas. According to my friend Dominick Chu, a Chaozhou native, who has recently risked some of the profits of his garment factory and his sewing-machine business to open Sun Golden Island, an authentic Chaozhou restaurant, at the corner of Elizabeth and Bayard Streets, as much as twenty per cent of Hong Kong's population comes from Chaozhou, and some thirty thousand immigrants of Chaozhou origin now live in the United States, mostly in California. Many of them came to the United States after the Vietnam War as refugees from Indochina, where Chaozhou families had flourished for generations. A number of the refugee families had run restaurants in Vietnam or Cambodia, and some of them have transplanted their restaurants to Chinatown, where they continue to serve Chaozhou cuisine—an intense, rather hearty version of Cantonese—modified by this long Indochinese sojourn. Dominick Chu's chef at Sun Golden Island, however, is from Hong Kong's Chaozhou population, and his repertory includes some first-rate examples of Chaozhou food in its pure form—for example, a clear duck broth flavored with lemon, followed by an omelet filled with tiny, pungent oysters and laced with a fermented-fish sauce, redolent of Asian waterfronts.

The Indochinese versions of Chaozhou restaurants are not nearly as decorative as Sun Golden Island. They are overlit storefronts with Formica tables; the waiters speak little English. Non-Chinese are certainly welcome in these places, but they will find no concessions to their convenience. New Chao Chow has orange plastic tables, beneath unforgiving overhead lights, which seat either six or ten, reflecting the Chinese preference for dining *en famille*, so one usually sits with strangers—occasionally with an entire family of them. (Once, during the Christmas holidays, I found myself the only outsider amid a Chinese family of what I took to be four generations, with ancient great-grandparents barely half the size of their handsome great-grandsons—law students, to judge from their conversation and their University of Michigan sweatshirts, and so thoroughly American in their style that at first glance I wasn't sure they were Chinese at all.) But the momentary awkwardness of such unintended intimacy seems to me a small inconvenience compared with the chance to see what my neighbors are eating—mostly bowls of steaming rice soup or one version or another of noodle soup, with either broad or fine egg noodles or rice noodles, combined with duck or chicken or bits of squid and shrimp and Ping-Pong-size fish balls and slices of fish cake. A large bowl of soup at New Chao Chow ordinarily costs three and a half dollars. New Chao Chow's chicken stock tastes as if it had simmered all



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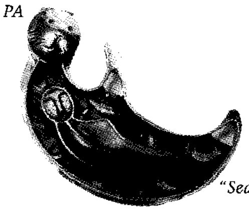
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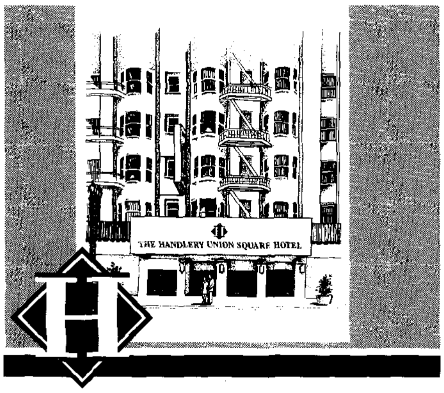
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night, and comes to the table flavored with green onion and a splash of Vietnamese fish sauce, and with a few bean sprouts added to the noodles for texture. What distinguishes this soup from the soup served in similar Chinatown places is its robust clarity and its subtle combination of flavors. This excellent stock is unlike any other I have had in New York, including the truly great chicken soup that was served at the Carnegie Delicatessen in its heroic days, when the late Leo Steiner owned it.

The English-language menu at New Chao Chow lists some twenty variations based on this stock, some with seafood, some with chicken, some with duck, and so on, together with a number of well-prepared Cantonese standards, including a superior version of crispy bean curd, in which a bit of shrimp is stuffed into a two-inch cube of bean curd that is then deep-fried until the exterior forms a golden crust around the warm, lightly salted custard within. Several Chinatown restaurants, as well as a few uptown places, now serve this simple dish. None, however, equals the harmony of textures achieved by New Chao Chow.

Many of New Chao Chow's most interesting dishes are listed only on wall posters, in Chinese characters. One reason for this reticence may be that the names of some Chinese ingredients—particularly certain kinds of fish and vegetables—are not easily translated into English. But the main reason, I suspect, is a combination of arrogance and timidity on the part of the staff, arising from an absurdly chauvinistic fear that American tastes are not equal to these specialties and that waiters will be asked to return with them to the kitchen in disgrace. This habit is common among Chinatown restaurants. Even those that make an effort to accommodate Westerners, as New Chao Chow does not, list some of their most interesting dishes only in Chinese, so repeated visits are required, usually with a Chinese friend, before these places give up their secrets. For example, New Chao Chow's *congee* (pronounced as in "congeal"), or rice gruel, with slices of fish and slivers of pork flavored with bits of ginger, green onion, and coriander leaves, is by far the best that I have found in Chinatown, or anywhere else, and a bargain, at three dollars and a half for a bowl big enough for two. But New Chao Chow does not list its *congee* in English. Nor does it list a marvellous dish in which filets of flounder or sea bass are lightly fried in a soft batter and served with a sauce of corn kernels in a thickened broth gently flavored with Vietnamese fish sauce and a sprinkling of coriander leaves. With a few refinements, such as a lighter sauce, this dish could be worthy of Le Bernardin, but it was only after I had been dining at New Chao Chow for a year or so that one of the waiters offered to translate the wall poster for me and describe some of the dishes listed there, including this one.

Lately, New Chao Chow has hung posters on its walls offering banquets, including lobster, bird's-nest soup, and so on, at prices ranging from thirty-five to ninety dollars per person. Since the average bill at New Chao Chow seldom exceeds ten dollars, this wistful attempt to attract a fancier clientele suggests that the owner has braced himself for a great leap forward but one that is likely to end in a spill. For New Chao Chow is too humble a setting for Chinese banqueters, who typically celebrate in more pretentious surroundings.

The cavernous Silver Palace, which opened some fifteen years ago, and its half-dozen competitors provide banquets for Chinatown's two hundred or so family associations and a hundred or more professional, commercial, political, and home-town groups which constitute the Chinese community's densely woven social structure. This network of mutual aid sustains the Chinese community and helps explain its discipline and its insularity, for within this web of associations are to be found business opportunities, jobs, and capital. To offend these associations is to be set adrift in a city of strangers.

The grandest of the banquet halls, with their bright lights and high ceilings, have raised platforms, or stages, set within niches along the walls for honored guests. The halls are approached by escalator or elevator and are typically adorned with golden dragons and teak screens, tasselled chandeliers, Ali Baba-size porcelain jars, and tinted murals of the Great Wall and the Yangtze gorges. Jing Fong, which opened at the end of 1992 and is the largest of the halls, seats fifteen hundred banqueters, at tables for ten. During the New Year season, from January through April, Jing Fong and its competitors are likely to be filled three or four nights a week, sometimes with members of family associations but more often with unsmiling men in blue or gray suits who belong to one or another professional or commercial group. The rest of the year, the banquet halls cater to weddings and birthdays.

On nights when they are not booked for such celebrations, the halls are open to the public, but not many people come. In general, their cuisine is bland, and their menus are indistinguishable from one another. Most will provide an adequate dinner in the eclectic Hong Kong style—a sophisticated amalgam of the various regional cuisines of Guangdong Province. But lately, according to my friend Michael Tong, who owns Shun Lee West and Shun Lee Palace, two of the best uptown Chinese restaurants, Hong Kong and Taiwan chefs are no longer as attracted to New York as they were a few years ago. Michael says that some have begun to return to Guangdong, Hong Kong's hinterland, which enjoys double-digit economic growth, or to Taiwan, which, with eighty billion dollars in reserves, is one of the world's richest countries. Chinatown's banquet kitchens, as well as the expensive uptown Chinese restaurants that have adapted the Hong Kong style to American tastes, may have to make do without new talent until New York's own economic prospects improve.

For each table of ten, Jing Fong charges four hundred dollars, more or less, depending on the menu and the bargaining power of the banquet's sponsor. The meal begins in the traditional way, with cold suckling pig, jellyfish, and roast pork, and may proceed through shark-fin and bird's-nest soups to elaborately decorated dishes based on abalone, lobster, chicken, and so on, ending with steamed flounder, noodles, and fried rice. Three months after its opening, Jing Fong still had not come up with an English-language menu at lunchtime, but it was booked several months in advance for banquets and weddings. Jing Fong was financed with a three-million-dollar loan from the Bank of China, an arm of the Beijing government. As a result, the pro-Beijing associations in Chinatown hold their banquets there, dining on what Justin Yu calls "political food." This is not to say that New York's Chinatown harbors enough Communists to fill Jing Fong three or four nights a week. According to Justin, there probably aren't enough Communists to fill a phone booth; it's just that "everybody in Chinatown wants to become a little boss."

The associations that patronize Jing Fong, like the local Fujianese entrepreneurs who borrowed the money to start it, are "Red capitalists": they do business with Beijing and its three Chinatown banks and want to do more. On Broome Street, next to Sun Farm, an importer offers wholesale quantities of such mainland goods as socket wrenches, women's jackets made of red or gray fox, porcelainware, marble and granite tiles for walls and floors, and *yin ti*, the expensive jade inkwells used by Oriental calligraphers. The main import from China, however, is capital, and this circumstance partly explains the speed with which Chinese entrepreneurs have extended the borders of New York's once quiescent Chinese enclave.

At lunchtime, Chinatown's banquet halls serve simple lunches and dim sum to crowds of businessmen. On weekends, they are mobbed with Chinese families. The trick for diners who can't shout their wishes in Cantonese is to find a seat on one of the aisles, down which waitresses push carts of steamed dumplings and other delicacies, for unless you're within reach of these carts as they pass along your chances of making your choices known to the overworked, monolingual waitresses are slim.

In Asian cities, dim-sum carts line the streets, so that workers going to their jobs can pick up their morning meal along the way. But here the process is inverted: the steaming carts are brought to the customer, as in a reverse cafeteria. Quality hardly varies among the banquet halls, which, like the Northern Italian restaurants uptown, or the airlines, seem to draw upon a communal commissary. Currently, 98 Mott is conceptually more daring than most other dim-sum places, since it serves, in addition to the usual *har gow* (shrimp dumplings in translucent wrappers), *fung kor* (crescent-shaped

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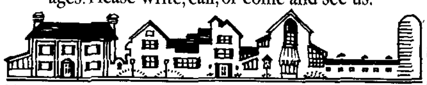

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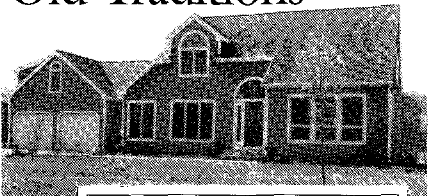

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dumplings of mildly curried meat, green onions, and ginger), and *shui mai* (pork-filled dumplings pinched at the waist), such unusual items as Manila clams in black-bean sauce, periwinkles in a peppery brown gravy, fish paste wrapped around broccoli florets, and coarse preparations of tripe and squid and goose feet, which Westerners are likely to skip.

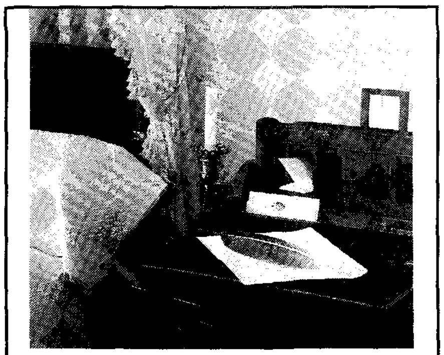
The mass-produced dim sum served in most of the vast halls grow leaden on the perambulating steam tables, and on busy days are often no longer hot by the time they are served. At Tai Hong Lau, on Mott Street between Canal and Bayard, however, dim sum are steamed to order and come to the table hot from the kitchen and alive with flavor. The name Tai Hong Lau means Great Chinese Place, and is also a pun on the name of its owners, Joyce and Peter Lau. In my opinion, theirs is currently the best restaurant in Chinatown. Though a third of the Laus' customers are non-Chinese, here, too, some of the best dishes are not listed in English—for example, a robust casserole of salt fish, chicken, and bean curd. "It's the salt fish," explained Jimmy Wong, one of the Laus' captains and an expert dry-Martini-maker, when I asked why this dish wasn't listed in English. "Americans won't like it," he insisted, though he could see my Western friends consuming the dish with evident pleasure.

Later, Joyce Lau told me, in her fluent English, that some Chinese ingredients have no English names, and that she herself doesn't know exactly what they are even under their Chinese names. As an example, she pointed to a fine-ribbed yellowish vegetable with a hint of vanilla among its complex flavors. It was served on a bed of Chinese long-stemmed broccoli, accompanied by some braised mushrooms. This, she explained, was either the flower or the pith of a certain bamboo plant. She didn't know which, but she did know that it grows only in southwest China, and that in its dried form it costs a hundred and twenty dollars a pound in Chinatown markets. When I suggested that she list it on her English menu as "bamboo blossom," she smiled and changed the subject.

Peter Lau came to the United States twenty years ago from Chaozhou via Hong Kong, and he is the head of Chinatown's Chow Chieu Association. The key to his success is his discovery of Shiu Kwong Ma, Tai Hong Lau's chef, who is also from Chaozhou by way of Hong Kong. He has been with the Laus from the beginning, and his thin slices of deep-fried chicken breast in a spicy sauce, his braised live carp, and his secret sauce over scallops or braised oysters are vibrant with flavor and texture and generally lighter than most Chinatown food.

Ten years ago, Tai Hong Lau began as a storefront takeout at street level, with a full-service restaurant in the basement. Two years ago, the Laus abandoned their takeout, moved the basement restaurant to street level, added a bar, and introduced their steamed-to-order dim sum at lunchtime. Their success reflects intelligence, hard work, and an innate stylishness, which shows itself, despite Tai Hong Lau's conventional Chinatown décor, in the skillful service they provide and the consistency of their kitchen. A sure sign of a poor Chinatown restaurant is a photograph in the window of former Mayor Ed Koch embracing its owner. Tai Hong Lau has no such picture, but twice last month I found Tom Margittai, the co-owner of the Four Seasons, at dinner there.

CHINATOWN, for all its apparent solidity and its historical ability to survive on thin rations, is beset by many pressures. Though the garment industry seems healthy here despite the citywide economic decline, the national recession, combined with the prospective North American Free Trade Agreement, may weaken it. If the garment business is a key to Chinatown's prosperity, then the rapidly expanding food industry may rest on a fragile base. Furthermore, despite China's impending takeover of Hong Kong four years from now, the growing prosperity of all of China may continue to draw both capital and talent away from New York's Chinatown. When Justin Yu returns to Taiwan for his annual visit, his Taiwanese friends now commiserate with him for having chosen to live in such a poor country as the United States. It is possible, therefore, that New York's Chinatown may be enjoying a glorious but brief zenith. If this is so, New York's gastronomes would be wise to make the most of it. ♦



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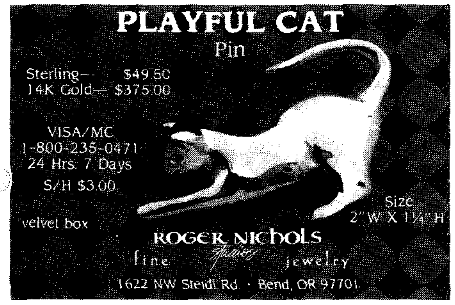

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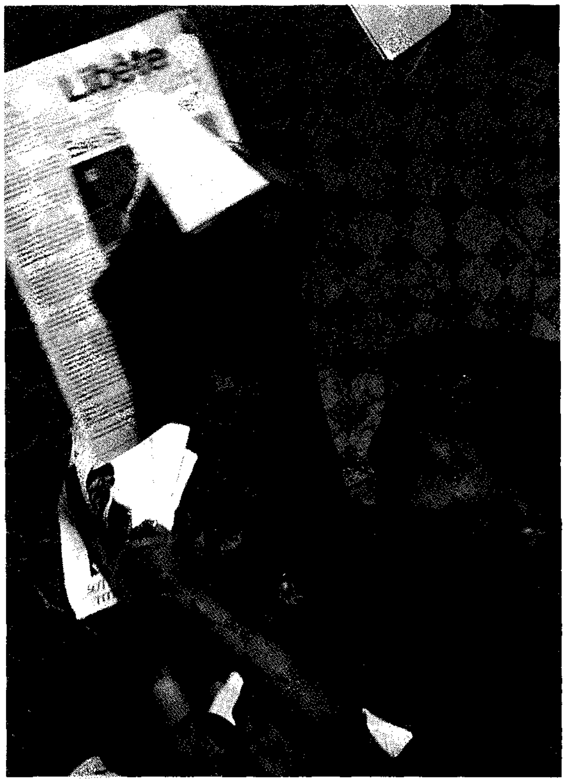
LETTER FROM HAITI

THE FIRST CASUALTY

The repression of the press may be at an all-time high under Haiti's de-facto regime, but some journalists have devised new ways to get their message across.

BY ANNA HUSARSKA



Libète, a Creole-language weekly, is the voice and the banner of President Aristide's supporters.

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WHEN I visited Georges Venel Remarais, the founding director of Agence Haïtienne de Presse—Haiti's first independent news agency—last month, to talk about repression of journalists here, he moved a couple of chairs from A.H.P.'s newsroom to an empty veranda looking onto a noisy street. He then seated me sideways and positioned himself facing the street. This careful staging puzzled, and even annoyed, me, because I couldn't hear him clearly. I asked for permission to quote him, and he agreed, adding, "The more I am known, the more I am protected." Now I understood: he wanted to be seen chatting with a white, obviously foreign reporter. (He volunteered a few greetings to acquaintances passing by, thus increasing the effect.) I also understood the positioning of the chairs when he mentioned that he had once been menaced by two men with guns: he didn't want to get shot in the back.

A few days earlier, when I landed in Port-au-Prince, my backpack was bulging with reports by the Committee to Protect Journalists, Americas Watch, the Lawyers Committee for Human Rights, and Reporters sans Frontières, and with copies of protest letters from PEN American Center. They all denounced the lack of freedom of expression in Haiti, and pointed to journalists as the main victims of repression since the military coup, on September 30, 1991, that ousted President Jean-Bertrand Aristide. As it happens, I worked for Solidarity for five years in Paris and, later, in New York, editing information bulletins based on underground press reports from Poland, so I had some knowledge both of the workings of the media under an authoritarian regime and of the role that an independent press can play in forging a civil society. I also knew of the importance of Radio Soleil, a Catholic Haitian radio station, in bringing down the dictatorship of Jean-Claude Duvalier in 1986. What I wanted to find out now was whether there was any hope for the return of democracy and of freedom of the press to Haiti.

Venel told me that the de-facto government of Marc L. Bazin—the Defactos, as the military-backed authorities who have been running Haiti since the coup are called at the American Embassy here—had in fact been engaged in a major offensive against the media, and he cited instances. On the day of my arrival, a street vender of *Libète*, a Creole-language weekly, was beaten in Port-au-

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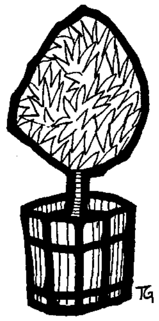
Prince by a civilian police auxiliary, and only the intervention of people from the neighborhood prevented his being dragged away. Two days earlier, a journalist from Radio Signal FM, a commercial station, was detained outside the cathedral in Port-au-Prince by armed plainclothesmen. At least five other journalists or newspaper venders had been arrested in the past two months, seven had been beaten, and many others had been threatened.

As I was busily taking down all the details in my notebook, Venel stopped me and offered a computer printout of a "partial list of cases of aggression and threats against the press under the Bazin government for the first two months of 1993," which had been prepared by the A.H.P. Today he was faxing it to his clients: local media, foreign correspondents, U.N. agencies, embassies. I was stunned. From my experience with Poland's underground press, I did not expect such a list to be in the public domain. Upping the ante, Venel proudly showed me one more A.H.P. report: an elegant hundred-and-eighty-page book entitled "La Presse Sous la Mitraille" ("The Press Under the Machine Gun"), about the crackdown on the Haitian media after the coup. This was all very disconcerting. If such a book can circulate freely (I later found it on sale in bookstores downtown), and if the authors can identify themselves (five names are on the title page), then there is in Haiti a freedom of expression impossible to imagine in Cuba, say, or in most of Eastern Europe before 1989. Yet the facts reported in the book are shocking—journalists beaten, arrested, kidnapped, or killed, radio stations destroyed and their equipment stolen—and it's obvious that, indeed, since the 1991 coup a serious campaign of repression against the Haitian press has been under way.



The explanation for this apparent contradiction—a regime that lets reports on human-rights violations circulate while at the same time it persecutes journalists—is simple: illiteracy. Not only is Haiti the poorest country in the Western Hemisphere but it has an illiteracy rate of about eighty per cent, and, to complicate matters further, it also has two official languages: French, which is spoken by less than ten per cent of the population, and Creole, which is spoken by everyone. A written report, and one written in French at that, is no threat whatever to those in power. The people who might read it are the educated and wealthy élite (who tend to support the Defactos), and not the masses, who voted overwhelmingly for Aristide. Allowing such a report to be published is not just harmless; it actually helps to vent discontent, and gives the regime an appearance of tolerance. This rationale applies not only to human-rights reports but to anything printed, written, or even scribbled. On the streets of Port-au-Prince, all drawings and paintings representing Aristide or the rooster that was his electoral symbol have been painted over, but crudely written graffiti saying "Viv Titid" ("Long live Aristide") have been left alone.

Newspapers are sold in Port-au-Prince by *crieurs*, who position themselves at street corners where traffic jams slow down the cars of prospective customers. The quality of the papers is rather mediocre, but the choice is fairly extensive: besides the pro-Aristide *Libète*, there are three weeklies (one anti-Aristide, two pro) printed in the United States and sold here for five gourdes, or fifty cents, a copy; three moderate and extremely boring dailies; a few political pamphlets. The traditional *Le Nouvelliste* has the highest print run of the three dailies—six thousand copies, in a country with a population of over six million—but it's very thin on information. On sticky issues, it hides behind the A.H.P. or (even for local news) Agence France-Presse. Carlo A. Désinor, the editor-in-chief of *Le Nouvelliste*, explained to me why the paper doesn't go any further in denouncing human-rights violations or in reporting on the opposition. "The vocation of journalist-martyr is useless. I know very well how far I can go, and I want to stay alive." The executive editor, Anaïse Chavenet, echoed him. "In 1998, *Le Nouvelliste* will be a hundred years old. In order to celebrate this anniversary, we have to be moderate." She pointed to another reason for restraint: the cost of replacing destroyed presses is so high that it makes editors think twice before risking the wrath of the authorities.

But even if the papers in Haiti were more bellicose their impact would be slight, because few can afford them or read them. (The dailies and the weeklies printed in the United States are all in French.) The only publication that makes the Defactos nervous is *Libète*, whose staff—except for Joseph Georges, the editor-in-chief, and Venel Remarais, who is the director—remains anonymous. *Libète* sells twelve thousand copies a week, compared with two thousand for each of the other weeklies—partly because it costs only one gourde but mostly because it is written entirely in Creole.

A FEW days after my arrival here, I was invited to attend a meeting on alternative press set up by the Group of Study and Action for the Freedom of the Press (its French acronym is GRALIP), a small watchdog organization founded by Haitian journalists two months after the coup. Some thirty people came to the courtyard of a community cultural center in downtown Port-au-Prince to discuss repression of the media in Haiti and the possibilities of applying tactics from other countries to gain some freedom of expression. After the meeting, Venel, who had been helping me with Creole, introduced me to a young man from Radio Lumière, a local Protestant radio station, who wanted to interview me.

The next day, he came to my hotel. His name was Rommel Pierre, he said, and he explained that his father, a former nurse in the Haitian armed forces, had read about General Rommel and his Afrika Korps in the *Reader's Digest* and had decided to name his son after him. (Rommel's brother was given the name Sylla, after the Roman dictator, and his sister is called Ney, after the French marshal.) Rommel is a pleasant twenty-six-year-old, with a few hairs at each end of his upper lip posing as a mustache, and triangular, rabbitlike ears that make him look very alert. He failed his final exam in high school, he told me, slightly ashamed, and went to work as a social worker in a psychiatric hospital to pay for a journalism course; he is now *coordonnateur de nouvelles*, or news editor, at Radio Lumière. He speaks a very refined French, choosing his words carefully, and he is the only person I met in Haiti who keeps (more or less) his appointments.

"Tell me, how did the underground press in Poland come into being?" he began, and I recognized the kind of general question any hack uses when dealing

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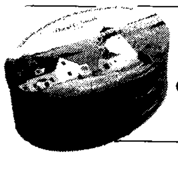

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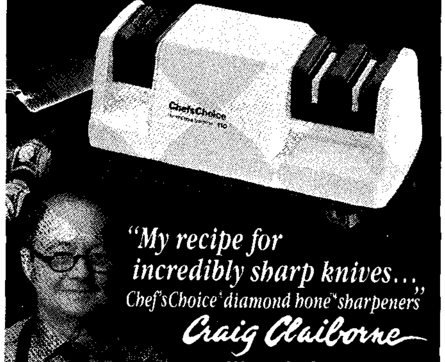

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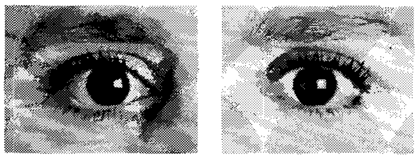

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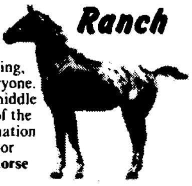
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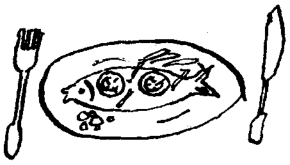
with unknown territory. But then he amazed and embarrassed me by citing names of Polish dissidents long forgotten by everyone except specialists on Poland. Where on earth did he learn these things? "I read a lot—I try to read all I can," he said, almost apologetically. Later, I saw his heavily annotated copy of the French monthly *Le Monde Diplomatique;* he had obviously read every single word.

After the interview, Rommel wanted to show me his books; he keeps them at a house in Carrefour, one of the slums of Port-au-Prince, where he had been living with his brother, a cousin (who has a little beauty salon in part of the house), and an old aunt. He borrowed a car, and we drove slowly, because the potholed, stinking streets were narrowed by heaps of orange skins, mango pits, and rotting papayas. The house was off the main road, and just past an informal fuel market: women selling six-inch-high pyramids of charcoal for a few gourdes.

All Rommel's books (de Gaulle's memoirs, Camus's "The Fall," Martin Luther King, Jr.,'s writings, some religious texts, and books on French and Haitian history) are on a shelf covered with sheets of transparent plastic, and he often goes there to consult them. But, because of his work at the station, he doesn't feel safe, and since the coup he has been sleeping somewhere else. His parents emigrated to Providence, Rhode Island, in 1990, and Rommel has visited them, but he wants to continue living in Haiti. "Daddy went to the States to get medical treatment for his bad hearing—a problem he developed in prison," he said. (His father was jailed for six months in 1984, on the charge of plotting against Jean-Claude Duvalier.) "We did not expect to see Daddy again. People who were in the armed forces did not get jailed then, they got killed." Rommel showed me a family album—mostly snapshots of weddings, of babies, and of Army officers who were friends of his father. I asked whether these connections were protecting him from trouble now. Oh, no, calling on these people was inconceivable. But he wasn't sure what he would do if he was arrested.

From the house we went to the radio station, also in Carrefour: a one-story building with a satellite dish on the roof. The entrance has a buzzer, the door is armored, and inside there is a steel gate. I found similar security measures at all the radio stations I visited; they had all learned after the coup how vulnerable they are. On September 29, 1991, Michel Favard, the director of Radio Nationale, was detained for two days after announcing that the coup was in progress. The next day, Jacques Gary Siméon, the owner of Radio Caraïbes, was abducted by soldiers, and, according to the A.H.P. book, his body was later found with the tongue cut off, the eyes gouged out, and the teeth broken. In the immediate aftermath of the coup, nine radio stations were attacked by soldiers, and their equipment was damaged; others were threatened and went off the air. Radio Lumière, confident that it would be spared, because of its location (on a back street of a slum area), continued broadcasting. But not for long. On October 4th, after putting on the air firsthand accounts of an Army killing spree that took the lives of some thirty people, it, too, was attacked. One studio was totally destroyed; the telephone switchboard and the satellite dish were sprayed with bullets; and two tape recorders were stolen. Fortunately, the transmitter for its AM broadcasts, situated near the Port-au-Prince airport, was spared, because without it Radio Lumière would not be capable of reaching the entire country. (Haiti is very mountainous, and it takes a sophisticated system of relay antennas to broadcast to certain areas.)



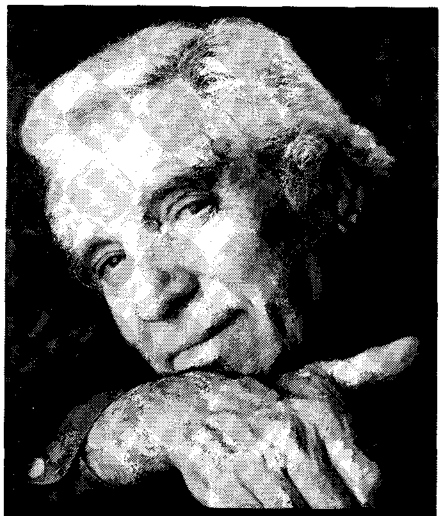
A few weeks after the coup, when all non-government stations in Haiti had been silenced, Radio Enriquillo, a Catholic station in the Dominican Republic, initiated twice-a-day news in Creole, obviously aimed at Haitians. The Dominican authorities then forbade the reading of the news in Creole. But if speaking Creole was forbidden, singing it was not. So, starting in February, 1992, the news concerning Haiti was *sung* on Radio Enriquillo. Five months later, this, too, was forbidden.

As for Radio Lumière, in February of last year, after nearly five months of silence, it resumed music programs, but it went off the air in August, when its former director, Robinson Joseph, was killed by police at a roadblock. Now it is broadcasting again, but for shorter hours, and under heavy self-censorship: only news from the wires and no comments on domestic issues.

The most courageous local station these days is Radio Tropic FM and, logically, it is the one that has suffered the most repression recently. In April of last year, a stringer, Sony Estéus, was arrested by plainclothes policemen while he was recording a church service that turned into a rally in support of Aristide. He was held for five hours, and was beaten with sticks; his left arm and one finger were broken, and his right wrist was sprained. At the beginning of February, Colson Dormé, an archivist from Tropic FM who was covering the arrival in Port-au-Prince of the United Nations representative Dante Caputo, was detained for six days by armed civilians and beaten. Ironically, the repression of local journalists is so notorious in Haiti that among the foreign press corps it was Dormé's release, and not his detention, that was surprising.

Tropic FM, with its rather awkward jingle (to a tune that would fit an advertisement for French perfume a soft, sensual female voice whispers "Information, love, dreams: I listen to Tropic FM"), hardly sounds militant. Guy Jean, the director of the station (I dealt with three steel gates and a guard before I reached his office), downplayed Tropic's role as the voice of dissent. "I want Tropic FM to be completely neutral, without any political color," he said. "But it is President Aristide's possible return to Haiti, the presence of the international observers, the activity of popular organizations, and human-rights violations that make the news." He suggested half innocently that perhaps it was the format—no analysis or commentary but brief news bulletins every half hour in Creole and in French—that disturbed the Defactos: "a sort of shelling with information," he called it.

At Radio Métropole, a moderate, and much more careful, station, Richard Widmaier, the program director, would like to be positive-sounding but cannot: "It is rather desperate. I got my editorial staff gathered this morning and asked them, 'Is there anything good we could say about the government today?' And nobody could come up with anything." Last April, Métropole was accused of stirring up violence when it opened its



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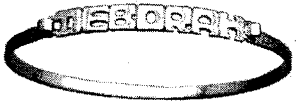

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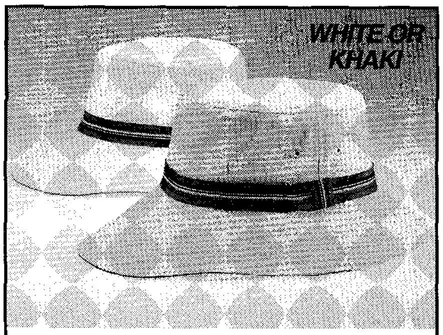

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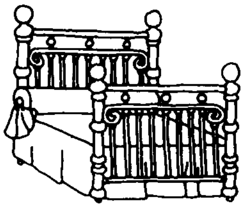

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phones to conduct an opinion poll and the results showed that support for Aristide was still strong.

The most famous radio figure in Haiti is Serge Beaulieu, a maverick, an eccentric, a Duvalierist, a populist, a nationalist, a demagogue—some would even say a Fascist—who founded, directs, and runs Radio Liberté, a station that gives no news but has an all-talk-show format. Beaulieu speaks live and, with brief interludes of military marches, takes phone calls for eight hours every night, from 8 P.M. to 4 A.M., because "this is when people of Haiti have time to listen to us; during the day they have to work." In his running commentary (he starts every item with "Haitian people!") Beaulieu knows no limits and no self-censorship, and often makes no sense; he offends absolutely everybody—the military, the U.N., the supporters of Aristide—and is capable of talking for five minutes about, say, the inappropriateness of putting statues of lions in front of the Ministry of Justice. Beaulieu maintains that he has an audience of three million. ("To listen to us, people buy batteries. For other stations, they wait for the electricity to come back," he says.) The claim is impossible to verify, but his voice is known all over Port-au-Prince, and his shows are often commented on by serious political analysts. I suspect that his popularity stems from the fact that his is the one public forum in Haiti where any sort of discussion is possible, and I also suspect that it's this popularity, and probably his contacts from the Duvalier period, that protects him from repression.

IF radio is the preferred medium in Haiti, audiocassettes are the chief means of correspondence, and for the same reason: illiteracy makes writing letters impossible for all but a small part of the population. Other Haitians communicate with their émigré relatives (about a million Haitians now live abroad, mainly in the United States, Canada, and France) by sending cassettes back and forth, and, as a result, Walkmans are more common than typewriters here, and often the first thing a new emigrant sends back home is a tape recorder with a few cassettes.

It's not surprising, then, that someone came up with the idea of using cassettes as a news medium. The man behind the news-on-cassettes project is Gotson Pierre, a soft-spoken thirty-year-old journalist with twelve years of experience in radio broadcasting. Until 1989, he worked at Radio Soleil, as did Venel Remarais, but they and ten other pro-democratic journalists were fired when the station changed its politics, cutting itself off from anything that smacked of dissent or of liberation theology. (Radio Soleil is still on the air, but is very pro-Defacto.)

"In 1986—thanks, in great part, to Radio Soleil—we gained a freedom of speech never known before," Gotson told me, explaining how he had come up with the cassette idea. "We wanted to maintain a channel of communication to the people, and so we had to struggle with whatever means were available." One virtue of the cassettes is that they can be transported to the provinces, where FM signals from Port-au-Prince do not reach, and another is that, unlike radio broadcasts, they can be played at any time and in any place, and the listeners can't be detected by the *chefs de section*—local sheriffs who know no law, and arrest, or even kill, at their whim.

Gotson's project, called *Nouvèl pou n al pi lwen* ("News to go farther"), was started in December, 1989, at the Center of Research and Action for Development (CRAD), a Haitian nonprofit organization that gets funding from Canada. The principle is simple: every two weeks a group of journalists produces a cassette with thirty minutes of news, music, and commentary (all in Creole) and makes up to two hundred copies of it on a high-speed semi-professional copying machine. Then the cassette is delivered to some fifty subscribers, residents of Port-au-Prince. Curious to see who listens to those tapes, I looked through the subscribers' list: an agronomist, a saleswoman and part-time student, a secondary-school teacher, a physician, a few priests. Some cassettes are shipped to Canada, to the States, and to the neighboring island of Martinique (the Creole spoken there is similar to Haitian Creole), and some are taken by bus to the Dominican Republic, eagerly awaited by Haitian refugees and immigrants there. Roughly a hundred cassettes are distributed through different community organizations and the rest are sold individually (at five gourdes apiece) or are given away when customers cannot afford to pay.

While I was visiting CRAD, two regular clients showed up: Jacques, a thirty-three-year-old peasant from the Artibonite—a central region of Haiti, where repression is particularly strong—and Antoine, a teacher from the northern part of the country, who now lives in hiding in Port-au-Prince. (He is too well known for his pro-Aristide sympathies to feel safe in his home town.) Antoine receives a dozen cassettes every two weeks and passes them on to friends who travel north to Cap Haïtien. They take five, at most, on any one trip, because in the provinces the possession of these cassettes is incriminating. People pool their resources to buy a tape recorder (the cheapest costs about fifty American dollars), batteries (fifty cents apiece), and the cassettes. Jacques peddles the cassettes himself, and is also one of several subscribers who feed Gotson fresh information from their regions; other volunteer collaborators phone in the news, send it in on cassettes, or come by in person to tell what has happened.

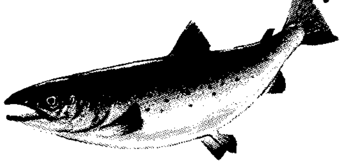
Gotson recently introduced a brief news review into each issue, but the commentaries tend to be centered on a few chosen topics, related either to current events or to some anniversary. He gave me a few recent cassettes: No. 75 included a discussion of the seventh anniversary of the fall of Jean-Claude Duvalier, and several interviews about repression of journalists. No. 76 was on "Carnival '93" and on student strikes. No. 77/78 featured the forthcoming meeting at the White House between President Clinton and President Aristide and it also told about several searches carried out by *chefs de section* in the Artibonite, in which *Nouvèl pou n al pi lwen* cassettes had been confiscated.

I had previously heard the same story on Tropic FM, and had been surprised to learn that reports of human-rights violations of this sort could be broadcast. As I was speaking with Jean-Claude Bajeux, the director of the Ecumenical Center for Human Rights, about this one morning, he got word that a man he knew had been shot in the head in front of the Holiday Inn, a few blocks from the National Palace. Would this be on the radio? He was sure it would. "They will not impede it, because by increasing the atmosphere of insecurity such news will subdue the population and, in a way, serve their purpose." ("They" are the Defactos, of course.) Bajeux called this tactic "a sophisticated pedagogical terror."

Later that day, I went to see Evans Paul, the mayor of Port-au-Prince under Aristide, who is often mentioned as a possible next President of Haiti. He now heads the Foundation for Development and Democracy, which runs a small cassette project in civic education: the 1987 constitution explained through words (in Creole) and music. Paul recalled that under Duvalier—he was then a radio journalist—there was outright censorship, and in a way it made things easier, because the limits of what was possible were known to all. Paul repeated what many others had told me: there may be no explicit censorship in Haiti right now, but the authorities know how to spread anxiety, which leads to self-censorship and effectively gags the journalists. In February, the authorities recalled the existence of Article 51, a decree dating back to 1977, which says, "The editors control the broadcasts to prevent information, even accurate, from damaging or alarming the population by its form, presentation, or timing." So far nothing has happened, but the threat is there.

AFTER I'd spent a month in Haiti talking with journalists, human-rights activists, priests, and politicians, and also with people in the street, it was obvious to me that repression of the media is brutal but somehow arbitrary—more a vaguely controlled rampage than a planned attempt to silence courageous journalists. This sense of random brutality, by the way, extends to everything in the country: the total lawlessness in Haiti, which sows terror and fear, is closer to anarchy than to effective dictatorship.

Nevertheless, there are people in Haiti who are perfectly satisfied with the current situation and claim that reports of repression are vastly exaggerated. Lynn Garrison, a Canadian who is a volunteer counsellor at the military headquarters in Port-au-Prince and does foreign-press relations for General Raoul Cédras (Garrison's business card says "Honorary Consul/Republic of Haiti" and gives an address in California), is one such enthusiast. Small, with little dark eyes, white hair, and a white mustache, he has the manner of an avuncular dandy. He wears polo shirts or T-shirts,



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drawstring slacks, and white sneakers; he speaks gently and smiles often. His favorite subject is the personality of the ousted President, who, he says, is "a homicidal manic-depressive necrophiliac with the sexual appetite of a frenzied ferret." (Apparently, most foreign journalists get a similar line, but when I compared notes with Amanda Mitchison, from London's *Independent Magazine*, she was outraged: she spent three full days with Garrison and never got treated to the "frenzied ferret" sound-bite.) Of Michel François, Port-au-Prince's police chief and the most widely feared and hated man in Haiti, who is regarded as a mastermind of the coup against Aristide, Garrison offered another, equally terse description: "tough, can-do, streetwise kind of guy." Human-rights violations since the coup? Well, perhaps five per cent of the complaints are true, he granted, and added that he once saw Sony Estéus, the journalist from Tropic FM, take the casts off his "supposedly broken" arms and play table tennis. Where did he and Sony meet? He gave me a conspiratorial smile and then switched to a more serious tone: "There is too much freedom of the press here. Journalists can say or do anything they want, but they lack the sense of responsibility—they are propagandists." I found a similar line of thinking in an unclassified cable sent to Washington in March by the American Embassy in Port-au-Prince. It stated, "Principal media representatives now recognize that failure to maintain an objective stance destroys journalistic credibility and—worse yet—makes journalists more vulnerable to attack by activists on both sides."

On the Defacto side, opinion of the Haitian media is uniform. The first de-facto Prime Minister, Jean-Jacques Honorat, has referred to journalists as "damned liars and poor little devils." And Gérard Bissainthe, who for a short time was Minister of Information under de-facto President Joseph Nérette, maintains that "the security of the government takes precedence over the security of journalists." Now he told me that the opposition journalists were agitators and *fumistes*. I looked at the ceiling, searching for the word in English, and he volunteered it: "jerks."

One day, while I was sitting on the porch of the famous Hotel Oloffson and discussing the press in Haiti with a photographer from New York, a very round, very black man started snooping around near our table, obviously eavesdropping on us. First he delivered a violently anti-Aristide speech; then he introduced himself as Minister Dr. Jacquelin Montalvo-Despeignes (actually, he is a former de-facto minister without portfolio), and declared that there was too much freedom of the press and that he hoped "those rags" (opposition papers, such as *Libète*) would disappear. How should it be done? Oh, he was sure that a good Minister of the Interior would know how to proceed.

To check on the current attitude at the Ministry of Information, I called the Ministry number and was quickly given a second number. After a single ring, the Minister, André Calixte, answered. No, he told me, he couldn't see me this week—too busy, sorry. But, if I really insisted, then in half an hour. I suggested an hour and a half (traffic jams). He agreed.

Just inside the entrance to the Ministry, a dozen young men were standing or sitting around in casual clothes. I was stopped as I tried to walk past, and realized that some of them must be guards. They sent me to a reception area that looked like a storage place for old desks, and a supremely bored-looking woman, fanning herself with a greasy manila folder, asked me for my business card. Then, looking at my card, she picked up the phone and said that some *blan* (foreigner) wanted to see M. le Ministre. Upstairs in a waiting area, a fat woman with her glasses hooked above the abyss between her breasts gave me a defiant look. "So you want to see the Minister, eh?" she said.

"*Oui, Madame*," I answered sheepishly.

"Well, we shall see," she said, and she disappeared through a back door. She soon emerged through another, armored door, asked me for my business card, and again went out the back door. Then she opened the armored door, and I entered the Minister's office. M. le Ministre is about sixty, and, although there was not a single piece of paper on his desk, he looked tired and overwhelmed. He introduced me to his two bodyguards (unsmiling, casually dressed), who positioned themselves on a vinyl sofa behind my back, and to Mme. Marie Denise, the woman with the glasses. The interview was pure surrealism. Every question made M. le Ministre suffer, as if I were applying a hot iron to him.

"Your assessment of the media in Haiti, M. le Ministre?" I had to repeat the question twice. He scribbled something on the back of an envelope, moaned, bit his lips, and finally came up with "There is a difference between information and propaganda." What is propaganda? Silence, and then he blurted, "Propaganda serves a clan." Could he tell me which media in Haiti serve which clan? Some more scribblings, a sigh, a scared look at the bodyguards behind my back, and I was told that "one can decide by reading and watching the contents." Could he be more precise? No, he could not.

Obviously, I had to scale down my questions. "M. le Ministre, in the evening, with your wife, at home, what radio station do you listen to?" I asked. Now he really panicked, but Marie Denise and the bodyguards came to his rescue like experienced coaches, and offered names of radio stations (a mishmash: Métropole, Nationale—the voice of the Defactos—Tropic FM, Soleil). He repeated them one by one, and then added, "*et j'en passe*" (which is a slightly pretentious way of saying "et cetera"). This was my chance: "And which one of those stations is your favorite, M. le Ministre?" He sensed the trap and declared the question to be too delicate.

At this point, having nothing to lose, I asked about freedom of the press. Of course! Total! What about the archivist from Tropic FM who was held for six days and beaten? Marie Denise stepped in like a lioness: "He was released, wasn't he? And anyway he said himself that he did not suffer." And the journalist from Signal FM who was detained at the cathedral? Marie Denise again, her glasses bobbing angrily: "No journalist was arrested, but it is possible that someone calling for a revolt was detained and that this someone happened to be a journalist. But in those cases the Minister of Information intervenes."

"Do you intervene a lot, M. le Ministre?" I asked.

"Well, there is no total freedom."

"What are the limits of freedom, M. le Ministre?"

"You should know yourself—you are a journalist, Madame."

I didn't know, but I was learning. ♦

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE RAID AT SILVER SPRING

Edward Taub claimed that he was conducting legitimate primate experiments in ground-breaking neurological studies, but activists charged that he was needlessly torturing monkeys. Their unprecedented legal battle gave rise to the American animal-rights movement, and called into question the motives of the people on both sides of the issue.

BY CAROLINE FRASER

Acting on evidence provided by Alex Pacheco (right), the Maryland police raided the monkey lab of Edward Taub (left), who said, "I'm surprised, distressed, and shocked by this. There is no pain in these experiments. We surgically abolish pain."

GEORGE LANGE, SIMON LARBALESTIER, AND DAVID CORNWELL

THEIR names were Chester, Adidas, Sisyphus, Haydn, Montaigne, Domitian, Big Boy, Augustus, Titus, Nero, Charlie, Hard Times, Brooks, Billy, Paul, Allen, and Sarah. They were monkeys. Over a decade ago, an animal researcher performed an experiment on some of them, crippling their arms. The monkeys lived in one room in a cinder-block building in Silver Spring, Maryland—a building that the researcher called the Behavioral Biology Center. In October of 1981, he was charged with seventeen counts of animal cruelty and became the only researcher ever tried and convicted on that charge in this country. Twelve of the seventeen Silver Spring monkeys are now dead. But they are arguably the most famous experimental animals in the history of science.

A few chimps were launched into orbit during the race into space, and thousands of rhesus monkeys were sacrificed in the search for the polio vaccine. But none of the millions of animals—mice, rats, dogs, cats, rabbits, fish, and fowl—experimented on since the dawn of modern research have leaped into the public consciousness quite as the Silver Spring monkeys have. Millions of Americans have seen the monkeys' faces on posters and pamphlets, and on the evening news. To hundreds of thousands more, the monkeys became individuals with names and personalities, political prisoners to be sprung from their laboratory jail. They became famous not for what they did for us—not for any data or cure or vaccine they provided—but for what was done to them.

Except for Sarah, who is a female rhesus macaque, all the monkeys were male crab-eating macaques. These are small brown monkeys with a mask of white skin around their eyes. Crab-eating macaques are native to the Philippines, Mauritius, and Indonesia; they live near rivers and snatch shellfish from shallow water. Like most other nonhuman primates, these macaques live in colonies and are intensely social; there are strong bonds between mothers and offspring. Local trappers who hunt the monkeys—they get the equivalent of two or three dollars per animal in the marketplace—generally look for a mother and young, shoot the mother, and capture the infant as it clings to her body. The Silver Spring monkeys were caught in jungles. Edward Taub, the man who experimented on them, bought them, for two hundred dollars each, from a dealer over a period of about a year during the late seventies.

Edward Taub is now a professor in the Department of Psychology of the University of Alabama at Birmingham. Since the day the police entered his Maryland laboratory, he has been demonized in the literature of animal-rights groups as a torturer of the animals he had in his care. He has been compared to the Nazi doctor Josef Mengele. When you meet him, he does not live up to the rather lurid picture that has been painted of him. He is a small man, trim and dapper; he walks with a cocky confidence; and he has a strong Brooklyn accent. Although his conviction on the charge of animal cruelty was ultimately overturned, he has never been granted the opportunity or the funding to perform research on animals since. Taub has adamantly denied any wrongdoing in his treatment of his animals, and scientific societies have exonerated him, but the journals that once published him now reject his work, and the institutions that once gave him grants turn down his applications. Taub has spent thousands of hours defending himself, but photographs of his laboratory speak far more eloquently than he does. They show animals living in filth and pain and neglect.

Taub was born in New York City, in 1931. He graduated from Brooklyn College in 1953 with a degree in psychology and was accepted into the doctoral program of the Columbia Psychology Department. In 1957, he took a job as a research assistant at a laboratory at the Jewish Chronic Disease Hospital (now Kingsbrook Jewish Medical Center), in Brooklyn. He would be working with monkeys, and the experience would prove to be both the making and the unmaking of his career: it introduced him to the type of work for which he was ultimately arrested. The experiment involved a surgical procedure called somatosensory deafferentation.

Deafferentation, which is the cutting of sensory nerves, was pioneered nearly a hundred years ago by the British scientist Sir Charles Sherrington, who won the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine for this work in 1932. Sherrington demonstrated which nerves connected to the spinal cord control which of the body's reflexes. He spent years mapping the nerve system of the spine by cutting different dorsal roots in what he called his "spinal monkeys" and seeing which areas of the body were affected. His theory, which remained a part of the dogma of neurology into the nineteen-fifties, held that the sensory nerves and the motor nerves were an integrated system; if either part was damaged, movement would be impossible.

Over the next year, at the Brooklyn lab, Taub studied how and why the loss of sensation affected the motor function of the monkeys' deafferented arms. And in 1958 he discovered something interesting. "It took me a month to see it," he says. "It was just about the most unexpected thing you could imagine. The monkey began using the originally deafferented limb. He was supporting his weight on it, using it to take a couple of steps. Eventually, after several months' training, he could pick up a peanut with that hand and take it to his mouth." Taub's laboratory partners were thrilled by this development, but his professors at Columbia were far less enthusiastic. It turned out that Taub's interpretation of his discovery directly contradicted the favorite theory of one of the prominent behaviorists in the Psychology Department. Taub and his fellow-researchers claimed that their monkey's capacity to move a limb that had no sensation meant that sensory feedback was not essential to movement. "By this time, I was co-principal investigator on two grants," Taub says. "I was just a grad student, but I had more money than any faculty member. I didn't boast about it, but I didn't hide it, either."

The situation came to a head a few years later, at Taub's defense of his doctoral-dissertation proposal. "The defense was public, but no one ever came to it except for your committee," Taub recalls. "For my defense, everybody showed up: graduate students, faculty—everybody. And the professor whose theory I had tested—and had shown to be wrong—was very angry. We had a public debate on the relevance of my research to his theory, and he walked out."

Shortly afterward, Taub found that he had flunked a course required for his doctoral degree. He hadn't taken the final exam, and had expected to receive a grade of incomplete until he could do so. Instead, the professor failed him, and the behaviorist he had contradicted took the occasion to tell him he had failed because of his "insolence." Taub, who is telling me this story at a sidewalk café near the Birmingham campus, says, "I was known as an abrasive person with no respect for authority." He tells me later that he became much more easygoing after taking up Transcendental Meditation in the early seventies: "I don't get angry at my students or at people who criticize me. After meditating for years, you'll find that's a fairly common result." Yet, whenever I bring up any of the charges against him, he becomes angry and agitated. Over and over again, Taub tells me that he has never considered himself to be wrong, and his response to questions suggests that he considers it unbearable that anyone else should.

Columbia gave Taub his master's degree in 1959, and in 1962 he transferred to New York University. After completing his doctoral work there, seven years later, Taub was offered a position at the Institute for Behavioral Research, a nonprofit, independent research facility in Silver Spring, and moved there with his wife, Mildred, a professional opera singer, in the fall of 1969. The institute, referred to as I.B.R., was founded in 1960 to provide a center for behavioral scientists at a time when that specialization was particularly fashionable. B. F. Skinner was one of its trustees.

I.B.R. was four miles east of the sprawling campus of the National Institutes of Health, the government body devoted to medical research. With funding from the N.I.H. and other government agencies, Taub was able to set up a laboratory of his own as a branch of I.B.R. He rented the ground floor of a two-story warehouse building two blocks from I.B.R.'s headquarters and named it the Behavioral Biology Center.

Taub planned to conduct both human biofeedback experiments and animal experiments at I.B.R. His animal experiments were designed to explore the function of what neurologists call the somatosensory apparatus: sensation in relation to the body's muscles, joints, and skin. He wanted to investigate the role that sensation played in the development of various movements and postures such as walking, grasping, and standing. He decided to carry out deafferentation early and later in the life of some of his animals to see what movements could or could not be performed. Eventually, this meant deafferenting animals in utero—removing a living monkey fetus from the womb, exposing and cutting sensory nerves at its spinal cord, and then returning it to the womb—in an attempt to find out whether certain behavioral movements or postures of monkeys were "hard-wired" into the brain or required reflexes and sensory feedback for their development. The results of Taub's fetal-surgery experiments were discussed in a 1978 Washington *Post* article: "The Taub group . . . has learned that—despite the devastating loss of sensation and sensory feedback—these monkeys as infants exhibit nearly normal limb movements. 'In short,' Taub said, 'we've learned that these motor patterns do not necessarily depend on sensory feedback, as often proposed, but are instead part of the animals' genetic endowment.' "

Taub is still proud of his work and is eager to explain it. "The animal, when born, has a long history of movement in the uterus—compensatory shifts in position, and so forth—and we wanted to perform intrauterine surgery in order to find out what those movements do for the animal," he told me. "We exteriorized the fetus, still connected by the umbilical cord to the placenta, and put it on a little operative stage we developed, in a water bath, which was kept at the temperature of the fetus. We exposed part of the back and deafferented one limb. Then we restored the fetus to the womb and delivered it at the regular time. We did this with fetuses at various stages of gestation. We worked back to two-fifths of the way through gestation, close to the time of the first movement of the fetus. It was very difficult, and we had a very high mortality rate. We lost a lot at two-fifths of the way through, but we knew we'd have a large loss. We also began to ask whether there could be a sensory contribution to the education of these movements, and we wondered if maybe vision was substituting for absent reflexes and sensory feedback. So we took some of our behaviorally deafferented monkeys and sewed *their eyelids closed to determine* if vision was substituting for somatic sensation. It was not.” Any suggestion that the crippling of these fetal animals was cruel arouses Taub's irritation. “It wasn't trivial. It wasn't nasty. It wasn't mindless,” Taub has told me. “Everything was done in order to find a necessary answer to a necessary question.”

THE EARLY YEARS

Minnesota is the Gopher State.
Why? I don't know.
In baseball, a home run
is sometimes referred to
as a gopher ball. I know
nothing about this so-called
baseball. Huckleberries
are also known as gopherberries.
Bull snakes are likewise
alluded to as gopher snakes;
presumably, they hunt
and eat the little varmints.
There is a gopher
known as the pocket gopher.
He would probably fit
in a pocket quite snugly.
I think gopherwood
is yellow of hue.
In southern Florida
there is a tree
with snowy, white flowers.
It has a hard, yellow wood
and yields a yellow dye.
Now, if this is the wood
you are suggesting, please
tell me how I can get
to southern Florida
in time. I know this means
little to you, but I am over
six hundred years old.

I hated the idea of leaving
everyone behind. They were
a violent bunch, but who isn't?
Somehow we did it, I stopped
asking why. We snatched some birds,
roped a couple of giraffes, etc.
What a leavetaking, knowing
it will never be the same,
but it will be just the same,
as if to say, “I love swimming,
but I hate water.” I might also
add that I packed poorly.

Although my sons were only
a hundred years old, they
were beginning to walk funny
and talk in riddles and pinch
one another's wives. No one
was getting a tan on this
cruise. We played gin rummy.
We sure could have used
some air freshener in the hold.

—JAMES TATE

After Taub's grant for work with the monkey fetuses ran out, he submitted a proposal to the N.I.H. to continue his research on monkeys that had been deafferented as young adults; the study was intended to gauge quantitatively what movement was lost after deafferentation and to ascertain whether, through behavioral training, the monkeys could learn to use the limbs in which they had lost all sensation. Taub intended to encourage the animals to use their “bad” arms in two ways: by restraining the normal arm and training the impaired one. He planned to euthanize the animals after eighteen months, to see if any part of the spinal cord had reorganized anatomically as a result of his behavioral experiments. The N.I.H. agreed to fund the study through its National Institute of Neurological and Communicative Disorders and Stroke; it planned to give I.B.R. nearly a quarter of a million dollars over the next two years. But Taub never got a chance to spend all the money, because when he was a year into the grant Alex Pacheco walked into his lab.

IN May of 1981, Alex Pacheco was twenty-two years old. He was a political-science major at George Washington University. He had round brown eyes, brown hair, and a serious demeanor. That month, he had finished his classes for the year and was looking forward to devoting the summer to a special project.

Pacheco asked for a job at the Institute for Behavioral Research and was interviewed by Edward Taub. When Taub asked him why he wanted to work at the lab, Pacheco said he was trying to decide whether he was interested in pursuing a career in medical research—specifically, animal research. Taub told him that there was no job available but that he had some work for a volunteer. Pacheco volunteered. He didn't mention that he was a founding member of a group called People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA), or that three weeks earlier he had organized the first of a series of PETA demonstrations at the N.I.H. against animal research. Nor did he mention that during the demonstration he had given a speech condemning research that sounded almost exactly like that done at Taub's lab: fetal surgery on monkeys.

Alex Pacheco, who is now the president of PETA, has a Mexican father and an American mother. “I was raised in Mexico and various states here,” he said recently. “We moved back and forth a great deal. My father's an M.D.—ear, nose, and throat. My mom's a nurse. My mother didn't like Mexico, and my father didn't like the States. That's why we moved back and forth so much. Mexico was where I was first exposed to animals, wild animals. I had pets—monkeys, snakes.” Among his pets was a crab-eating macaque named ChiChi.

Pacheco graduated from high school in Ohio, in 1977, and enrolled at Ohio State with the idea of eventually studying for the priesthood. In the summer following his freshman year, he took a trip across Canada, and one day he had an experience he was not prepared for: "I was staying with a friend in Toronto who had a friend who worked in a slaughterhouse, so just out of curiosity we decided to go and take a look and get an unofficial tour. That's where I saw— Well, we'd slaughtered animals in our back yard in Mexico, but that was nothing compared with a real slaughterhouse. It's unbelievable."

The commitment to a spiritual life which had inspired Pacheco to plan for the priesthood was transformed in a week into a commitment to a different cause. "I didn't know what to do after I'd seen this," he said. "But I'd bring it up in conversations, and within a week somebody gave me Peter Singer's 'Animal Liberation.' I read one chapter that evening, and I haven't eaten meat since."

Pacheco went back to Ohio State and established an animal-rights group on campus. By the next summer, he had allied himself with some of the more militant elements of what eventually became the animal-rights movement. He joined the crew of the Sea Shepherd, a vessel subsidized by the Fund for Animals (formed in 1967 by the writer Cleveland Amory), and also by Britain's Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Next, Pacheco went to England. He spent several months there soaking up the uncompromising rhetoric of the British animal-rights movement, which at the beginning of the eighties was better organized and more radical than the American movement. When he returned to the United States, in the summer of 1980, he moved to Washington, D.C., and enrolled in George Washington University with the idea of becoming a lobbyist on animal-rights issues. "The first thing I did, since I didn't know anyone, was to volunteer at the dog pound," he says. "That's where I met Ingrid."

IN 1980, Ingrid Newkirk, thirty-one years old and recently divorced, was the division chief of the District of Columbia Commission on Public Health, and also served as the poundmaster of the Washington dog pound. An only child, she was born in England but spent her early childhood in New Delhi, where her father worked as a navigational engineer. Later, she attended Catholic convent schools at hill stations in the Himalayas. Her mother was a volunteer with a number of charities, including Mother Teresa's.

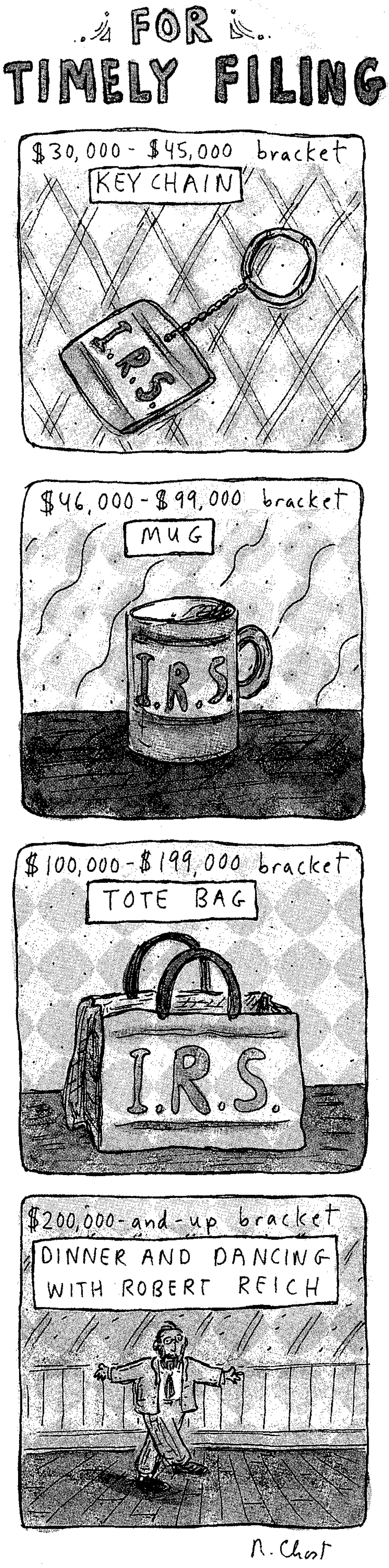
In 1968, Ingrid's father's employer lent him to the United States Air Force, and the family moved to Florida. A year later, at the age of twenty, Ingrid married a race-car driver named Steve Newkirk and moved to Poolesville, in Montgomery County, Maryland, a rural suburb of Washington. She began working for an investment firm and studying to earn her broker's license, but her plans changed abruptly in the summer of 1971, when a neighbor moved away and left nineteen cats behind. "I took some of them in," Newkirk says, "and then I called up the local shelter and got its address and drove the rest over." She was shocked by conditions at the shelter, and shortly gave notice at the brokerage firm and started working at the shelter.

"The place was appalling," she recalls. "Eventually, I called the press and gave an interview to a local television reporter. I was fired immediately. So I called up the head of the Montgomery County Council. She investigated and started helping to reorganize the whole place. It was cleaned up, and I was hired back—this time as a director. I was also asked for assistance in investigating cruelty cases, and after a few years I transferred to the county sheriff's office. In 1976, the Washington Humane Society asked me to take over the job of running the D.C. pound—the post had been vacant for some time—and I accepted. The first thing I did was to stop the acquisition of animals from the pound by research facilities.

"Alex came in to volunteer in 1980. At the time, I didn't know anything about the philosophical basis of animal issues. I was a vegetarian for ethical reasons, and I had seen poor treatment of animals on farms. I had seen what was going on in research labs, too. But I had never questioned the human use of animals. I had believed you should be relatively kind in the use of them, but now I realized that you shouldn't use them at all—that it was exploitative and unnecessary.

"Alex quickly came up with the idea of starting an organization. We thought it would be practical to pass on what we knew—to put together a list of places where you can find good vegetarian food, for instance." But Pacheco and Newkirk—who by now were romantically involved and were living together in the apartment that would serve as PETA's

"O.K.! I'll give you two million to sleep with me."


FOR TIMELY FILING
$30,000 - $45,000 bracket
KEY CHAIN
I.R.S.
$46,000 - $99,000 bracket
MUG
I.R.S.
$100,000 - $199,000 bracket
TOTE BAG
I.R.S.
$200,000-and-up bracket
DINNER AND DANCING WITH ROBERT REICH
R. Chast

headquarters—also had more ambitious goals in founding PETA. They wanted to move beyond what they saw as the passive aims of the American animal-protection societies' campaigns to neuter pets; they wanted to attack the major industries that involve animals—furriers, meat packers, and the biomedical community. PETA's stance from the beginning was uncompromising: all animal experimentation was morally wrong. PETA continues to insist that it can be replaced by human epidemiological studies and the use of cadavers and by such new techniques as in-vitro cell culturing and computer modelling, but scientists argue, more realistically, that the development of everything from vaccines to organ transplants is heavily dependent on the use of animal models.

The tactics that PETA would pursue thereafter were born with Newkirk's idea of sending Pacheco into a lab to work undercover. The success of Newkirk's exposure of the conditions at the pound seems to have inspired a reliance on confrontational tactics, and ever since infiltrating Taub's lab they have favored undercover work and dramatic exposés of alleged wrongdoing, preferring to take researchers by surprise. Pacheco claims that the ease with which he "fell upon the atrocities" at I.B.R. was evidence of how commonplace such conditions were in research laboratories. He has told the story of his first impression of the lab many times—to reporters, to Congress, in an essay, and on videotape—but in none of his accounts does he mention the fact that he had singled out fetal surgery for censure before choosing I.B.R. He told me that he leafed through a Department of Agriculture directory of registered animal-research facilities, looking for one that was convenient to his apartment. "I thought it would be pretty hard to find one that would take me right off the street, with no experience, but I.B.R. was the first one on my list, and it took me in," he said. Pacheco's omissions play down the sneakiness of his tactics and make it seem that atrocities are waiting behind any randomly chosen lab door.

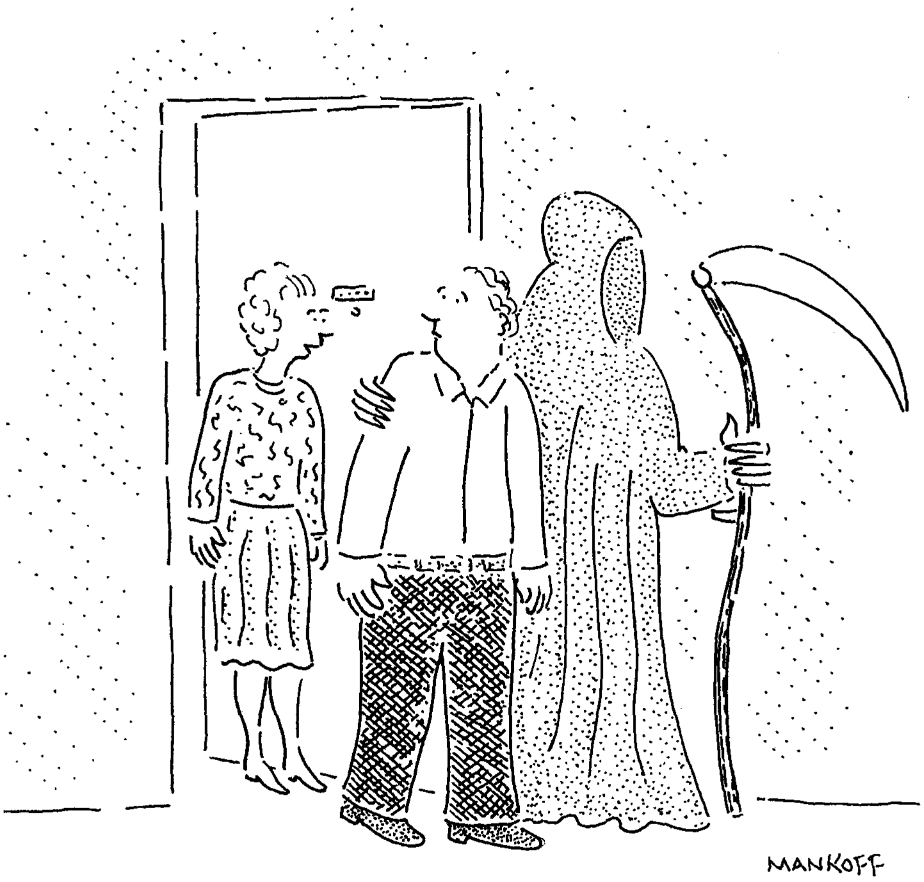
Federally funded laboratories—a category that includes government labs, most university labs, and many private ones—are not always subject to state or local anti-cruelty statutes. Animal labs are generally regulated by the United States Department of Agriculture, whose inspectors follow the guidelines set by the Animal Welfare Act and the Public Health Service's animal-welfare policy. The N.I.H. also publishes, for its grant recipients, a "Guide for the Care and Use of Laboratory Animals," which sets species-specific standards for cage sizes, sanitation, and veterinary care. All institutions that conduct animal research are required to create an Animal Care and Use Committee, consisting of at least one veterinarian, at least one scientist versed in the area of animal research, and one person who is not otherwise affiliated with the institution. The committee must review and approve all grant proposals involving animals and decide such matters as whether a protocol calling for surgery without anesthesia is warranted; theoretically, a researcher can do anything to an animal—burn it, radiate it, drug it, shoot it in the head—as long as the protocol is approved. Animal-rights activists consider the Animal Care and Use Committees rubber stamps for researchers and the Animal Welfare Act ineffectual. Alex Pacheco didn't expect to be able to accuse Edward Taub of breaking any laws, but he may well have been looking forward to exposing the flaws in the Animal Welfare Act by using Taub's lab as an example.

A month after Pacheco began work, he was asked to help with an experiment. It was called "the acute-noxious-stimuli test," and involved removing one of the deafferented monkeys from its cage, immobilizing it in a "chair" that restrained it at the neck and waist, and attaching the "acute noxious stimuli"—in this case, a hemostat, or surgical clamp—to different places on its damaged arm, in order to observe whether the monkey seemed to have any sensation in the arm. Pacheco says that one of the research assistants once clamped the hemostat onto the testicles of one subject monkey, Domitian. He also says that the assistant put the clamp between Domitian's teeth and raked it across the roof of his mouth.

Pacheco says that he fabricated data rather than apply the hemostat to the animal's body himself. Around the time he started working on this experiment, Pacheco told Taub that he wanted to work evenings and weekends, and Taub gave him a set of keys to the lab. Pacheco began to keep a record of his findings: that the sacks of Purina monkey chow from which the monkeys were fed were marked with an expiration date four months earlier than the date when he started work at the lab; that the animals' medication, kept next to a bag of rotting apples in a refrigerator, had expiration dates that went back more than ten years; that a freezer in the lab held the corpse of a monkey named Caligula, who had been destroyed after developing gangrene. He noted that the lab was infested with mice and cockroaches, and that in places the wire mesh of the animals' cages was broken and sharp wires protruded into the cages. He discovered that the cages could not be moved for cleaning, because they were held against the walls of the room by the pipes of the animals' watering system. He observed that the caretakers who took turns cleaning the animals' room at night—two college students—emptied the animals' waste trays but did not clean them.

Some of the monkeys had unbandaged sores or seemed to be missing parts of their fingers, or whole digits. In his nightly visits, Pacheco was getting to know the animals, and he felt that they were displaying symptoms of psychological deprivation and malnourishment, and were mutilating their crippled arms out of stress. "I had a monkey once as a pet," Pacheco told me. "The same kind of monkey, the same species. Anyone who's ever lived with a primate knows they have minds, just like people. They have personalities. Some of the monkeys were distant, others were afraid, others just didn't really care if you were there or not. The boss, the leader, was Chester. He was the dominant guy—you could see that he wanted to protect the pack. He would come to the front of his cage and puff up and display.

"The saddest one was Billy. The other monkeys would do one of two things when you opened the doors of their cages: either they would try to fly out or they would run to the back of the cage and climb to the top, in the corner, and grimace and screech. But Billy had both of his arms crippled—he'd been bilaterally deafferented. They called him Billy the Bi-Lat. Since he couldn't use his arms, he couldn't do anything when you opened the door. He couldn't fly out—if he did, he'd fall to the floor. He couldn't climb, either, so he'd just sit there in the front of his cage with a submissive expression and make submissive sounds—he'd just basically pray for mercy."



"Relax, honey—change is good."

• •

Pacheco says that he grew more and more disgusted by the conditions at the lab, and depressed because there seemed to be nothing he could do about them. But at no point did he complain to Taub or to any of Taub's assistants that the animals were not fed regularly or their cages weren't cleaned properly. In the middle of June, a month after he started working at I.B.R., he began taking photographs at night, and also, surreptitiously, during the day. He and Newkirk had decided to give his evidence to the media, in the hope that an exposé would embarrass Taub and I.B.R. into shutting down the lab—or, at least, into improving conditions. In the middle of July, Pacheco went to Manhattan to seek the advice of Cleveland Amory, the president of the Fund for Animals. Amory gave him five hundred dollars to buy a better camera and also lent him a pair of the Fund's walkie-talkies, so that Newkirk could wait outside the lab during his nighttime visits and warn him if anyone was coming.

By late July, Pacheco and Newkirk had come to feel that a media exposé was not enough. They talked with a local attorney, David Scull, who was a member of the Montgomery County Council, about the possibility of taking legal action. Scull suggested that the Maryland statute concerning cruelty to animals, unlike other state statutes, might not exclude research laboratories. Pacheco checked the wording of the Maryland anti-cruelty law and found that there was no exemption for labs. He and Newkirk began preparing to take their evidence to the police.

As the two collected their evidence, Pacheco became more and more horrified. One night, he noticed a contraption near the lab refrigerator. It looked to him like the stripped-down shell of another refrigerator, without a door, and it was outfitted with a Plexiglas restraining chair. Pacheco has written, "A monkey would be placed in the [chair], and electrodes attached to his body. The monkey would be forced to try to squeeze a bottle of fluid with his surgically crippled arm in order to stop the painful electric shock. . . . The ceiling

"This is what I hate about spring—molting!"

and walls of the chamber were covered with blood. I remembered Taub's assistant, John Kunz, telling me that some monkeys would break their arms in desperate attempts to escape the chair and the intense electric shocks." (Both Kunz and Taub say that electric-shock equipment was never used in the lab.)

To Pacheco, everything about the lab was a disgrace; he made no distinction between the effects on the monkeys of the federally sanctioned experiments and the effects of poor care in the lab. It was all abhorrent to him. But he realized that his opinion would be viewed as that of a layman, so his testimony might not carry much weight with the authorities. In August, he and Newkirk began looking for scientists and veterinarians who would be willing to visit the lab and whose affidavits describing the condition of both the animals and the facilities could be added to Pacheco's photographic and written evidence.

They were careful not to approach anyone who might be so unsympathetic as to blow the whistle on them. The first person they talked to was Dr. Geza Teleki, a professor of primatology at George Washington University. Teleki, who is now the chairman of the Committee for the Conservation and Care of Chimpanzees, was the Washington representative of the Jane Goodall Institute in the late nineteen-eighties, and has supported Goodall in her harsh criticism of the research community's treatment of chimps. But, according to Newkirk, Teleki was "skeptical and hesitant" when they approached him; eventually, however, he agreed to visit the lab and give his expert opinion. Pacheco and Newkirk also enlisted Dr. Michael Fox, a veterinarian who was the scientific director of the Humane Society of the United States and known for criticizing his own profession; Donald Barnes, a primate researcher who had resigned his longstanding position as a research psychologist for the Air Force, six months earlier, because of doubts about the utility of the radiation experiments he was asked to perform; Dr. Ronnie Hawkins, a physician who had conducted primate research at the University of Florida Medical School; and John McArdle, a primate anatomist, who was later to serve as the director of the Humane Society's laboratory-animal-welfare department. All five were involved in some way with antivivisection or animal-protection groups, and all had experience working with or performing research on primates. On five nights between August 24th and September 4th, Pacheco secretly conducted these scientists through the lab, and the notarized affidavits they submitted condemned the conditions at I.B.R.'s Behavioral Biology Center in the strongest possible terms.

Donald Barnes wrote that he found it "almost unbelievable that this laboratory qualifies for funding by any agency, let alone by a Federal agency," and that "this laboratory . . . appears to abuse blatantly its fiscal responsibility to the U.S. Government by abusing valuable resources procured through Federal funding." Geza Teleki wrote:

> I have never seen a laboratory as poorly maintained for animal subjects or human researchers. . . . Because of the direct risk of the transmission of contagious, air-borne diseases between human beings and non-human primates, a primate laboratory is a potentially lethal installation. Besides contributing to an uncomfortable living situation for the animals, the lack of proper ventilation and precaution against the spread of disease from the monkeys to human patients, staff and visitors . . . defies all reasonable health standards.

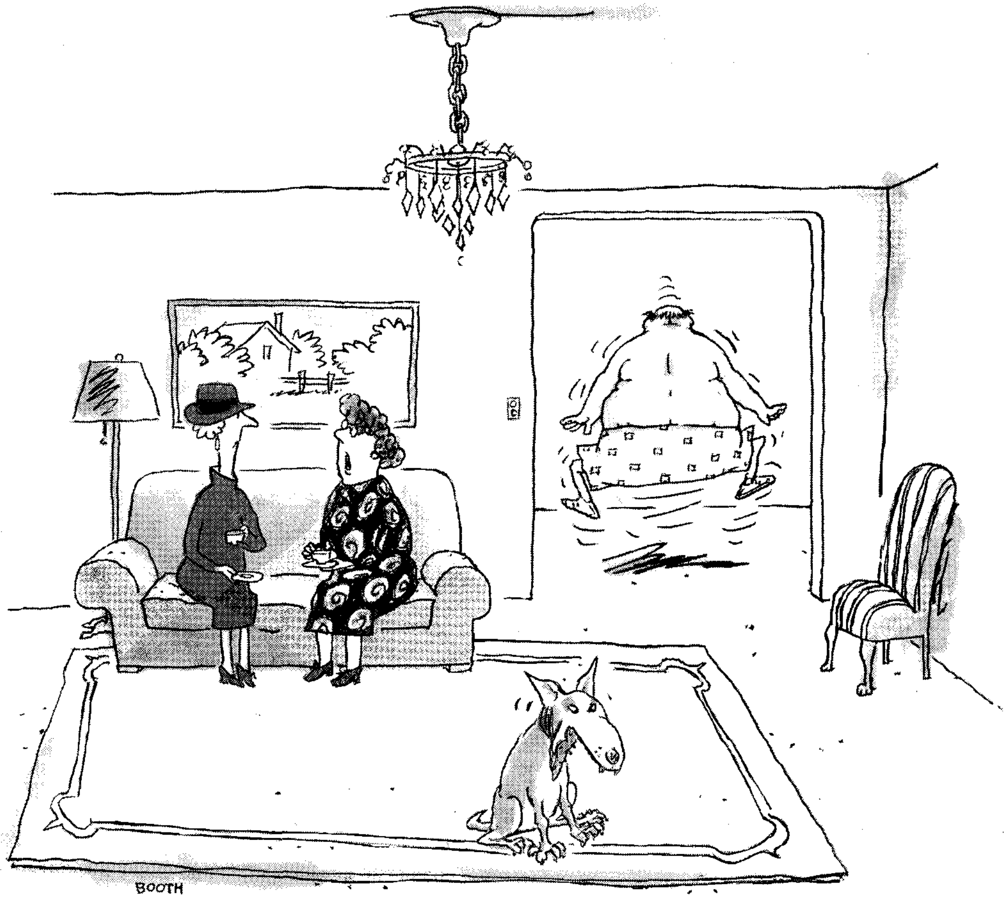
ARMED with the affidavits and the photographs he had taken, Pacheco went to the office of the State's Attorney for Montgomery County with a lawyer. After looking at his evidence, an attorney there set up a meeting with the police. And the police, after seeing the evidence, applied for a search-and-seizure warrant, planning to do what several of the affidavits had suggested—to remove the animals from the lab. But they couldn't find anywhere to put them. The Montgomery County Humane Society said that it didn't have facilities for seventeen monkeys. Finally, Lori Lehner, an employee of the Humane Society and a member of PETA, offered the basement of her house, in Rockville. Not knowing what else to do, the police agreed to place the animals there, under police custody, provided that Lehner made some alterations. So Lehner had a new concrete floor poured, installed a drainage system and a ventilation system, and, with the help of volunteers, built large cages.

On Friday, September 11, 1981, a dozen police and animal-control officers arrived at the lab at 8:45 A.M. A few minutes later, they were joined by a television camera crew and a number of newspaper reporters holding press releases distributed by PETA. Richard Swain, the detective in charge of the operation, was furious. The search warrant was supposed to be a secret; it was, in fact, illegal in Maryland for Pacheco to announce it to the press. But Swain proceeded to the business at hand. He and his team went through the back door and into the animal room. "It was absolutely filthy, just incredibly dirty, like nothing I've ever been in," Swain told the Washington *Post*. "I've worked in murder, in narcotics, in vice, but this was the first time I went into a room and felt legitimately concerned for my health just being there."

The police had asked Geza Teleki to be present during the raid to advise the animal-control officers on the handling of the primates, and Teleki remembers that the monkeys, who had been living for several years in the windowless room of the lab, became "really agitated" on being brought out into daylight and put in cages in a truck. Newkirk, Teleki, and Pacheco supervised the installation of the monkeys in Lori Lehner's basement. With money donated by several animal groups, PETA saw to the welfare of its charges. Two zoo veterinarians—Janis Ott, from the Brookfield Zoo, in Brookfield, Illinois, and Phillip Robinson, from the San Diego Zoo—were flown in to examine each of the animals. The monkeys' wounds were cleaned and bandaged. Specialists were employed to perform services that Ott and Robinson had suggested; Billy, for instance, had an infected tooth removed. The animals were given branches and toys, things to rattle and things to smell, and their Purina monkey chow was supplemented with fresh greens, unsalted nuts, peeled oranges, and grapes. A television set was brought into their room and tuned to soap operas during the day. The cages of two of the monkeys who had been observed to be fond of each other—Adidas and Sisyphus—were placed close together, so that the monkeys could touch. Volunteers sat with the monkeys and groomed them with toothbrushes.

EDWARD TAUB was not at the lab when the police arrived that Friday morning. He had not been to the lab for almost three weeks, in fact, because he had been vacationing with his wife on the island of Chincoteague, off the Delmarva Peninsula. The couple came home two days before the raid, but he had planned not to return to work until the following Monday. Shortly after nine on Friday morning, a research assistant at the lab called him at home to let him know what was going on. Taub told me recently, "I immediately went to the lab, and all these media people were there. It was so bizarre. I couldn't believe it was happening. I had a sense of unreality. By the time I got there, the animals were being transferred into a truck. I had to stand by helplessly. Then the police stayed on and tossed the lab. They searched my office, confiscated files." To a Washington *Post* reporter on the scene Taub said, "I'm surprised, distressed, and shocked by this. There is no pain in these experiments. We surgically abolish pain."

The Monday after the raid, William Raub, who was then N.I.H.'s associate director for Extramural Research and Training, formally instructed the N.I.H. Office for Protection from Research Risks, which handles complaints concerning both human and animal research subjects in federally funded facilities, to conduct an investigation of Taub's lab and Pacheco's allegations. Raub had been a career administrator at the N.I.H. since 1966, and in 1989 he became the acting director of the N.I.H. At the time of the raid, Raub was in charge of overseeing all N.I.H.-funded research projects pursued on sites other than the N.I.H. campus. Because he was the highest official at the N.I.H. with direct responsibility for Taub's lab, he became the spokesman for the N.I.H. on all matters concerning the Silver Spring monkeys; he eventually came to be the focus of criticism from both scientists and animal-rights activists angered by the N.I.H.'s handling of the case. After negotiations with Taub and others at



"Walter has decided to add years to his life."

I.B.R., the N.I.H. set the date for a site visit for September 21st, ten days after the raid. Meanwhile, the lab was examined by inspectors from the Department of Agriculture. U.S.D.A. inspectors had dropped in on Taub's lab once during the four months Pacheco worked there, but had noted no serious deficiencies. Now the inspectors found only four "minor deficiencies."

A week after the raid, and after the "deficiencies" were corrected, Taub appeared in the Montgomery County Circuit Court and asked that his files and his monkeys be returned. He said that he was willing to allow the State access both to the files and to the animals on their return, so the judge ordered the return to be carried out, asking Taub's lawyers to negotiate with the State on the details of the animals' transportation and their future treatment and access. Three days later, a committee of eight N.I.H. officials—lawyers, veterinarians, and an acting deputy director of the institute that had financed Taub's grant—conducted their site visit: they spent five hours questioning Taub and other officers of I.B.R., touring the facility, and viewing the empty cages. (The animals had not yet been returned.)

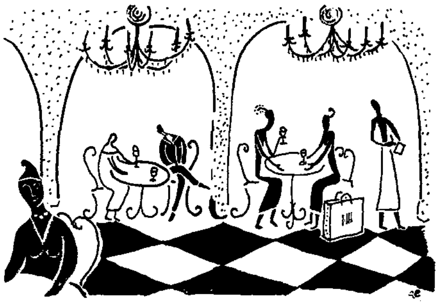
The day after that visit, the State's attorneys appeared again in court, requesting that the judge reconsider his decision to return the monkeys to Taub. They also revealed that the monkeys, which both the judge and Taub's lawyers had assumed were still in Lori Lehner's basement, were missing.

EVEN today, if you ask Alex Pacheco what happened to the monkeys when they were taken from Lori Lehner's house, he just shrugs and smiles; neither he nor anyone else involved in PETA at the time has ever acknowledged taking them. If you ask Pacheco whether the monkeys were driven to Gainesville, Florida, in a rented van, he says, "That's a pretty good guess." Ingrid Newkirk hasn't much more to say about the monkeys' hideout, but in "Free the Animals!"—a book on the Animal Liberation Front, which she published last summer—she claims that "Valerie," whom she describes as a policewoman on Rick Swain's staff, was so moved by the plight of the monkeys that she aided in their escape. Rick Swain says that " 'Valerie' does not now nor has she ever existed as a Montgomery County police officer," but regardless of where she came from, "Valerie" shortly afterward founded the Animal Liberation Front, an underground organization whose members break into laboratories, demolish equipment, and "liberate" research animals. She recently posed, in disguise, with Ingrid Newkirk for *People* magazine.

When the judge was told of the monkeys' disappearance, he had Lori Lehner brought in for questioning. She pleaded ignorance, saying that she had come home late on the night of September 21st to find that someone had broken in and stolen them. She said that a chain-link fence on her property had been cut. The judge had had enough. He had Lehner arrested for contempt of court and put her in the county jail; she was released the next day.

The burlesque of the monkey-napping had its serious side. It was PETA's first flirtation with the notion of an animal-rights underground; thereafter PETA acted much as Sinn Fein does for the I.R.A., tacitly condoning, but not openly supporting, the A.L.F.'s acts of violence and vandalism. Pacheco eventually seems to have realized that the State could not prosecute Taub without the monkeys. On Saturday, September 26th, the monkeys were returned to Lori Lehner's basement, and two days later Montgomery County police charged Taub and his assistant, John Kunz, with seventeen misdemeanor counts each of animal cruelty.

A week after the monkeys reappeared, the judge ordered that they be returned to Taub's lab and placed under the care of a court-appointed veterinarian. The PETA volunteers who had been seeing to the monkeys' needs did not give them up easily. When workers from I.B.R. showed up at Lori Lehner's house with a rented truck to take the monkeys back to the lab, they were refused entry for several hours, until they could present a copy of the court order.



A FEW days after being returned to the lab, one of the monkeys, Charlie, suffered what Taub described to a reporter as "a heart attack." Taub claims that Charlie died because of an overdose of anesthesia administered by a court-appointed vet after Charlie was bitten by one of the other monkeys. After hearing of this, the judge reversed his order and remanded the monkeys to an N.I.H. Animal Center in Poolesville.

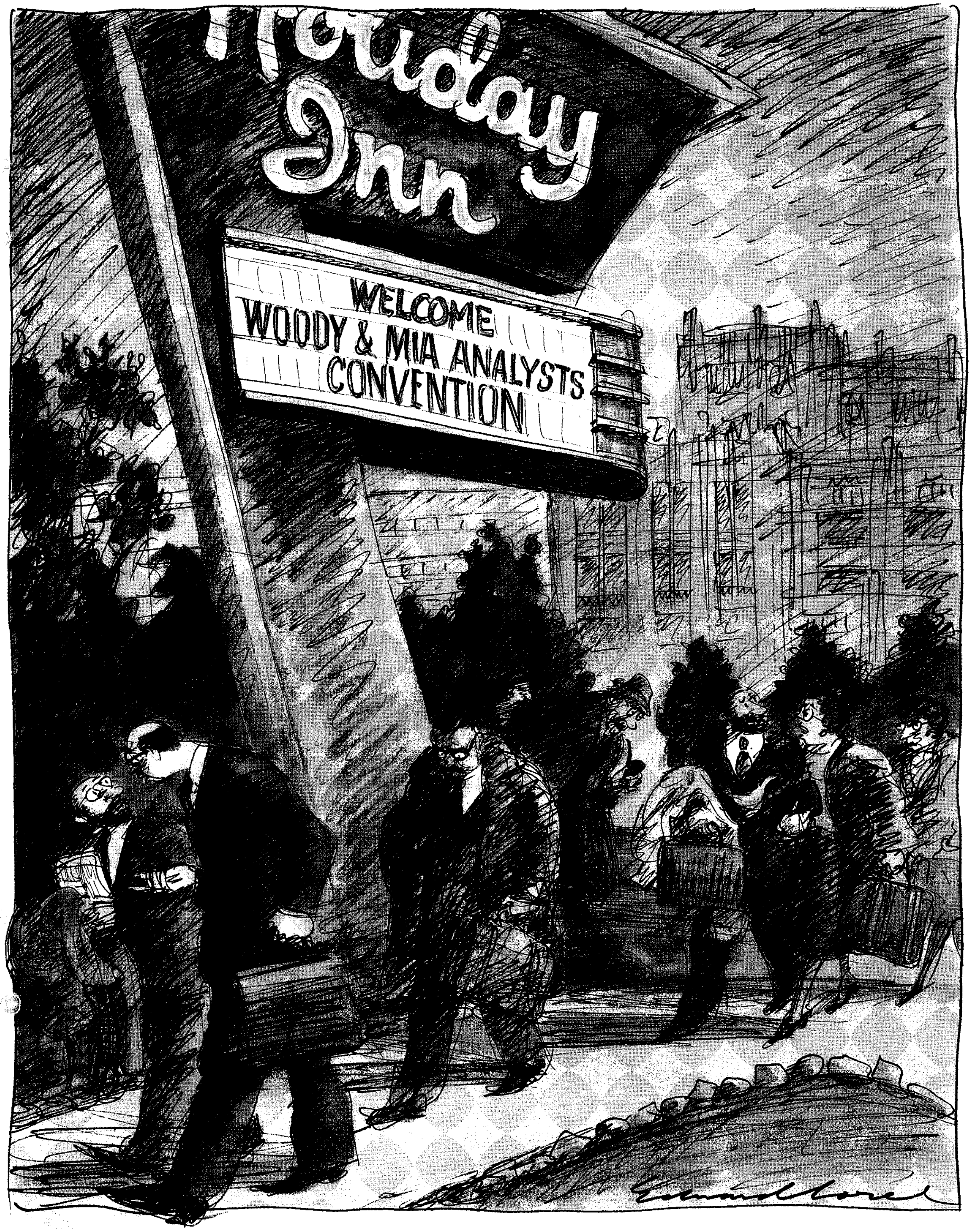
This was bad news for Taub, but he had just received worse. On October 8th, the N.I.H. had suspended his research grant, charging that "I.B.R. failed in significant ways to comply with requirements of the Public Health Service applicable to the care and use of laboratory animals." The N.I.H. had also released the report prepared by its site-visit team. The report confirmed the criticisms in Pacheco's affidavits, citing five major areas in which Taub's lab had failed to comply with the Animal Welfare Policy of the Public Health Service and with the N.I.H.'s own standards in the "Guide for the Care and Use of Laboratory Animals": it stated that adequate veterinary care had not been provided; that the lab's Animal Care and Use Committee was not properly constituted and had failed to oversee the lab's treatment of the animals; that the monkeys' physical facilities were inadequate; that the occupational-health program for the staff was inadequate; and, finally, that "the condition of the laboratory on September 11th (as depicted in police photographs) was grossly unsanitary."

The report called for, among other things, the installation of movable stainless-steel cages and a new ventilation system, with separate circulation for the human and animal rooms. The N.I.H. would provide funds only for the care of the monkeys and only until Taub could find another source of money for their care.

Just two weeks before his fiftieth birthday, Edward Taub had suffered a raid on his lab, the seizure of his monkeys, damage to his reputation from charges of animal cruelty and neglect, the suspension of his grant, and his own arrest. Since his salary had been paid out of the grant, that, too, was gone. He had conducted some twenty-five years of re-

ARTIST'S NOTEBOOK BY EDWARD SOREL

INDUSTRIAL CRISIS


Holiday Inn
WELCOME
WOODY & MIA ANALYSTS
CONVENTION
Edward Sorel

SERVICE
KOREN

"Often, it's sullen and withdrawn, and then, suddenly, it becomes hostile and vengeful."

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search, had received more than a dozen federal grants, and had had numerous articles published in some of the most highly respected scientific journals; nothing had prepared him for the role of criminal defendant.

AT the first trial, held during the last week of October, 1981, before District Court Judge Stanley Klavan, Edward Taub and his assistant, John Kunz, both pleaded not guilty. (Under the Maryland rules for misdemeanors, there was no jury.) The prosecutor, Roger Galvin, called Alex Pacheco as his first witness, and Pacheco testified about his experience at the lab, and described how he had obtained the photographs and the affidavits.

The next day, Phillip Robinson, the vet from the San Diego Zoo who had examined the monkeys after the raid, testified that several of them had been in need of immediate medical attention, and that Billy's fractured arm had been either ignored or treated incompetently. For its part, the defense, led by Edgar H. Brenner, called its own vets and the U.S.D.A. inspector who had inspected the lab on previous occasions; he testified that it had met all U.S.D.A. regulations, except for occasional "minor deficiencies." Taub then testified for several hours in his own defense. He claimed that at the time of the raid the monkeys were remarkably healthy, and that they had never been neglected. In response to Pacheco's allegations that the laboratory was "filthy," he said, "A monkey room can get dirty in three minutes."

At the end of November, Judge Klavan ruled that Taub was guilty of six counts of animal cruelty, and fined him three thousand and fifteen dollars—five hundred dollars for each count and fifteen dollars in court costs. John Kunz was acquitted on all the charges, the judge's reasoning being that Taub, and not his employee, bore the responsibility for the care of the animals in the lab.

Because Taub had been convicted on misdemeanor charges by a judge, he was entitled under Maryland law to a new trial, by jury. During that trial, which took place in June of 1982, the defense presented some evidence that it had not presented in the first trial. Taub's lawyers were able to submit records attesting to the vigilance of the monkeys' caretakers during the four months when Pacheco worked in the lab. They suggested that the caretakers' frequent absences during Taub's three-week vacation, when Pacheco brought in his experts, could possibly be attributed to bribery. They submitted the bills of exterminators whom Taub had paid to eradicate the vermin. They called numerous expert witnesses from professional societies who testified that Taub's work was professional and sound.

The testimony was limited to the six animals named in the six counts of which Taub had previously been convicted, and Taub explained that the injuries suffered by those deafferented monkeys were self-inflicted. Their affected limbs, he said, were subject to the same accidental damage as the limbs of people suffering from leprosy, who can't feel cuts or bruises or undue pressure on their extremities. Where a wild animal will normally worry a bandage applied to it but will usually stop because of pain, an animal with a bandage on a deafferented limb will not stop, because there is no sensation in the limb, and so lesions develop around bandages. Taub said that he avoided bandaging animals who consistently mutilated themselves, and that he would leave a bandage on an animal who would tolerate it, rather than change it daily, in order to minimize such self-mutilation.

After deliberating for three days, the jury acquitted Taub on five of the counts, and convicted him only on the sixth, which charged him with failing to supply adequate veterinary care to the monkey named Nero—a state of affairs that the jury believed had led to the amputation of Nero's deafferented arm at the Poolesville facility.

To Taub, one conviction was almost as bad as six; he believed that his professional reputation would always be tainted by it. He wanted to clear his name, and, a year later, in August of 1983, he achieved at least partial success in doing so. The Maryland Court of Appeals found that the state anti-cruelty law under which he had been convicted did not apply to him. The Appeals Court didn't address the merits of his conviction, but instead ruled that Taub's actions as a federally funded researcher were subject only to federal law, and that the Maryland legislature had not intended the state law to apply to those researchers. The court therefore overturned his conviction.

OVER the next several years, Edward Taub appealed to a number of scientific organizations to investigate his case. Several did, including the ethics committee of the American Psychological Association, the animal-care committee of the Society for Neuroscience, and the American Physiological Society, which conducted the most extensive investigation, interviewing Roger Galvin, Alex Pacheco, and other key participants. All three organizations exonerated Taub completely, and, in 1984, the Grant Appeals Board of Health and Human Services, while refusing to reinstate his grant, declared that Taub was not guilty of providing inadequate veterinary care to any of his animals. Eventually, sixty-seven different scientific societies pledged support for Taub, and two delegations were sent to the N.I.H. to lobby for the reinstatement of his grant. The N.I.H. began to come under fire from scientists all over the country, many of whom occupied influential positions in universities and corporations conducting biomedical research, for appearing to give in to animal-rights activists—or, as these scientists saw them, animal-rights extremists.

In 1982, the Animal Liberation Front had begun breaking into research laboratories around the country in order to steal evidence of alleged wrongdoing and to free lab animals. Over the Memorial Day weekend of 1984, some of its members broke into the Head Injury Clinic at the School of Medicine on the University of Pennsylvania campus and stole some forty hours of videotape documenting the laboratory's experiments on baboons. In an attempt to replicate the kinds of head injuries that human beings suffer in car accidents, the experimenters, who had received a million dollars a year for the past thirteen years from the N.I.H., had placed the baboons' heads in metal helmets and then violently thrust them forward, using a hydraulic device. While the experiments themselves were disturbing to watch, the videotapes also documented scenes of shocking carelessness on the part of the experimenters. There were scenes in which student experimenters held injured but conscious animals in ridiculous poses and laughed at them; in other scenes, researchers smoked while performing surgery on live animals, and one researcher dropped an implement on the floor during surgery, picked it up, and reinserted it in the body.

The Animal Liberation Front provided PETA with a copy of the stolen videotapes and also gave a copy to a young lawyer named Gary Francione, who had recently accepted a teaching position at the university's law school, having come to Penn from the Wall Street law firm of Cravath, Swaine & Moore, because he wanted more time to do pro-bono work on animal-rights cases. Francione, who met Ingrid Newkirk and Alex Pacheco when he was clerking for Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor and who is now a tenured professor at Rutgers Law School, is a free agent in the animal-rights movement, not a member of any group. He has established an Animal Rights Law Clinic, the nation's first, at Rutgers, and he takes whatever cases interest him. He has brought suit against people conducting animal sacrifices as part of their religion, and defended students who objected to performing dissections in schools. He has also worked closely with PETA, donating thousands of hours of his time and reams of free legal advice to Alex Pacheco and Ingrid Newkirk. He believes that eating meat and experimenting on animals are moral equivalents of murder and torture. He is also vocal in his support of other causes—abortion rights, gay rights, and women's rights.

After the A.L.F. provided Francione with a copy of the stolen tapes, he went to the university's provost and told him that he should close the Head Injury laboratory down and conduct an investigation. According to Francione, the provost told him to mind his own business and go back to the law school. "Instead, within one day, I got half the law-school faculty to sign a petition demanding an investigation," Francione said. "When the petition became public, of course, the university got very upset."

Francione went on, "The Taub thing wasn't really animal-rights litigation. It was a criminal prosecution for animal cruelty. The Penn case was beautiful, though. It had large amounts of federal money, an Ivy League institution, and top-rate neurosurgeons doing bullshit work that was not only not doing any-

Wm Hamilton

"Have you two figured out that you're one of my nutty little juxtapositions?"

thing to help human beings but was being conducted in such a way that it couldn't *possibly* help human beings. The data they were getting were polluted by conflicting variables. The N.I.H. and the university took the position that it was a great lab, and the guys in charge of the lab, Thomas Gennarelli and Thomas Langfitt, said they had always passed their U.S.D.A. inspections. But I had a copy of a letter that the Dean of the Penn medical school sent to Gennarelli in 1982 telling him that the lab had to be closed because it was not in compliance with federal standards. When the N.I.H. came out and said it was a perfect lab—boom! I released that letter and sent it all over Capitol Hill. The university went nuts!

"It was a perfect case. A major Ivy League university getting millions and millions of federal dollars is lying and beating up monkeys. It really helped to radicalize people. The criticism of biomedical research was not nearly as vocal before Penn as after Penn."

For more than a year, the N.I.H. refused to withdraw funding for the Head Injury lab. On July 15, 1985, led by PETA, ninety animal-rights activists went to Building 31 on the N.I.H. campus, rode the elevator up to the eighth floor, and sat down in the office of the director of the National Institute of Neurological and Communicative Disorders and Stroke, Murray Goldstein. The Institute had funded the Penn lab as well as Taub's work with the Silver Spring monkeys. Francione, who served as legal counsel for the group, described the occupation as "a real weird four days," and added, "No one thought it would last that long, including me. I assumed that everyone was going to get arrested and dragged out right away. But I think N.I.H. was afraid of mishandling it."

On the last day of the sit-in, Dr. James Wyngaarden, the director of the N.I.H., met with Francione and Pacheco and announced that Margaret Heckler, the Secretary of Health and Human Services, had decided to close the Penn lab pending a full investigation. It is difficult to overstate the effect the closing of the lab had on the biomedical community: its members felt that the decision reflected weakness on the part of N.I.H. and heralded an era when witch hunts would be tolerated and hysterical accusations believed. They besieged the N.I.H. with angry calls and letters, and it was their fierce reaction that sealed the fate of the Silver Spring monkeys.

LEST HE PUT FORTH HIS HAND

Down at the ocean's chop shop, I was,
wondering where the prime mover might
have got to, who had been absent some
time, to judge by that old engine block
coughing brackish water, listing on

its bed of rockweed, with every gear
and lever seized with rust. There were crab
claws bleached to just the shades of kitchen
enamel, and a chesty, pecked-out
carapace; lustrous periwinkle

and tiny bladders of weed with hooks;
beaded minarets of sea urchin
and the smashed helices of a drill;
there were mussel shells, sprung open, blue
like a bad stomach, and razor clams;

there was bottle glass, fogged with constant
motion, and a bit of stoneware with
a curd of cloud across it, like a
moment's weather, a lustrous edge of
quahog-purple, rolled back across the

sky, causing the shore to gleam where it
was sown with earholes and arabesques,
all listening for the return of

DURING the occupation of Building 31 by PETA, Gary Francione had met with William Raub, Murray Goldstein, and an N.I.H. lawyer. Francione says that he took the men to task about the monkeys, who were still in N.I.H. custody in the primate facility in Poolesville, because I.B.R. had so far been unable to construct proper quarters for them. "The complaint seemed to hit a nerve," Francione said. "I thought Murray Goldstein was going to jump out of his chair. He said, 'You want the Silver Spring monkeys? That's fine! You can have them! I don't want the Silver Spring monkeys! They cost me money, they cause me aggravation!' I said, 'Yes. I would like them.' And the N.I.H. lawyer said, 'Look, why don't you talk to I.B.R.? If you can get them to relinquish any right, title, and interest that they may have, get them to put it in writing. And you can have the Silver Spring monkeys.' "

Francione spent the next couple of months persuading I.B.R. to send a letter to the N.I.H. relinquishing ownership of the monkeys. It did so in September, and Raub immediately wrote back, saying that the N.I.H. refused to accept ownership, because "we have no research protocols, either ongoing or planned, for which these animals are appropriate." Between July and September, Raub had apparently realized that if the N.I.H. should be seen to be coöperating with PETA it might occasion a fresh outcry from the scientific community.

Meanwhile, PETA began a lobbying effort on Capitol Hill. In April of 1986, at the urging of Alex Pacheco, two members of the House of Representatives—Robert Smith, a Republican from New Hampshire, and Charlie Rose, a Democrat from North Carolina—drafted a petition asking the N.I.H. to send the fifteen remaining monkeys to a nonprofit sanctuary in San Antonio, Texas, called Primarily Primates. Their

life back through the lattices of bone-
salt toward component time; and what

they heard was not the jeering of gulls,
or mourning doves uneasy beneath
the leaves of basil and thorns of wild
blackberry, but a whiskey voice that
coasted down in the scented quiet

from the nearest mossy fir-top or
stumbled over the mackerel scales
of the water. It must have been at
just the hour that God is said to have
walked in the cool of the day and called

in His garden that the blue heron
lit and flared its gorget of feathers
(neck like a sink joint or the stomach's
duodenal curve) and began to
compose one image from so many

broken hungers, to strike and strike at
what lay behind, being fed by this,
burning, diesel-blue, across the tide
like a sword or flame, turning against
those who might once have lived forever.

—Karl Kirchwey

petition was signed by two hundred and fifty-two members of the House.

Initially, it seemed that the N.I.H. would go along with this plan. In June, James Wyngaarden sent a letter to Smith in which he agreed that the monkeys should be transferred from Poolesville to two facilities that seemed appropriate for them—Primarily Primates and Moorpark College, in Moorpark, California, a college known for the training of zoo caretakers to handle exotic animals—and that the monkeys' deafferented limbs should be amputated, since all agreed that the procedure would substantially improve their health. He added that "these animals will *not* undergo invasive procedures for research purposes," and that any research analysis of their bodies would be carried out during autopsies after "the natural death of each animal." Both PETA and the congressmen were pleased with Wyngaarden's response. It later appeared, however, that the N.I.H. had never intended to honor its commitments.

On the night of June 23rd, the N.I.H. abruptly transferred the fifteen monkeys to the Delta Regional Primate Research Center, in Covington, Louisiana, and both PETA and the congressmen with whom it had been negotiating the monkeys' fate claim that they were not informed. Delta, which is administered by Tulane University (and has recently dropped the name Delta), is one of seven federal regional primate-research centers in the country, and it is noticeably less convenient to PETA protesters—and, presumably, to possible rescuers from the Animal Liberation Front—than the Poolesville facility.

In the summer of 1987, Rose, Smith, and several other members of Congress finally persuaded the N.I.H. to send the five control monkeys—Chester, Adidas, Sisyphus, Haydn, and Montaigne—to the San Diego Zoo. Meanwhile, Sarah and the eight remaining experimental monkeys, whose deafferented limbs had never been amputated, were still isolated in individual lab cages at Delta. PETA and the International Primate Protection League and others had unsuccessfully pursued custody of the monkeys through several courts, and in April of 1987 the Supreme Court declined to hear their case.

In 1988, PETA made one last attempt to place the monkeys in a private facility. In September, Delta gave Pacheco permission to visit the monkeys and he immediately flew to Louisiana. He was accompanied by Gary Wilson, the director of Moorpark's exotic-animal program, and also by a Moorpark veterinarian. Wilson was considering taking some of the experimental animals still at Delta as well as those temporarily housed at the zoo.

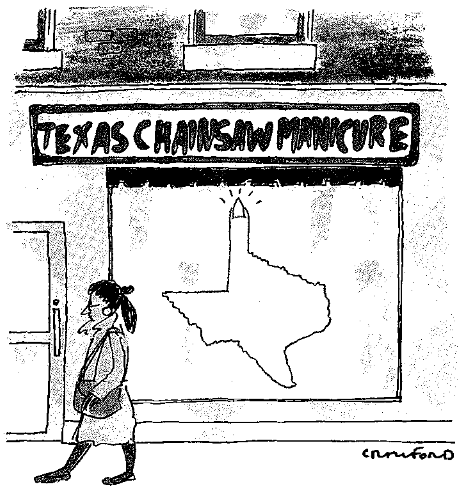
Before setting out for Delta, Wilson and the vet had been told that a blue-ribbon panel of veterinarians and scientists had examined the monkeys on behalf of the N.I.H. earlier in the year and had concluded that many of the experimental monkeys were in poor condition and would need to be euthanized, for humane reasons, in the very near future. "When we saw the animals, we were surprised at what good shape they were in," Wilson said recently. "It seemed to us that the case the N.I.H. had made was overblown." Wilson and the Moorpark veterinarian examined all the monkeys at Delta—Domitian, Augustus, Billy, Big Boy, Titus, Nero, Allen, Paul, and Sarah—and concluded that their health was fairly good and they were able to travel. A few weeks later, Wilson sent a report to William Raub, offering to provide a home for all of them except Paul, who was a carrier of herpes B, a virus not serious in monkeys but often fatal to human beings, and detailing how they could be safely transported to Moorpark College.

In reply, Raub wrote that Wilson's report was "inaccurate, incomplete, and otherwise seriously misleading." He urged Wilson to "make decisions strictly on the basis of the pertinent facts and informed opinion," and continued, "For you and I to do otherwise is to become pawns for those who desperately seek to devalue the opinions and impugn the integrity of the several experts whose wise counsel has guided the N.I.H. . . . to date in caring for the monkeys."

According to Wilson, who declined to change his report, Moorpark got caught in the middle, between the animal-rights people and the N.I.H. "The

BUDGET CURE

DAVID MAMET IMPERSONATORS



NAIL SALONS THAT ARE JUST A LITTLE TOO CUTE FOR THEIR OWN GOOD

NEEDLESSLY COMPLICATED WHITE FOOTWEAR

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whole experience was eye-opening, to say the least," he told me. "After my report came out, protest calls were made to Moorpark's president from people in the biomedical community. The editor of a biomedical-research journal told me he believed that if the monkeys were released from Delta it would mean the end of biomedical research as we know it."

After rebuking Gary Wilson, Raub wrote to Representative Smith about three of the monkeys—Billy, Paul, and Domitian—saying that their condition had worsened to such a degree that "to keep [them] alive for any significant additional time would constitute animal cruelty." He wrote, "We have deferred the euthanasia decision since July. . . . However, further delay no longer is tenable."

RAUB, PETA learned, was also interested in promoting a research project involving the monkeys which had been proposed to him a year earlier. Dr. Mortimer Mishkin, the chief of the Laboratory of Neuropsychology at the N.I.H.'s Institute of Mental Health, and a colleague, Dr. Tim Pons, had suggested that when the monkeys needed to be euthanized for humane reasons an examination of their brains might yield information about the brain's ability to reorganize after the body has suffered the effects of deafferentation or similar damage to the spine. Following the study, the animals would be euthanized. Mishkin was hardly a disinterested party. He had known the chairman of I.B.R.'s Board of Directors, Dr. Joseph Brady, for many years. He had also served on the N.I.H. panel that reviewed the decision to end Taub's grant and had been the only dissenter, and he was a past president of the Society for Neuroscience, which had exonerated Taub.

The experiment seems a clear violation of the N.I.H.'s previous pledge that the monkeys would undergo no further invasive procedures, but Raub expresses impatience when he is asked about the discrepancy between that earlier assurance and the later proposal for the experiments. "Not only have we explained this many times but we were very systematic in apprising the members of the Congress of exactly what we were doing," he told me. "It was a matter of semantics about what was invasive procedure. When N.I.H. made the decision to move the animals to the Delta Primate Center, the only objective we had then was to fulfill our custodial responsibilities. As the years passed, however, neuroscience changed. And what emerged, ironically, was a set of questions that could be answered only with the Silver Spring monkeys.

"The Silver Spring monkeys were the first animals ever, to the best of the knowledge of people in neuroscience, in which so large an area of the brain—namely, the region corresponding to the map of an entire forelimb—had been devoid of its normal sensory input for as long as a decade. The scientists involved produced a protocol that in my judgment addressed the scientific questions and also met the spirit of what we had written to the Congress. The animals would receive what is called a surgical level of anesthesia; that is, they would be anesthetized much the way you or I would be were we to undergo a procedure in a hospital. Then the relevant area of the brain would be exposed, and a micro-electrode, whose tip one can barely see with the naked eye, would be placed in and around the cells on the surface while the body of the animal was stroked with a camels'-hair brush. Then, once the electrical records were gathered, the euthanasia would be completed and the tissues prepared for post-mortem study. Now, one could argue semantically that a procedure is invasive if a part of the brain is exposed."

One could. Congress did. In July of 1988, after the plan was announced, Representative Rose wrote to Secretary of Health and Human Services Otis Bowen that if the experiment was carried out he "could expect animal-protection organizations, individuals around the country, and Congress to explode in anger, generating a reverberation that could have long-range effects on N.I.H. I would consider it a very serious violation of a commitment to me, to the Congress, and to the public."

The White House was deluged with correspondence on the issue, most of it in support of PETA's position. Barbara Bush alone received more than forty-six thousand pieces of mail concerning the monkeys. In the first few months of 1989, the monkey Paul gradually lost sixty per cent of his body weight while the N.I.H. and PETA battled over whether or not to euthanize him. PETA claims that it asked the N.I.H. to euthanize him and its request was rejected; the N.I.H. claims that PETA's attempt to win a court injunction against the experiment held up the long-overdue mercy killing. In August, Paul died.

In January of 1990, Billy, the bilaterally deafferented monkey, was said by N.I.H. veterinarians to be weak. On January 14th, eight years after he was removed from Taub's lab, he became the first monkey to undergo the Pons-Mishkin experiment and euthanasia. Six months later, after a federal judge refused to grant a temporary restraining order, and despite the pleas of a congressional delegation led by Robert Smith, which met with Raub and asked him to reconsider, three more monkeys—Augustus, Domitian, and Big Boy—were experimented on and euthanized. In April of 1991, Titus and Allen were euthanized; the research was written up and published in *Science*, with Taub's name among the credits.

Although PETA and the other plaintiffs could no longer hope to save all the animals, they kept up the pressure in the courts. Originally filed in Louisiana Civil District Court, their suit against the N.I.H., the I.B.R., and Tulane attempting to stop the experiment and claim custody of the remaining animals was removed to federal courts and there dismissed on the ground that animal-rights groups lacked standing to sue for custody of animals in federal institutions. The suit eventually travelled to the United States Supreme Court, and in May of 1991 (too late for the monkeys) the Court ruled that it should not have been removed to the federal arena. Accordingly, it was sent back to a Louisiana state court.

The case bounced back and forth again until last October, when another federal judge ruled, without addressing the merits of the case itself, that the plaintiffs lacked standing to sue. The judge did not comment on a ninety-two-page memorandum compiled by Margaret Woodward, a New Orleans lawyer who had argued the Louisiana case for PETA from the beginning.

The evidence that Woodward compiled included depositions from William Raub, Mortimer Mishkin, and Joseph Brady, the I.B.R. board chairman. Mishkin told of a weekend retreat at his Bethesda home where scientists sympathetic with the plan to sacrifice the monkeys drafted the outline of an experiment. Raub, Mishkin, and Brady all testified that private money (probably from pharmaceutical companies and professional medical societies) was raised to perform the experiment. Woodward's memorandum notes, "Dr. Mishkin honestly stated that he was unaware of any other instance when an experiment was funded in the manner of the Silver Spring monkeys experiments." Private funding enabled the scientists to bypass the required N.I.H. peer review for their plan.

The depositions also revealed that at an early point Raub had decreed that the "experiment" was not an experiment. When he presented the plan to Congress, he had termed the experiment a "plan for euthanasia" and a "plan for euthanasia and associated data acquisition."

In addition, Woodward acquired statements from several neurologists questioning the scientific worth of the results of the "experiment." Dr. Daniel Robinson, then the chairman of Georgetown University's Psychology Department and an adviser to the N.I.H. who is sympathetic to animal rights, wrote:

> There are many serious, mature, and responsible scientists involved in significant neurological research. The experiment involving the Silver Spring monkeys is an insult to them, quite apart from the physical mutilations being inflicted on these innocent creatures. If the history of the Silver Spring monkeys never existed and there simply happened to be four or five available macaques for whom this experiment was proposed, it could not and would not have been approved at NIH or anywhere else under commonly accepted scientific standards applied to the review of scientific proposals.

Edward Taub himself was suspicious of the conduct of the N.I.H. regarding the experiment. He found its results fascinating, but after discussions with Mishkin and Pons, he learned that they had "moved heaven and earth to try to get Raub to let them take more time" for it but had been refused.

The only monkey that Taub experimented on who is still alive is Nero, whose deafferented arm was amputated because of an infection, in 1981, at the time of Taub's first trial; he remains at Tulane. Sarah, the female rhesus macaque, was resocialized, and lives with other monkeys at Tulane; she was not relocated to Moorpark College, because, in Raub's opinion, Moorpark lacked "adequate security." (The F.B.I. recently told the director of the Tulane Primate Center that, in searching a PETA volunteer's home, they had uncovered plans for a break-in at the center, possibly intended to free the monkeys.) Nero, although he is said to be in good health, has never been resocialized. When Nero dies, Pons and Mishkin are hoping to remove the thalamus from his brain and study it.

AND how has Edward Taub fared? Better than his monkeys. In 1983, he was awarded a fellowship by the Guggenheim Foundation, to enable him to write up the results of the experiments that were interrupted by the police raid on his Silver Spring lab and the N.I.H.'s termination of his grant. In 1986, he became a professor of psychology at the University of Alabama at Birmingham. He has tenure, and owns a sprawling ranch house, on the top of a ridge in a suburb of Birmingham, that is surrounded by trees and a yard landscaped with roses.

One recent weekend, I visited Taub at his office, on the first floor of Campbell Hall, a sprawling brick building that houses the Psychology Department and its classrooms. Taub's office looks like any other office except for a large warning posted on the door:

> Controlled Entrance: Use of This Door When Locked and Anytime During Evenings and Weekends Will Notify Police.

Taub is sixty-one years old now, but his hair is black, graying only at the sides. His blond wood Danish-modern desk looks almost exactly like the one in the widely circulated PETA photograph of his office in the Silver Spring lab—the photograph that shows a monkey's hand sitting on top of a pile of papers. On this desk are a number of figurines, including a little statue of Don Quixote brandishing his sword. Last November, Taub received a $25,000 grant from U.A.B. to work with stroke victims in overcoming what he calls "learned non-use." Taub says this work derives from his experiments on the Silver Spring monkeys; he restrains a stroke victim's unimpaired arm and trains the limb in which sensation has been lost. He says his technique has "the potential to help millions of people."

Taub can spend the better part of

an hour spinning a theory about the origin of the animal-rights movement, dropping names from the Luddites to Alvin Toffler, and time for him stands still while he speculates darkly on the forces arrayed against him. He compares animal activists to Nazis: "Nazis were very kind to animals. One of the first things Hitler did was rule out the use of animals in research. Hitler was a vegetarian, and he loved his dog. Göring had a sign on his wall. It said 'Who Harms an Animal Harms the German Reich.' "

Later, we went to his home, where we viewed a widely distributed PETA videotape on the Silver Spring monkeys, which made charges against Taub that he wanted to counter. The videotape, narrated by Alex Pacheco, features a number of still photographs, some that Pacheco took on his nightly forays into the lab and others that he removed from Taub's own files. Taub sat in an easy chair in his wife's basement music room with the notes for a talk he had given to his university colleagues in which he outlined some seventy "lies and distortions" in the videotape. He froze the frame as each new photograph appeared, and expatiated on it from his notes: what Pacheco described as mold on a pile of excrement was actually Neosporin, an antibiotic powder; the monkey Pacheco claimed had gangrene did not; what Pacheco claimed were instruments to deliver electric shock were actually timing devices; the old refrigerator in which, according to Pacheco, monkeys were confined was a Foringer chair, a standard piece of laboratory equipment; the outdated medicines hadn't been used in years. Taub has charged that many of Pacheco's photos were "staged"—that Pacheco must have deliberately "chaired" a monkey incorrectly and then threatened it to elicit terrified reactions—and insists that Pacheco has even admitted staging some photographs. But PETA sued *Washingtonian* magazine for libel after it ran an article suggesting that Pacheco had admitted staging his photos; the magazine later issued a correction and an apology.

One of the photographs that Taub paused to discuss showed the cage of the monkey named Paul. In the foreground, Paul sits clutching his reddened, bandaged arm, in evident discomfort. Behind him, some of the wires of his rusty cage are broken. The voice of Alex Pacheco says, "His hand is swollen at least twice its normal size."

"O.K.," Taub said. "I see two broken wires. They're not protruding into the cage. I don't think that's particularly dangerous. Why are they broken? It happens. We had wire cutters, and every morning we'd go through and look for protruding wires and cut them off."

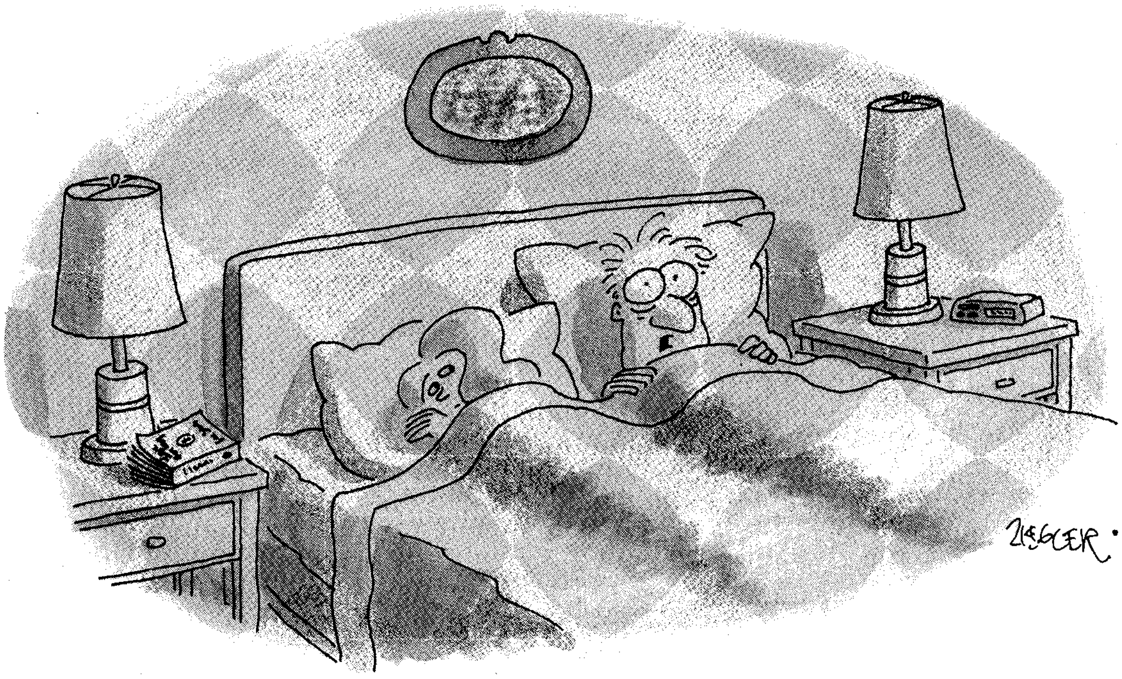
I asked why the cages weren't replaced.

"We didn't have the money to replace them. It would have cost twenty-five thousand dollars. As far as Paul having stubs of fingers, it's not pretty. But it's standard."

Taub's tone of righteous indignation never wavered. Over and over, he pointed out that what he had done was "within regulations," and he claimed that his lab was in better condition than labs he knew of at the N.I.H. and at Walter Reed Hospital. "We had rodents, we had cockroaches, but we had less than I witnessed at Walter Reed. The conditions at N.I.H. were no better and in some cases were worse than at I.B.R."

At a photograph that Pacheco identified as a pile of excrement on the lab floor, Taub froze the screen, stopped, and stared at me. "You're sitting there with a look of disgust on your face, but you've never been in a lab," he said. I was surprised at his statement. Having previously studied the videotape a number of times, I was past being shocked by the images. "Any monkey lab that you go into is dirty," he went on. "Monkeys are vegetarians—their stool is soft. You can't think of a monkey laboratory in terms of your kitchen. If feces upset you, then you don't want to visit a monkey lab, because there's a lot of it. You get used to it. The monkey comes out of the cage, defecates, you push it over to one side of the colony and clean it up at the end of the day. It's standard practice—or it was. It's probably changed, because of the fuss that's been made by the animal-rights people. Labs have become like concentration camps or prisons, where people constantly look over their shoulder to see who's watching. The feces you see there could have easily accumulated in one day. Laymen don't like looking at feces."

Then something happened that eased the tension. While Taub was talking, his cat, a beautiful golden Abyssinian, ran into the room. The cat's name is Radamès, after a character in "Aida," and is the latest in a series of pedigreed



"I may be awake for a while. I just dreamed that I ate an entire pound of sugar."

"I like those photos there, Osgrove—very familyesque."

• •

cats—Siamese, Burmese, and Abyssinian—that Taub and his wife have owned. I had once asked Taub how the Silver Spring monkeys acquired their unusual names. "The kids in my lab named some of them—Big Boy, Adidas," he told me. "I thought the names weren't dignified enough. I named some after the Roman emperors—the Claudians. Of course, not all were Claudians; Domitian, for example, was a little later."

I asked Taub how he would describe the state of mind of his monkeys. Had they been content? He referred to one of the first images on the tape, a picture of the monkey Domitian propping himself uncertainly on the floor with his deafferented arm—his good arm was restrained by a bandage—and looking, at least to a layman, miserable. "That is not a sad monkey," Taub said. "A monkey isn't a human being, and the expressions on a monkey's face are not interpretable in the same way as the expression on the face of a human being. Both Pacheco and Newkirk have had experience with monkeys, and they know that that expression was not sadness. In one of the other photos they always point to, the expression on the monkey's face looks forlorn—if that monkey were a human being, you'd say he was sad—but that expression is not plaintive. That's a monkey before he's going to be fed. He purses out his lips and goes '*woo woo woo*.' "

I asked what kept his monkeys from being depressed.

"They had each other," he said.

"Weren't they all in separate cages?" I asked.

"But they could *see* each other," he said.

IN the eleven years since Alex Pacheco went to the police with his pictures of Edward Taub's lab, PETA has grown to dominate the animal-rights movement. It is now a national organization, with more than four hundred thousand members and an annual budget of ten million dollars. Its offices are in Rockville, Maryland, five miles north of the N.I.H. Alex Pacheco is PETA's president, and Ingrid Newkirk is its national director. PETA's funding is modest compared with that of large environmental organizations like the Sierra Club (which has a budget of fifty million dollars) and the Nature Conservancy (a hundred and fifteen million), but in the animal-rights movement, where dozens of small, eccentric organizations subsist on shoestring budgets, PETA is the biggest kid on the block. Ninety per cent of its money comes from donations and the rest from the sale of merchandise.

PETA's size and influence allow it to control the rhetoric of the animal-rights movement. PETA, for its part, has engendered an uninterrupted stream of features, articles, television coverage, and editorial commentary by organizing colorful demonstrations and putting on fund-raising dinners attended by celebrities; by making outrageous, provocative statements to the press; and by letting no sympathetic coverage of its pro-meat, pro-fur, or pro-research opposition go unanswered by a letter to the editor or an op-ed piece. PETA demonstrators have dressed as the souls of dead animals and as doctors in white lab coats stained with bloody handprints.

Successful though these devices are in drawing attention to PETA's causes, they also invite ridicule and outrage and lay the organization open to the charge that less confrontational animal-rights groups are more effective. The Animal Legal Defense Fund, a California-based group of animal-rights lawyers, has quietly and steadily been winning rights for animals in the courts. Last year, they won a federal case that will mandate the revision of the Animal Welfare Act to include birds, rats, and mice; in February, they won a suit that will require stricter controls on the laboratory use of dogs and primates.

Critics of the movement almost invariably discuss Ingrid Newkirk and her uncompromising pronouncements on the relationship between human beings and animals. In particular, one statement of hers has been repeated incessantly in coverage of the animal-rights movement. "When it comes to feelings like pain, hunger, and thirst, a rat is a pig is a dog is a boy," she told *Washingtonian* in

1986; they—and her opponents in the biomedical community—have been misquoting her ever since, citing her equation between rats and boys without her qualification. Newkirk has also drawn fire for criticizing environmentalists, who might seem like natural allies, for not supporting PETA's agenda; and the glib and sometimes tasteless moral equivalence she posits between human beings and animals gives PETA's opposition an easy excuse for dismissing the ideas behind animal rights.

Instead of joining the wider environmental cause, PETA has concentrated its energies on empire-building within the animal-rights movement. Six years ago, it successfully took over an older animal-protection group, the Boston-based New England Anti-Vivisection Society. Cleveland Amory, who helped Pacheco out when he was investigating Taub's lab, is now NEAVS's president, Alex Pacheco is its vice-president, and Ingrid Newkirk is on its board of directors.

PETA now publishes a full-color "Catalogue for Cruelty-Free Living," which offers for sale a large variety of PETA T-shirts, PETA stickers to be attached to offending packages of meat or animal-tested hair spray, PETA Choice laundry detergent, bleach, and fabric softener, PETA belts, bags, and dog dip. It was this commercialization of the animal-rights movement and several recent PETA public-relations stunts that helped to sour Gary Francione on the organization. In the spring of 1991, PETA members interrupted the Iowa Pork Expo by throwing a tofu pie in the face of an eighteen-year-old woman who had been selected as the Iowa Pork Queen. And that summer, while the country's newspapers were full of the gory revelations of Jeffrey Dahmer's murders in Milwaukee, PETA ran an advertisement in the Des Moines *Register* which compared the eating of meat to Dahmer's cannibalism. The ad, for which the *Register* later apologized, ended with these words: "It's still going on. If this leaves a bad taste in your mouth, become a vegetarian."

The two incidents brought the usual wealth of media attention to PETA, but this time there was also a storm of protest from others in the animal-rights movement. Paul Obis, the editor of the magazine *Vegetarian Times*, condemned PETA for running the Dahmer ad: "I don't argue with PETA that slaughterhouses are awful and cruel, but I am offended by the emotional ploy. . . . This is not the first time that PETA has resorted to boorish sensationalism to advance its cause." And Gary Francione saw it as just another indication that PETA was a one-issue organization, incapable of exhibiting sensitivity to other disenfranchised groups, with causes of their own. "It's become clear to me that one-issue people are fanatical," he said at the time. "To watch what's happened has hurt a lot. But they're trivializing the hell out of animal rights."

ALEX PACHECO lives in a Spartan room in Rockville, sleeping on a mattress on the floor. He never finished college after the Silver Spring monkey case broke, and now, as the head of the largest animal-rights group in the country, he makes nineteen thousand dollars a year. He rarely takes vacations. He lives for what its most devoted members call "the Movement."

Pacheco's ascetic life makes him seem like a monk or a martyr devoted to a single ideal at no matter what personal cost. But it often happens that willingness to sacrifice oneself coincides with a willingness to sacrifice others. I once asked Pacheco if he ever regretted the fact that the Silver Spring monkeys were brought back from their safe haven in Florida, to be relinquished to Taub and the N.I.H. He paused for several moments, staring at his hands. Then he seemed to drop the fiction of not knowing who had spirited the monkeys away. "I felt very guilty for not . . ." He stopped and then started again. "To have a clean conscience, I would have had to just take them right out, just load them up in a truck and drive off and say to hell with it." I have never again seen him look so hesitant or unhappy as he did then, contemplating the idea that, like Taub, he had used the animals for his own ends.

Alex Pacheco and Ingrid Newkirk have always cultivated a calm moral certitude in the face of criticism, but they have registered alarm about recent events having to do with their mysterious relationship to the Animal Liberation Front. In February last year, members of the A.L.F. broke into a research office and a laboratory at Michigan State University where experiments on minks were being conducted. The intruders set fire to the office, destroying thirty-two years' worth of data, and then "liberated" the animals in the laboratory and vandalized the equipment. The raid caused a hundred thousand dollars' worth of damage and could have cost human lives. The action was immediately condemned by other animal-rights groups, but PETA tacitly supported it by acting as the A.L.F.'s spokesman.

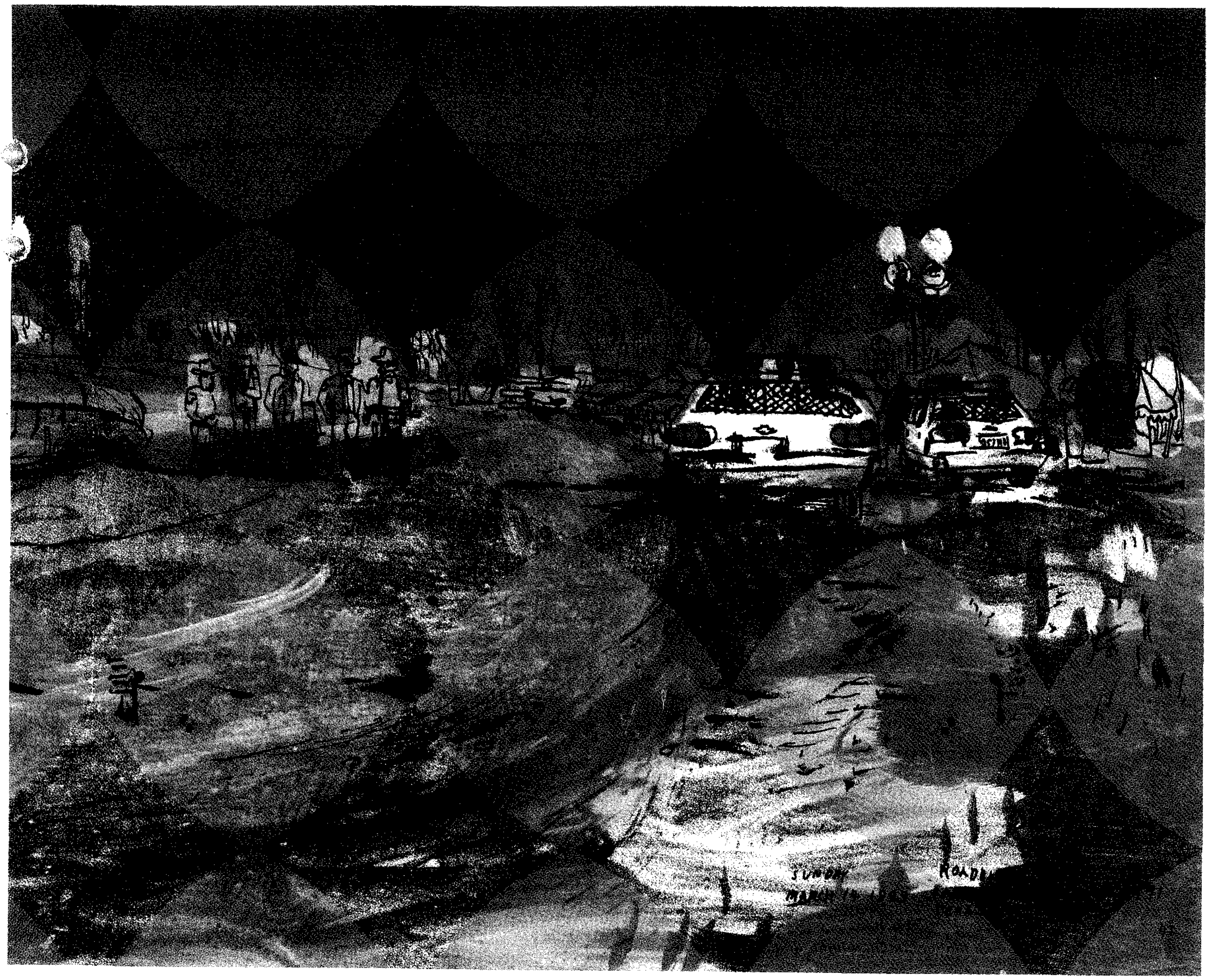
Last spring—as Thomas Gennarelli was reopening his Head Injury lab at the University of Pennsylvania with over two million dollars from the N.I.H.—Pacheco and Newkirk were subpoenaed by a grand jury in Grand Rapids, presumably to be questioned about their knowledge of the A.L.F.'s Michigan break-in and other break-ins, in Washington and Oregon.

PETA's protests have made many Americans uneasy about what happens to animals in laboratories. But, although few support using animals to test cosmetics and household cleaners, fewer still are willing to support PETA's call to end all animal research. President Clinton has appointed an animal-rights advocate, John Gibbons, as his science adviser, but Gibbons has carefully distanced himself from PETA. While condemning "abuses" in labs, Gibbons has stated, "I want to see animal use on the basis of necessity—defensible necessity."

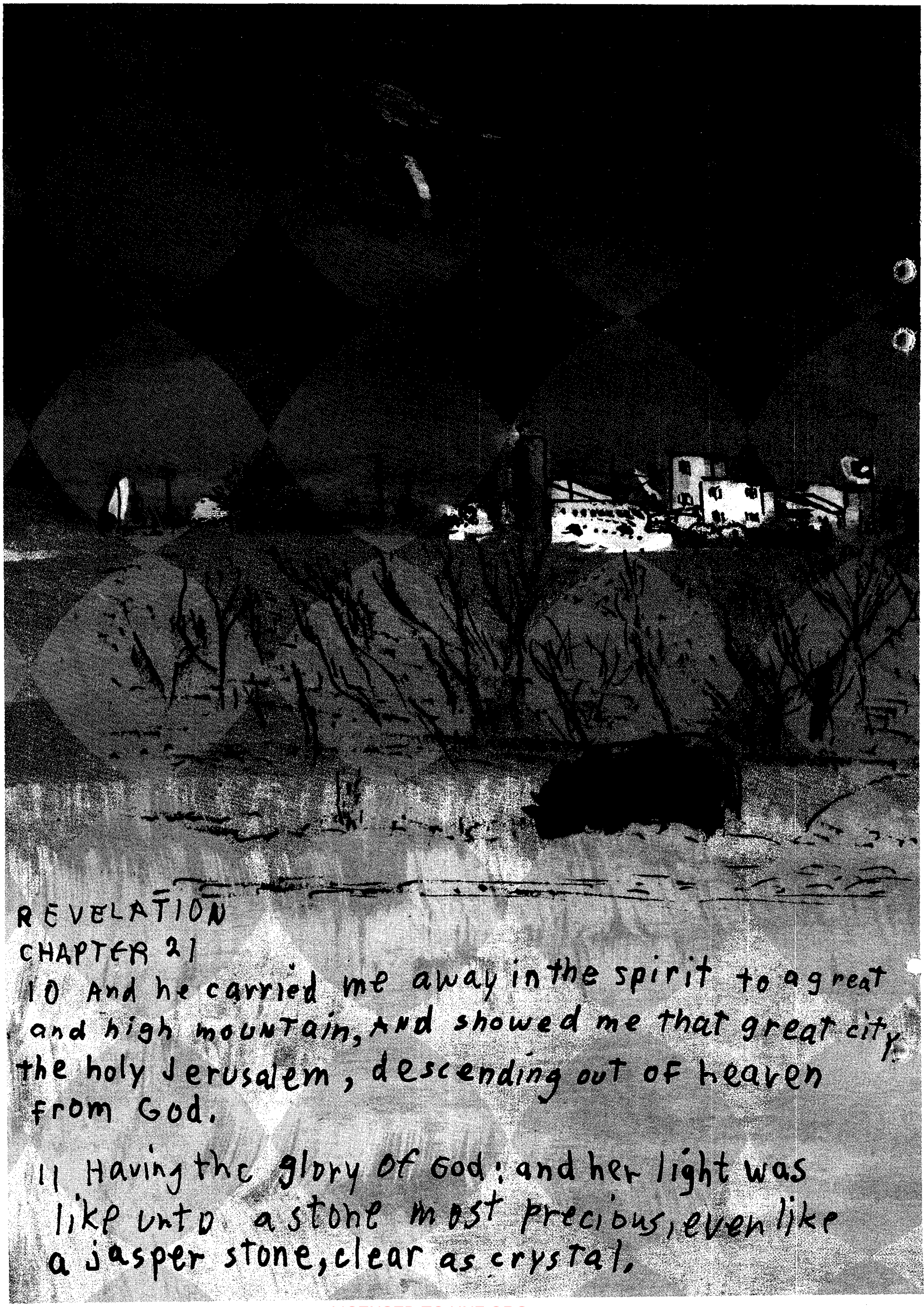
NEVER has a major social movement been engendered by two more unlikely and relatively unsavory antagonists. Although neither Alex Pacheco, physically courageous but self-dramatizing and fanatical, nor Edward Taub, uncomprehending, lost in denial, is anything close to a simple heroic icon, the strange fact remains that their meeting was the spark that touched off what we now think of as the American animal-rights movement. But, even as the two of them go on acting out their hostility, the movement created by their encounter has gone beyond them, entering the consciousness of Americans, for whom—no matter what their opinions—words like "fur" and "veal" and "laboratory animal" will never be the same. As with civil rights and feminism, this movement seems likely to continue to rankle the American mind and to insure that no prejudice—not even against those we have long considered the lowest of the low—is now safe. ♦

ARTIST AT LARGE BY GARY PANTER

WAITING FOR WACO



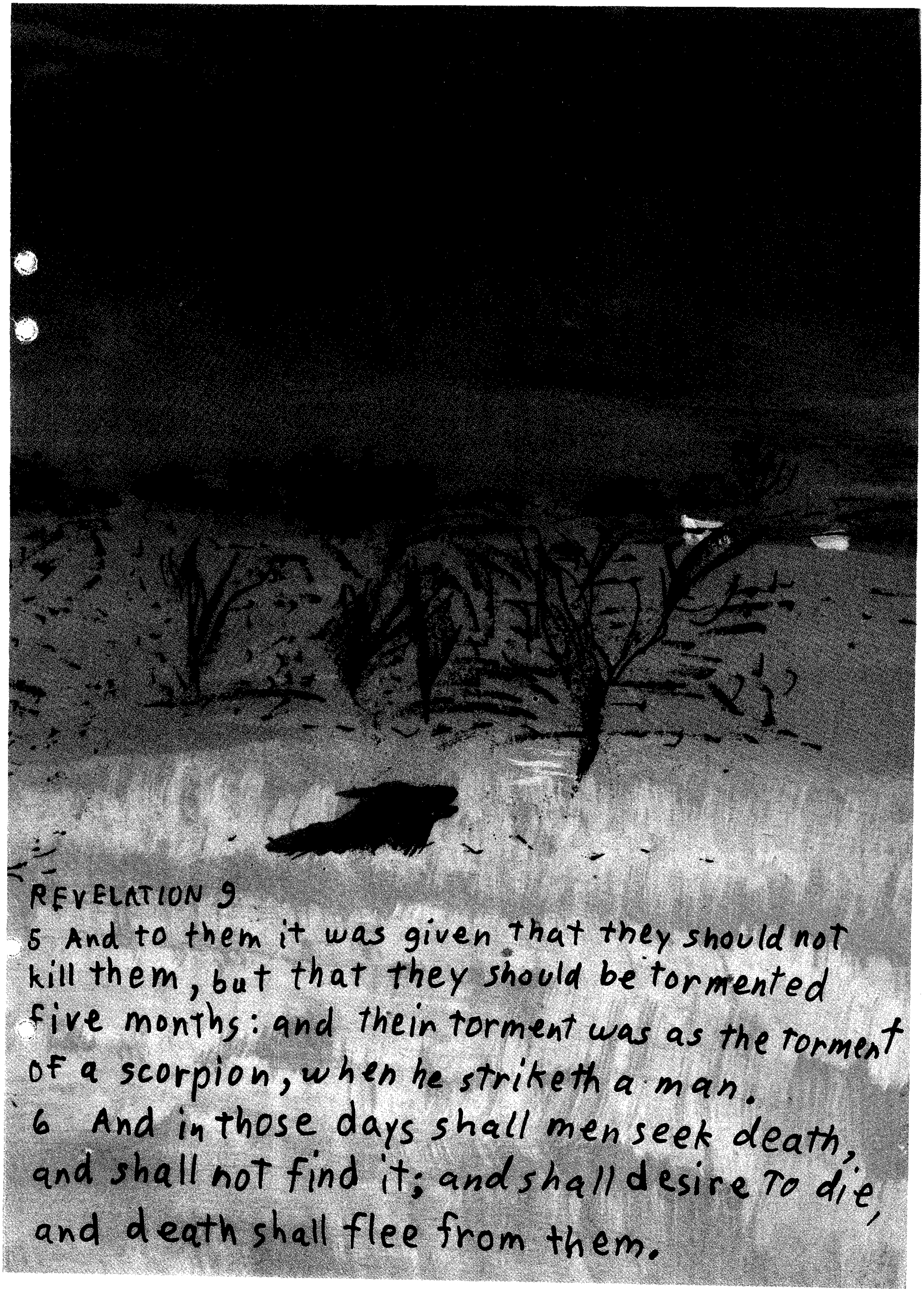
WACO, TEXAS--HOME OF THE TEXAS RANGER MUSEUM, DR PEPPER, AND A PROTOTYPE BROOKLYN BRIDGE. THESE DRAWINGS WERE MADE NEAR THE BRANCH DAVIDIAN COMPOUND IN THE SECOND WEEK OF A STANDOFF BETWEEN LAW-ENFORCEMENT AGENTS AND MEMBERS OF THE RELIGIOUS CULT.



REVELATION
CHAPTER 21

10 And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God.

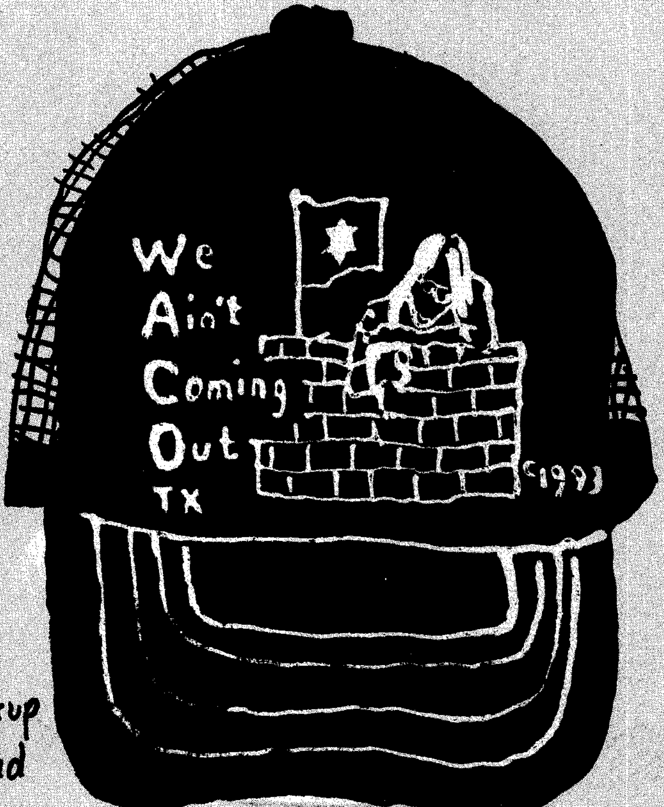
11 Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.



REVELATION 9

5 And to them it was given that they should not kill them, but that they should be tormented five months: and their torment was as the torment of a scorpion, when he striketh a man.

6 And in those days shall men seek death, and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them.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$5.00 Baseball cap
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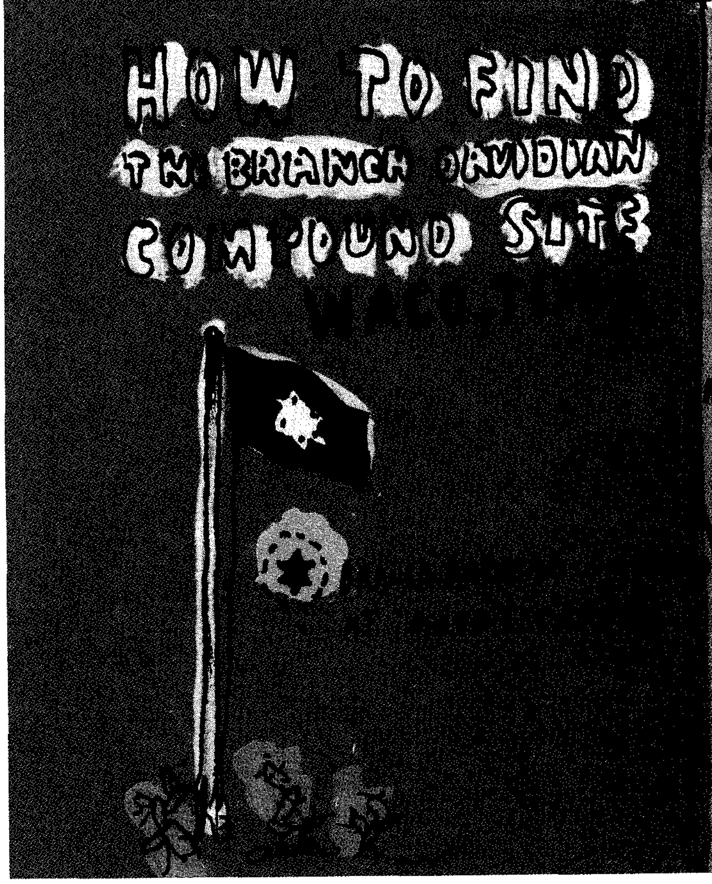
HOW TO FIND
THE BRANCH DAVIDIAN
COMPOUND SITE
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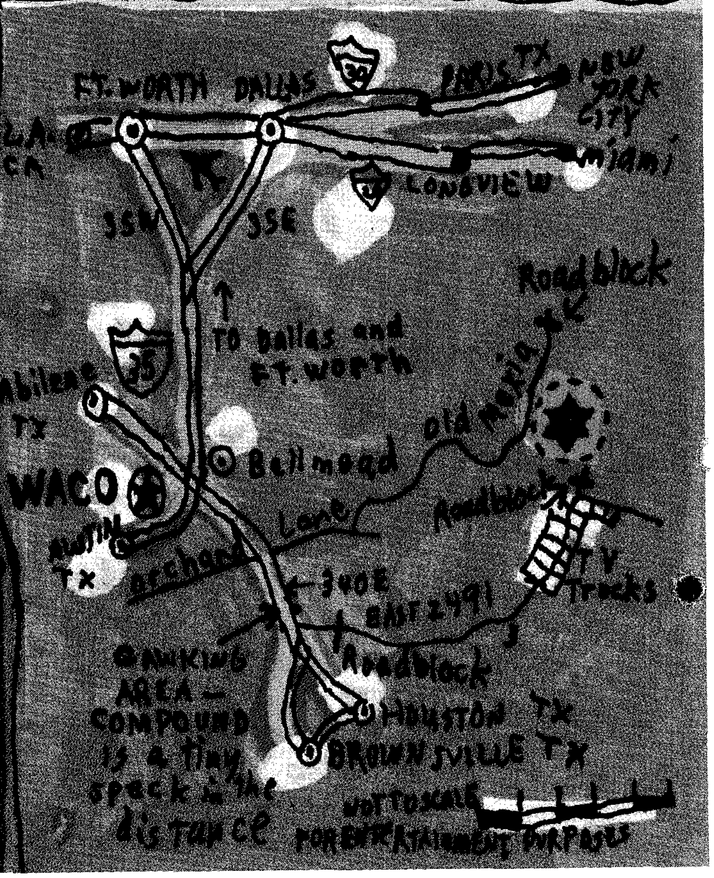
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AUSTIN TX
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TV Trucks
PARKING AREA – COMPOUND is a tiny speck in the distance
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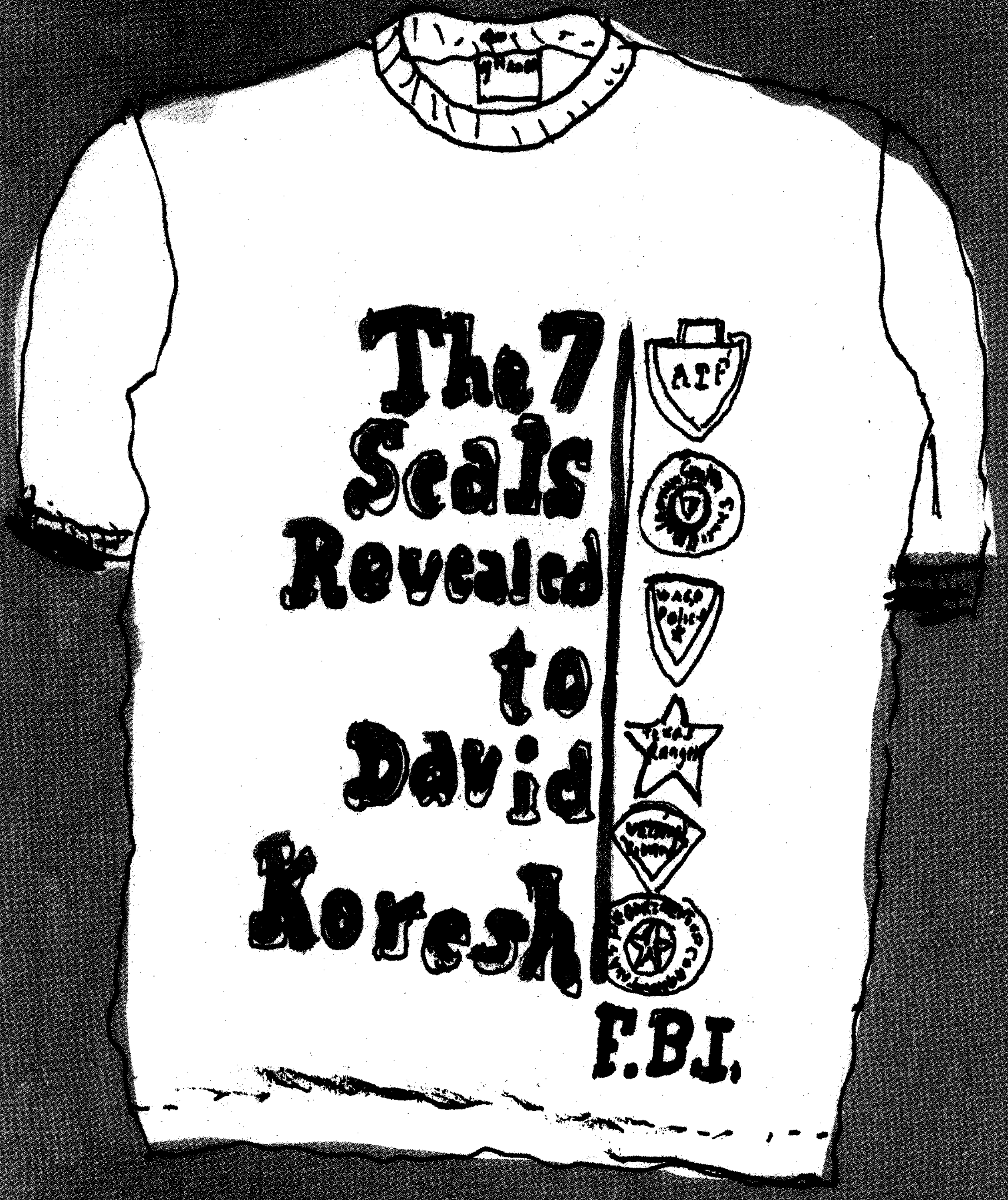
BROWNSVILLE TX
NOT TO SCALE
FOR ENTERTAINMENT PURPOSES


The 7
Seals
Revealed
to
David
Koresh
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Waco Police
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F.B.I.

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FICTION

TAM-O'-SHANTER

BY DONNA TARTT

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL was cheery enough, thought Gordon—as far as hospitals went. Still, there was no way they could get rid of that antiseptic smell, and the alien trappings of childhood irritated him and made him uncomfortable. High voices, pop music, bright murals of cartoon creatures that he didn't recognize: teapots with dotty faces? Ogling crabs and tuna fish? Medical apparatus lined the chill, windowless corridors, which echoed like the corridors of a ship in deep space. A young nurse, young enough to be his granddaughter—maybe a doctor she was, with the trousers and the stethoscope; he had never got used to lady doctors—walked humming past him, a bouquet of lollipops blooming from the breast pocket of her white coat.

The first film he'd ever been in, half a century before—"Our Mutual Friend," Joan Fontaine, Larry Olivier, 1936—there had been a scene in a children's hospital. Gordon was seven years old, an extra, lying in an iron bed on a set in Twickenham with black circles painted under his eyes. He and Dolores had stayed up late to watch it on television about six months ago. Sitting there in the curtained sunroom with his decaf coffee and his low-salt popcorn, and seeing the little face—plump and healthy even under the makeup—which had somehow, unbelievably, once been his own, all he could remember was how he had stealthily attempted to flatten a wad of chewing gum against the roof of his mouth as the arc lights blazed red through his closed eyelids. Later, between takes, he'd watched some of the older kids pretend to get drunk off the dregs of a bottle of Scotch that they said they'd stolen from Miss Fontaine but that actually had come from the makeup man; he and a girl his own age, annoyed at being excluded, had turned their attention to pinching a smaller boy until he cried. It was to be the most prestigious film Gordon would appear in in his entire career, though he would not become aware of this for another twenty years or so. And it *was* a fine film; it stood up, even now. Alec Guinness had done an excellent job as the old Jew.

The garish cartoon faces on the wall—green-armored space creatures, with slitted bandit kerchiefs tied around their eyes—goggled down at him; with a sinking feeling, he became aware of the first, timorous lurch of the now familiar nausea. Fried eggs didn't sit so well with the roentgens. They'd tasted good in the coffee shop but he'd known he'd be sorry later.

He'd been in the States for fifty years, had almost completely lost his accent, though even when he was a kid it had all been largely phony, all those Geordie MacTavish phrases like "wee braw lassie" and "och the noo." His real name was Gordon Burns, but in the pictures he'd been Geordie MacTavish for six years. Geordie MacTavish the Highland Lad: Geordie rescuing hurt animals, Geordie breaking up smugglers' rings and fighting the Nazis, Geordie sent away to public school. Twelve years old and skipping around in a bloody kilt like Bonnie Prince Charlie, sneaking smokes between takes with the cameramen. Then the contract with Paramount, bit parts in costume dramas. He hadn't been in a film in thirty-five years. For the past thirty, he'd lived in Burbank with Dolores, in the same little pink stucco bungalow they'd bought when they were newlyweds, working on his golf game and doing public relations for one of the big production companies. He'd never been all that fond of P.R., had never been particularly crazy about his colleagues or the work that he did, but since he'd had to retire (it had got to be too much for him, he tired so easily, he just couldn't do it anymore), he missed it desperately. Away from the camaraderie of the shared routine, the office acquaintances had begun to slip, and he didn't see too many other people on a regular basis, not even in the neighborhood where he had lived for so long—moving vans always in the driveways, strange dogs, unfamiliar kids, faces changing all the time.

He was definitely feeling ill now; he wished Dolores were with him; he wanted to turn around and go back home. But how could you refuse a request like this? His doctor had told him about the little girl. Down at the Cancer Center in San Diego, he'd said, a bit of a drive, but it would mean so much, old stills of Gordon all over the walls and even a Dandie Dinmont terrier—named, of course, Bobbie, after Gordon's sidekick in the series. Nine years old and dying of leukemia—some chromosomal kind, nearly always fatal. "She watches your movies before she goes into chemo," the doctor had said. "Says Geordie's never afraid and neither is she." What a rotten world, thought Gordon.

He wouldn't mind it so much if he stood any chance of actually cheering the poor kid up. But no matter how their parents tried to prepare them, warned them again and again that the films had been made fifty years before, children were always disappointed not to see another child. Sometimes the younger ones didn't understand. They asked him where the real Geordie was, was he Geordie's grandpa. But the older ones could scarcely conceal their dismay. He would never forget the afternoon several years before when a little girl—grandchild of a colleague at the production company—had been brought to meet him. Gamely, he had pulled out the old red tam-o'-shanter; gamely, he had answered the door, bending low to greet the little girl and booming: "Aye, then! And who's this wee lassie?" He would never forget the look on the little girl's face. It was a look of shocked recognition, then of dawning horror: as if it were her own death she saw, leaning down so close to greet her; *as if she could see the ruin of the boy he* had been—destroyed now, lost forever—buried deep beneath his sagging cheeks.

They kept the air-conditioners in these places turned up far too high; it was August outside, summer blazing away, though you'd never know it here. A towering man in a satin tracksuit, with freakishly elongated limbs and the placid face of a camel (*Basketball player?* thought Gordon, startled; *has to be*), walked past, carrying a tiny, too silent child. "So how you and your dad like to come watch the guys practice, Slice?" he was saying to it. Huge-eyed and staring, the child clung to his long neck like a baby marmoset, tracking Gordon with its gaze as it was borne down the gleaming hall. Even the bandages on its tiny wrists and ankles were covered with cartoons.

For a moment, he felt a queer sharp pang of what was almost jealousy; these kids were too little, he thought—they didn't understand what it was all about, they didn't know what it was to be really afraid. He hadn't lived like a lot of those fellows in the business; those guys deserved what they got, but he'd lived a quiet life and a sober one—one cocktail before dinner, regular exercise, early to bed. Gave up the cigarettes at thirty-three, before they even knew how bad the damned things were; last year, at sixty-two, they'd finally caught up. The crowning inequity in a life full of bad deals. He'd joked sourly with Dolores, after they'd put him on the stuff that made him lose his dinner, that at least he was already bald, at least he wasn't going to lose his hair.

He paused outside the door. It stood partly open, waiting for his arrival. He fumbled in his coat pocket for the tam and—glancing at the ghost of his reflection illumined in the chill glass of a reception area opposite—placed it at a jaunty, Geordie-like angle on his bald head. The dim outline of his face shocked him. Dentures; flaccid cheeks; ghastly pouches under the eyes. His nose was as pinched as a dead man's. *Maybe it'll be a comfort to the poor kid after all,* he thought crossly. *To see what she'd have to look forward to, to die and to know what she's not missing.*

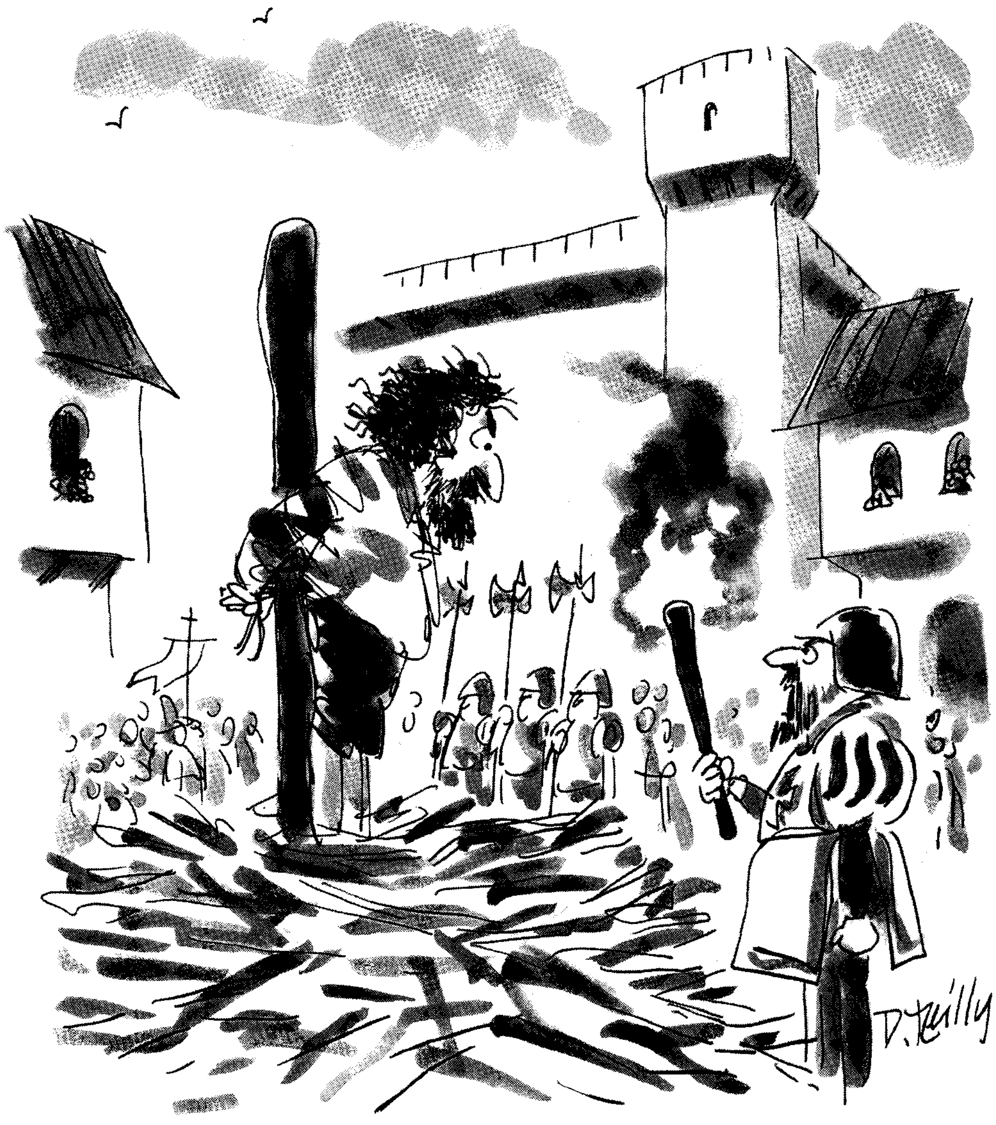
He nudged the door open. Instantly, a couple of anxious parents—young, kids themselves, really—rose nervous and smiling from their bedside chairs, but his fleeting impression of them was broken by a welcoming bark, a small gray blur dashing recklessly to meet him: *Bobbie*, he thought incredulously, *Bobbie*, and was knocked nearly breathless by a wild, mysterious surge of joy.

He glanced up. Everywhere he looked, his own lost face stared back at him, from rain-swept piers and rocky landscapes, from the thundery dark of the artificial skies: magical, defiant, impossibly young.

Then, with a jolt, he became aware of the little girl. She was sitting up in bed, propped on pillows and looking at him attentively. Tiny hands, like bird claws, rested on the edge of the coverlet; her face was mottled with broken capillaries, lurid purple blotches the color of grape jelly; she was as ugly and as fragile as a new-hatched chick. But there was a composure, a sweet intelligence about the eyes that regarded him calmly from the grotesque little face; on her head, as bald as his own, was perched a little red tam-o'-shanter.

Suddenly he was struck hard, disoriented, by a shudder of nausea: barking dog, chorus of photographs, the stare of his own heartless young eyes. The little girl—cruel plastic butterfly, which hid the needle of her I.V., perched bright on the tender veins of her wrist—was looking at him with a good-humored, impartial, open-ended welcome, as if he were a stranger whose eyes she had chanced to meet on a railroad platform while she was scanning the unfamiliar faces for the face of a long-awaited loved one. And then she smiled, as though he were the best thing she'd ever seen, as though she'd been waiting for him all her life: "Hello, Geordie," she said in a high, clear voice.

The little dog was mad with excitement; it spun around him, barking in joyous circles as he went across the room to her, his arms held out to her tiny, bruised arms, which she stretched out to greet him, the wings of the stinging blue butterfly brushing his cheek: lover to lover, ruin to ruin. "Hello," he said to her, bending low, in a voice so boyish it surprised him, "hello, me wee Highland lassie." ♦



"Why don't you make us all feel better and just admit that you're a deeply flawed human being?"

FICTION

WASTED LIVES

BY FAY WELDON

THEY'RE turning the City into Disneyland. They're restoring the ancient façades and painting them apple-green, firming up the medieval gables and picking out the gargoyles in yellow. They're gold-leafing the church spires. They've boarded up the more stinking alleys until they get round to them, and as State property becomes private, the shops that were always there are suddenly gone, as if simply painted out. In the eaves above Benetton and the Body Shop, cherubs wreathe pale, cleaned-stone limbs, and even the great red McDonald's sign has been especially muted to rosy pink for this, its Central European edition. Don't think crass commerce rules the day as the former Communist world opens its arms wide to the seduction of market forces: the good taste of the new capitalist world leaps yowling into the embrace as well—a fresh-faced baby monster, with its yearning to prettify and make the serious quaint, to turn the rat into Mickey Mouse and the wolf into Goofy.

Milena and I walked through knots of tourists, toward the famous Processional Bridge, circa 1357. I had always admired its sooty stamina, its dismal persistence through the turbulence of rising and falling empire. It was my habit to stay with Milena when I came to the City. I'd let Head Office book me into a hotel, to save official embarrassment, then spend my nights with her, and some part of my days, if courtesy so required. I was fond of her but did not love her, or loved only in the throes of the sexual excitement she was so good at summoning out of me. She made excellent coffee. If I sound disagreeable and calculating, it is because I am attempting to speak the truth about the events on the Processional Bridge that day, and the truth of motive seldom warms the listener's heart. I am generally accepted as a pleasant and kindly enough person. My family loves me, even my wife Joanna, though she and I live apart and are no longer sexually connected. She doesn't have to love me.

Milena is an archivist at the City Film Arts Institute. I work for a U.S. film company, from their London office. I suppose, if you add it up, I have spent some three months in the City over the last five years—before and after the fall of the Berlin Wall and the Great Retreat of Communism, a tide sweeping back over shallow sand into an obscure distance. Some three months in all spent with Milena.

Her English was not as good as she thought. Conversation could be difficult. Today she was not dressed warmly enough. It was June, but the wind was cold. Perhaps she thought her coat was too shabby to stand the inspection of the bright early-summer sun. I was accustomed to seeing her either naked or dressed in black—a color, or lack of it, that suited the gaunt drama of her face—but today, like her city, she wore pastel colors. I wished it were not so.

Beat your head not into the Berlin Wall but into cotton wool, machine-pleated in interesting baby shades, plastic-wrapped. Suffocation takes many forms.

"You should have brought your coat," I said.

"It's so old," she said. "I am ashamed of it."

"I like it," I said.

"It's old," she repeated, dismissively. "I would rather freeze."

For Milena the past was all dreary, the future all dread and expectation. A brave face must be put on everything. She smiled up at me. I am six foot three inches and bulky: she was all of five and a half foot, and skinny with it. The sweater was too tight: I could see her ribs through the stretched fabric, and the nipples, too. In the old days she would never have allowed that to happen. She would have let her availability be known in other, more subtle ways. Her teeth were bad: one in the front broken, a couple gray. When she wore black, their eccentricity seemed a matter of course; a delight, even. Now she wore green, they were yellowy, and seemed a perverse tribute to years of neglect, poverty, and bad diet. Eastern teeth, not Western. I wished she would not smile, or trust me so.

The Castle still looks down over the City, as does the extension to that tureted tourist delight—the long, low stone building with its rows of identical windows, tier upon tier of them, blank and anonymous, to demonstrate the way brute force gives way to the subtler yet more stifling energies of bureaucracy. You can't do this, you can't live like that, not because I have a sword to run you through but because Our Masters frown on it. And your papers have not risen to the top of the pile.

Up there in the Castle that day, a newly elected government was trying to piece together from the flesh of this nation and the bones of that a new, living, changing organism, a new constitution. New, new, new. I wished them every luck with it, but they could not make Milena's bad teeth good, or stop her smiling at me as if she wanted something. I wondered what it was. She'd not used to smile like this: it was a new trick: it sat badly on her doleful face.

We reached the Processional Bridge, which crosses the river between the Palace and the Cathedral. "The oldest bridge in Europe," said Milena. We had walked across it many times before. She had made this remark many times before. Look left down the river, and you could see where it carved its way through the mountains that form the natural boundaries of this small nation; look right, and you looked into mist. On either bank the ancient city crowded in, in its crumbly, pre-Disney form, all eaves, spires, and casements, spared from the blasts of war for one reason or another, or perhaps by just plain miracle. But Emperors and Popes must have somewhere decent to be crowned, and Dictators, too, need a background for pomp and circumstance, crave some acknowledgment from history: a name engraved in gold in a Cathedral, a majestic tomb in a gracious square still standing.

It can't be all rubble, or what's the point?

I offered Milena my coat. It seemed to me that she and I were at some crucial point in not just our story but everyone's—that the decisions we made here today had some general relevance to the way the world was going. I could at least share some warmth with her. My monthly Western salary would keep her in comfort for a year, but what could I do about that? If she wanted a new coat from me, it would have nothing to do with her desire to be warm; she would want it as a token of my love. She didn't mind shivering. Her discomfort was both a demonstration of martyrdom and a symbol of pride.

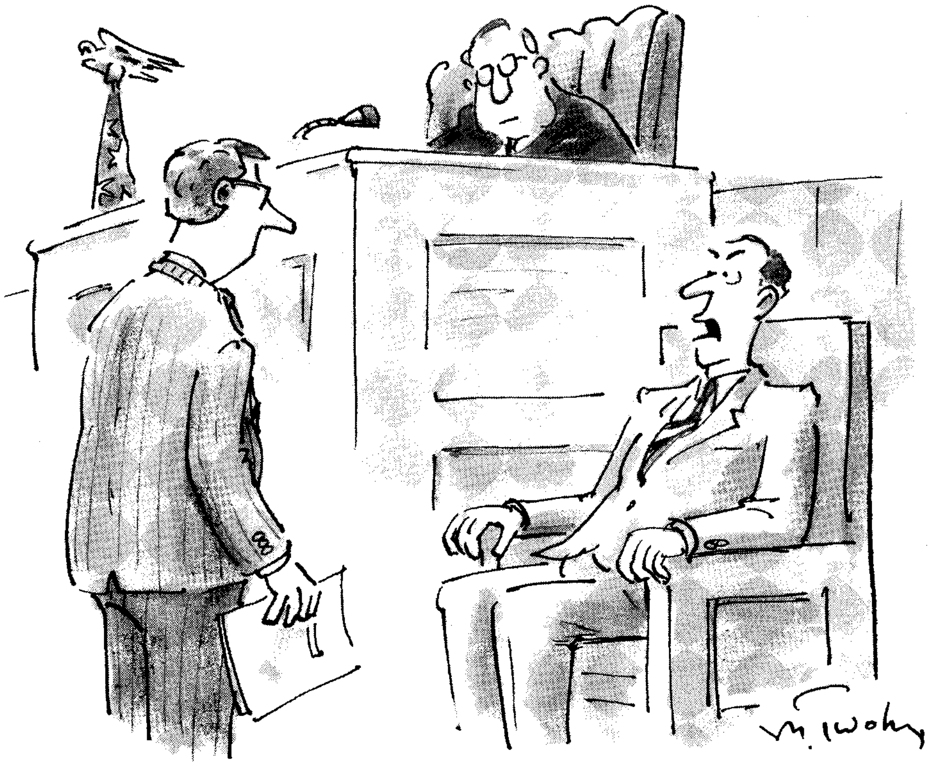
"I am not cold," she said.

THE City is a favorite location for film companies. The place is cheap, its money valueless in the real world, and its appetite for hard currency voracious, which means good deals can be had. The quaint, colorful locations are inexpensively historicized—though the satellite dishes are these days becoming too numerous to dodge easily. And there are few parking problems, and highly trained postproduction technicians, efficient labs, excellent cameramen, sensitive sound men, and so on—and cheap, so cheap. Those who lived in the City had escaped the fate of so many of the hitherto Russian-dominated lands—the sullen refusal of the oppressed and exploited to do anything right, to be anything other than inefficient, to be sloppy and lazy, in the hope that the colonizing power would simply give up and go away, shaking the dust of the conquered land from its feet. And the power it had amassed lay not of course in the strength of the ideology it professed, as the West in its muddled way assumed, but in the strength of arms and organization of that single, colonizing, ambitious nation Russia. Ask anyone between Budapest and Samarkand, Tbilisi and the Siberian flatlands, and they would tell you whom they feared and hated. Russia, the motherland, announcing itself to a gullible world as the Soviet Union. Harsh mother, pretending kindness, using Marxism-Leninism as the religious tool of government and exploitation, as once in the South Americas Spain had used Christianity.

In the City they kept their wits about them: too sophisticated for the numbing rituals of mind control ever quite to work, for the concrete of the workers' blocks quite to take over from the tubercular gables and back alleys, to stifle the whispers of dissent, to quieten the gossip and mirth of café society. McDonald's has achieved that now, with its bright, forbidding jollity, and who in the brave new world of freedom can afford a cup of coffee anyway, has anything interesting or persuasive to say, now that everyone has what they wanted? Better, better by far, to travel hopefully than to arrive, to have to face the fact that the journey is not out of blackness into light but from one murky confusion into another. Happiness and fulfillment lie in our affections for one another, not in the forms that our societies take. If only I were in love with Milena, this walk across the bridge would be a delight. I would feel the air bright with the happiness of the hopeful young.

Be that as it may, the City was always better than anywhere else for filming. Go to Romania and you'd find the castles still full of manacled prisoners clanking their chains; try Poland and you'd have to fly in special food for your stars; in Hungary the cameraman would have artistic tantrums. But here in the City there would be gaiety, fun, sometimes even sparkle—the clatter of high heels on cobblestones, sultry looks from sultry eyes, and of course nights with Milena in the fringy, shabby apartment with the high, white-mantled brass bed, and good strong coffee in porcelain cups for breakfast. Milena, forever languidly busy, about my body or about her work, off to the Institute or back from it. Women worked hard in this country, as women were accustomed to all over the Soviet Union. Equality for women meant an equal obligation to work, the official direction of your labor, sleeping with your boss if he so required, the placement of your child in a crèche, as well as the cultural expectation that you get married, run a home, and empty the brimming ashtrays while your husband put his feet up. Joanna would have none of that kind of thing; for the male visitor from the West the Eastern European woman is paradise, if you can hack it, if your conscience can stand it—if you can bear being able to buy affection and constancy.

I hadn't been with Milena for three months or so. Now I found her changed, like her city. I wondered about her constancy. It occurred to me that it was foolish of me to expect it. As did the rest of the nation, she now paid at least lip service to market forces: perhaps these worked sexually as well. Rumor had it



"Doesn't anyone ever say 'please' anymore?"

that there were now twenty-five thousand prostitutes in the City and an equal number of pimps, as men and women decided to make the best financial use of available resources. I discovered I was not so much jealous as rather hoping for evidence of Milena's infidelity, which would let me off whatever vague hook it was I found myself upon. Not so difficult a hook. She and I had always been discreet: I had not mentioned our relationship to a soul back home. Milena was in another country; she did not really count: her high, bouncing bosom, her narrow rib cage and fleshless hips vanished from my erotic imagination as the plane reached the far side of the mountaintops—the turbulence serving as some rite of passage—to reimprint the attraction only as I passed over them once again, on my return.

The cleaning processes had not yet reached the bridge, I was glad to see. The stone saints who lined it were still black with the accumulated grime of the past.

"Who are these saints?" I asked, but Milena didn't know. Some hold books, others candles; noses are weather-flattened. Milena apologized for her ignorance. She had not, she said, had the opportunity of a religious education: she hoped her son Milo would. Her son lived with Milena's mother, who was a good Catholic, in the Southern Province—a place about to secede, to become independent, to ethnic-cleanse in its own time, in its own way.

"I didn't know you had a son," I said. I was surprised, and ashamed at myself for being so uncurious about her. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"It's my problem," Milena said. "I don't want to burden you. He's ten now. When he was born I was not well, and times were hard. It seemed better that he go to my mother. But she's getting old now, and there's trouble in the Southern Province. They are not nice people down there."

Once the City's dislike and suspicion had been reserved for the Russians. Now it had been unleashed and spread everywhere. The day the Berlin Wall fell, Milena and I had been sitting next to each other in the small Institute cinema, watching the demonstration reels of politically sound directors available for work, in the strange, flickering half-dark of such places. Her small white hand had strayed unexpectedly onto my thigh, unashamedly direct in its approach. But then exhilaration and expectation, mixed with fear, were in the air. Sex seemed the natural expression of such emotions, such events. And perhaps that was why I never quite trusted her, never quite loved her, found it so easy to forget her when she wasn't under my nose—I despised her because it was she who had approached me, not I her. If Joanna and I are apart it's because I'm so conditioned in the old, prefeminist ways of thinking that I'm impossible for a civilized woman to live with, or so she says. I am honest, that is to say, and scrupulous in the investigation of my feelings and opinions.

"Why didn't you put the child into a crèche?" I asked. It shocked me that Milena, that any woman, could give a child away so easily.

"I was in a crèche," she said bleakly. "It's the same for nearly everyone in this city under forty. The crèche was our real home, our parents were strangers. I didn't want it to happen to Milo. He was better with my mother, though there are too many Muslims down there. More and more of them. It's like a disease."

I caught the stony eye of baby Jesus on St. Joseph's shoulder—that one, at least, I knew—and one or the other sent me a vision, not that I believed in such things, as I looked down at the greeny, sickly waters of the river. I saw, ranked and rippling, row upon row of infants, small, pale children, institutionalized, deprived, pasty-faced from the atrocious city food—meat, starch, fat, no fruit, no vegetables—and understood that I was looking at the destruction of a people. They turned their little faces to me in despair, and I looked quickly up and away and back at Milena to shake off the vision; but there behind her, where the river met the sky, I saw that nation grown up, marching toward me into the mists of its future, a sad mockery of those sunny early Social Realist posters that decked my local, once Marxist, now leftish bookshop back home: the proletariat marching square-jawed and determined into the new dawn, scythes and spanners at the ready. Here there were no square jaws, only wretchedness: the quivering lip of the English ex-public-school boy, wrenched from his home at a tender age, now made general; the same profound, puzzled sorrow spread through an entire young population, male and female. See it in the easy, surface emotion, the facile sexuality, the rush of tears to the eyes, uncontrolled and uncontrollable, pleading for a recognition that never comes, a comfort that is unavailable. "Pity

NO LONGER CUTE
VICTOR

me"—the unspoken words upon a nation's lips—"because I am indeed pitiable. I have been deprived of freedom—yes, of course, all that. And of proper food and of fancy things, consumer durables and material wealth of every kind, all that. But mostly I have been robbed of my birthright, my mother, my father, my home. And how can I ever recover from that?" Then there is a murmur, as a last, despairing cry, the latest prayer—"Market forces, market forces." Say it over and over, as once the Hail Mary was said, to ward off all ills and rescue the soul, but we know in our hearts it won't work. There is no magic here contained. Wasted lives, lost souls, unfixable. Pity me, pity me, pity me.

"I THINK the fog's coming down," said Milena, and so it was. The new dawn faded into it. A young man on the bridge was selling black rubber spiders: you hurled them against a board and they crept down, leg over leg; stillness alternating with sudden movement. No one was buying.

"Well," I said, "I expect you made the right decision about Milo. What happened to his father?" I turned to button her jacket. I wanted her warmed. This much, at least, I could do. Perhaps if she was warm she would not feel so much hate for the Southern Province and its people.

"We are divorced," she said. "I am free to marry again. Look, there's Jesus crucified. Hanging from nails in his hands. At least the Communists took down the crosses. Why should we have to think about torture all the time? It was the Russians taught our secret police their tricks: we would never have come to it on our own."

I commented on the contradiction between her wanting her son to have a Catholic upbringing and her dislike of the Christian symbol, the tortured man upon the cross, but she shrugged it off: she did not want the point pursued. She was not interested in it. She saw no virtue in consistency. First you had this feeling; then that: that was all there was to it. No parent had ever intervened between the tantrum and its cause; no doubt Milena, along with the rest of her generation, had been slapped into silence when protesting frustration and outrage. She was wounded; she was damaged: not her fault, but there it was. What I'd seen as childlike, as charming, in the early stages of a relationship was in the end merely irritating. I could not stir myself to become interested in her son or in a marriage that had ended in divorce. I could not take her initial commitment seriously.

"I'm pregnant," Milena now says. "Last time you were here we made a baby. Isn't that wonderful? Now you will marry me, and take me to London, and we will live happily ever after."

Fiends come surging up the river through the mist, past me—gaunt, soundlessly shrieking. These are the ghosts of the insulted, the injured, the wronged and tortured, whose efforts have been in vain. Those whose language has been taken away, whose bodies have been starved; they are the wrongfully dead. All the great rivers of the world carry these images with them; over time they have infected me by their existence. They breathe all around me. I take in their exhalations. I am their persecutor, their ruler, the origin of their woes: the one who despises. They shake their ghoulish locks at me; they mock me with their sightless eyes, snapping to attention as they pass. Eyes right! Blind eyes, forever staring. They honor me, the living.

"Is something the matter?" asks Milena. "Aren't you happy? You told me you loved me."

Did I? Probably. I remind her that I've also told her that I'm married.

"But you will divorce her," she says. "Why not? Your children are grown. She doesn't need you anymore. I do."

Her eyes are large in their hollows: she fears disaster. Of course she does. It so often happens. I can hardly tell whether she is alive or dead. To have a child with a ghost!

Milena is perfectly right. Joanna doesn't need me. Milena does. The first night I went with Milena she was wearing a purple velvet bra. It fired me sexually, it was so extraordinary, but it put too great an element of pity into what otherwise could have been love. There seemed something more valuable in my wife's white Marks & Spencer bra with

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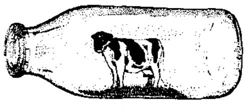

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Bernard Schoenbaum

its valiant label, 40A. Broad-backed, that is, and flat-chested. I supposed Milena's to be a 36C. English women lean toward the pear-shaped; the City women toward the top-heavy. It's unfashionable, dangerous even, to make comparisons between the characteristics of the peoples of the world—this tribe, that tribe, this religion or that. The ghouls that people the river, who send their dying breath back, day after day, in the form of the fog that blights the place, mists up the new Disney façades with mystery droplets, met their end because people like me whispered, nudged, and made odious comparisons, and the odium grew and grew and ended in torture, murder, slaughter, genocide. Nevertheless, I must insist: it is true. Pear-shaped that lot, top-heavy this. And if I suspected Milena's purple velvet bra of being some kind of secret-police state issue, or part of the Film Arts Institute's plan to attract hard currency and Western business, an end toward which their young female staff were encouraged, even paid, it is not surprising. Had I been of her nationality, I knew well enough, her hand would not have strayed across my thigh in the film-flickering dark. I was offended that the Gods of Freedom, Good Health, Good Teeth, Good Nourishment, Prosperity, and Market Forces, whom I myself did not worship, endowed me with this wondrous capacity to attract. I could snap my fingers and all the girls in Eastern Europe would come trotting and fall on their knees.

"Milena," I said, and I was only temporizing, "I have no way of knowing this baby is mine, if baby there be."

Milena threw her hands into the air, and cried aloud—a thin, horrid squeal, chin to the heavens, lips drawn back in a harsh grimace. There were few people left on the bridge. The fog had driven them away. The seller of rubber spiders had given up and gone home. Milena ran toward the parapet and wriggled and crawled until she lay along its top on the cold stone, and then she simply rolled off and fell into the water below; this in the most casual way possible. Between my straightforward question and this dramatic answer only fifteen seconds can have intervened. I was too stunned to feel alarm. I found myself leaning over the parapet to look downward; the fog was patchy. I saw a police launch veer off course and make for the spot where Milena fell. No doubt she had seen it coming or she would not have done what she did—launched herself into thick air, thin, swirling water. I had confidence in her ability to survive. Authorities of one kind or another, as merciful in succor as they were cruel in the detection of sedition, would pull her out of the wet murk, dry her, wrap her in blankets, warm her, return her to her apartment. She would be all right.

I walked to the end of the bridge, unsure as to whether I would then turn left to the police pier and Milena or to the right and the taxi rank. Why had the woman done it? Hysteria, despair, or was it some convenient local way of terminating unwanted pregnancies? I could take a flight back home, if I chose, forty-eight hours earlier than I had intended. The flights were full, but I would get a priority booking, as befitted my status, however whimsical, as a provider of hard currency. The powerful are indeed whimsical: they leave their elegant droppings where they choose—be they Milena's baby, Benetton, the Marlboro ads that now dominate the City: no end even now to the wheezing, the coughing, the death rattling along the river.

I turned to the right, where the taxis stood waiting for stray foreigners anxious to get out of the fog, back to their hotels.

"To the airport," I said. The driver understood. "To the airport" are golden words to taxi drivers all over the world. This way, at least, I created a smile. To have turned left would have meant endless trouble. I was thoroughly out of love with Milena. I wanted to help, of course I did, but the child in the Southern Province would have had to be fetched by the Catholic mother, taken in. There would be no end to it. My children would not accept a new family: Joanna would be made thoroughly miserable. To do good to one is to do bad to another. But you don't need to hear my excuses. They are the same that everyone makes to themselves when faced with the misery of others; though they would like to do the right thing, they simply fail to do so and look after themselves instead. ♦

Cosmo Condina/Tony Stone Worldwide

Doug Armand/Tony Stone Worldwide

Mark Lewis/Tony Stone Worldwide

ISLAND WORLD

What is it about islands that delight us so? From early childhood we know they are places for adventure. Pirates live on them, along with cheeky green parrots who curse with impressive fluency. Ships are wrecked against their rocky shores, forcing survivors to find refuge in caves, huts made of palm fronds, or—best of all—treehouses.

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There are no parents on the islands of our childhood, no older brothers or sisters, no school in the morning, or enforced bedtimes; no television, either, but somehow we manage not to dwell on that. We are alone—not lonely, but gloriously separate. The only story being told on this little circle of land is our story.

This separateness is part of the appeal of islands to adults as well. In our secret hearts we are all isolationists—and why not? It is undeniably satisfying to put a wide, shiny expanse of blue water between ourselves and the office, the car payments, and the spring flu epidemic. Just the idea makes us smile.

> **It is undeniably satisfying to put a wide, shiny expanse of blue water between ourselves and everyday life.**

As for the reality—from Hawaii to Bonaire, the islands await. Here are just some of the choices.

THE CARIBBEAN

The 7,000 (by one count) islands between Florida and South America are a kaleidoscope of cultures, topographies, and cuisines. About the only thing they share is a dazzling tropical brightness: from the Bahamas to Trinidad, the Caribbean glows with the colors of life near the equator. And after a vacation drenched in fuchsia, canary, mango, and aqua, it may take travellers a little while to readjust to the more subdued palette of life up north.

Spices are used throughout the islands to create unique dishes.

Jon Riley/Tony Stone Worldwide

The flavors of the Caribbean region are as bold and seductive as its hues. Blending island spices with African, Asian, and European recipes, Caribbean chefs have come up with cuisines that both surprise and delight the visitor.

A few examples: East meets West in Trinidad, with curried chicken and potatoes wrapped in Indian-style roti bread. On Curaçao the accent is Indonesian, with

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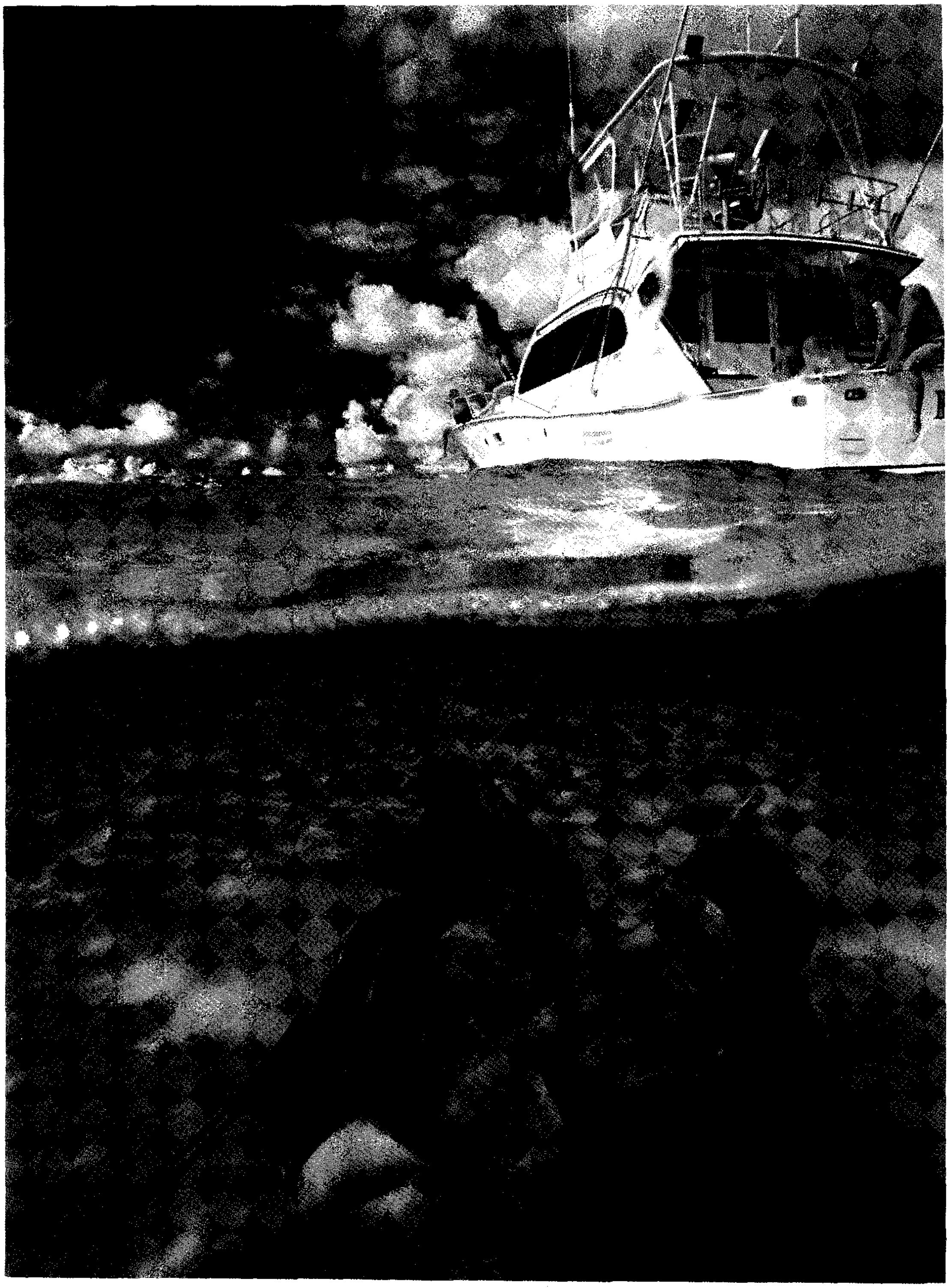
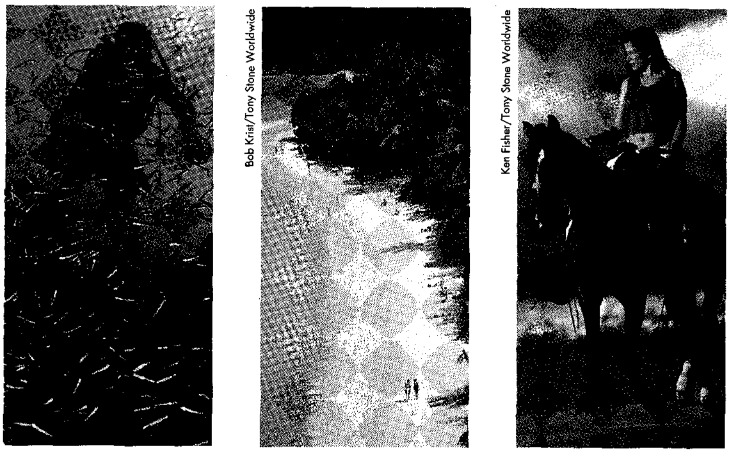


CAYMAN ISLANDS

"Those who know us, love us."

twenty-course rijsttafels mixing Southeast Asian cooking styles and local staples like salt cod, conch, and plantains.

The spiciness of Barbadian flying fish marinated in a blend of fresh lime juice and red pepper is a surprise, albeit a welcome one, on an island best known for its British influences. Martinique and Guadeloupe offer the closest the region gets to classic French cooking, although some of the best island dishes contain unusual ingredients that are rarely spotted in Provence.


Tony Stone Worldwide

Bob Krist/Tony Stone Worldwide

Ken Fisher/Tony Stone Worldwide

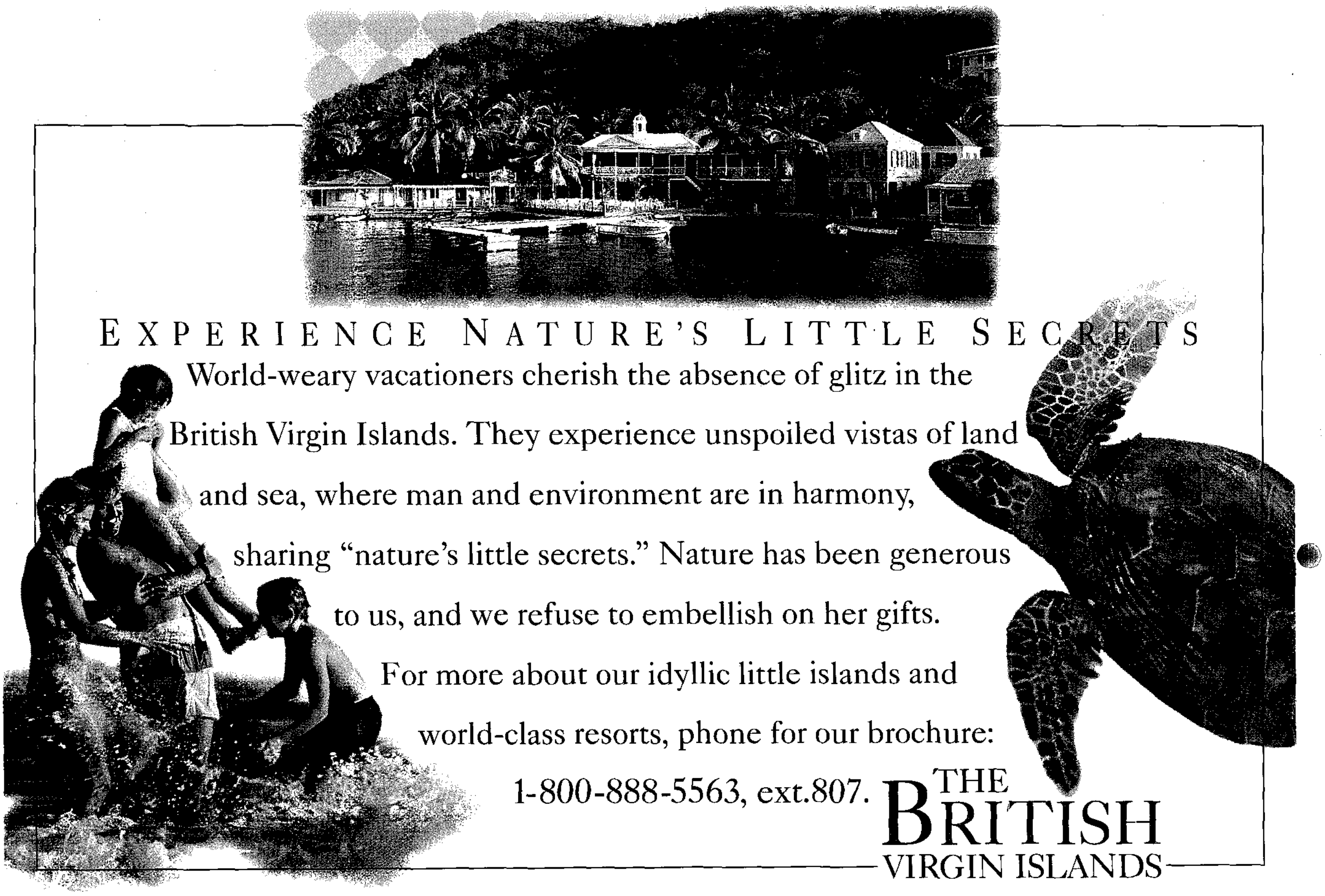
With its excellent scuba diving and beautiful beaches, the Caribbean is a water-lover's paradise. Horseback riding along the coast is another way to enjoy the shore.

With several culinary influences and delectable island foods, the watchword of Caribbean cuisine is variety, a term that applies equally well to the region's exquisite beaches. While every island offers some combination of sparkling blue water and scenic shoreline, the elements and proportions differ. Each Caribbean island has a unique personality, comprising different elements of outdoor activities, tourist traffic, and evening entertainment. Travellers can easily find an island to suit specific desires.

For mile-long stretches of pinkish-white sand lined with upscale hotels equipped with every imaginable amenity, try Aruba, Antigua, Grand Cayman, or St. James parish on Barbados. On the other end of the scale, secluded coves are plentiful and almost ideal on Anguilla, Tobago, and the Grenadines. For those who want it all, the islands of St. Barts and Grenada run the gamut, offering a combination of types.

The ultimate in get-away-from-it-all beaches are in the Turks, the Caicos, and the group of tiny, lesser-known British Virgin Islands (which have unlikely names like Cooper, Norman, Peter, and Guana). These remote, peaceful islands are a soothing retreat, offering a slow pace, tasty island foods, and breathtaking scenery at every glance. The best way to reach these islands is by yacht; the best way to explore them is by sailing from one beachfront bar to the next, sampling versions of the official local drink, the Painkiller, and tasting different island dishes at each stop. Not only is this type of tour fun, but the excursion enables vacationers to get a feel for several islands, as well as many ideas for planning future vacations in the Caribbean.

The British Virgin Islands, or B.V.I. as they're also known, have built a well-deserved reputation as the home of absolute nothingness—no crowds, no lines, no glitz, no stress, no traffic. These pleasing attributes make for an ideal vacation destination for the weary traveller. It's said that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Antigua and Barbuda Tourist Board
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Barbados Board of Tourism
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Cayman Islands Department of Tourism
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French West Indies Tourist Board
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Robert Louis Stevenson based his *Treasure Island* on Tortola, and the island is still as beautiful— and virtually as deserted— now as it was in Stevenson's time.

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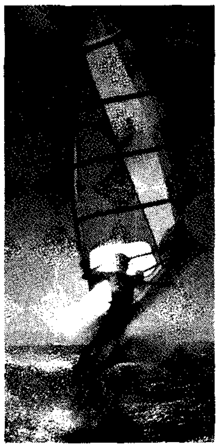
The Caribbean's natural wonders range from the majestic rain forests of Puerto Rico to Jamaica's Blue Mountains.

Although the diving is excellent throughout the Caribbean, the waters surrounding the Cayman Islands have long been considered the creme de la creme. The three islands are actually the peaks of undersea mountains, their "slopes" covered with a fantastic array of coral and inhabited by a teeming universe of tropical fish. Best of all, you don't have to be an expert diver to see the show — many spectacular sights are accessible to snorkelers, and Atlantis submarines provide the uninitiated with an entree into the "lower depths."


The Caribbean is notorious for its superior windsurfing.

Bob Torrez/Tony Stone Worldwide

Above the water as well as below, there's plenty to keep the active traveller occupied. Windsurfing is popular on every island, but achieves world-class status on Aruba, Antigua, Martinique, and Guadeloupe. Sport fishing rules the waves in Jamaica, where the blue marlins reach legendary size. Marlin, wahoo, sailfish, tuna, pompano, and tarpon are also abundant in the waters off Anguilla, the Caymans, the United States Virgin Islands, and Puerto Rico. On land, golf and tennis are played throughout the islands, and the best golf courses are in Puerto

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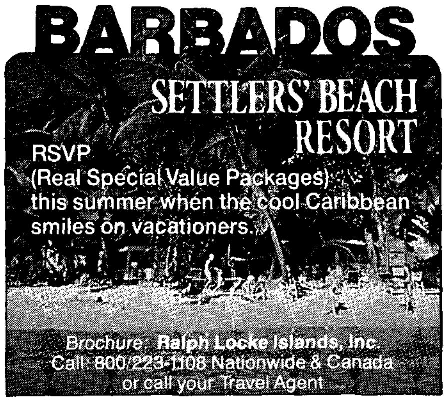
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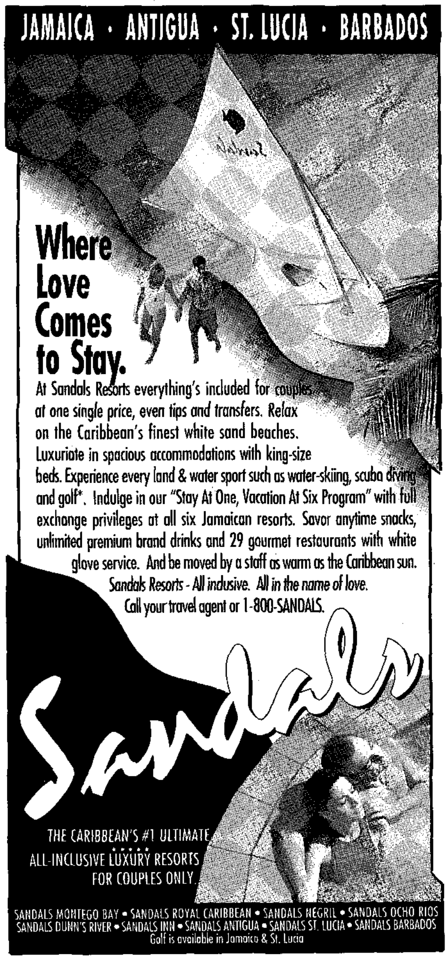
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Rico, Barbados, Jamaica, and the Dominican Republic. Many of the major hotels offer golf and tennis clinics taught by on-site and visiting professionals.

Because so much of its appeal is in its pristine beauty, the Caribbean is one of the world leaders in programs that preserve and enhance the environment. Laws protect the coral reefs, land flora, and indigenous wildlife of the region so that visitors can continue to enjoy them.

The United States Virgin Islands have been especially tireless in their ecological efforts, with outstanding results. Laws protect the coral reefs, land, and wildlife throughout the islands of St. Thomas, St. Croix, and St. John. Many of the hotels participate in recycling programs, and at least one resort has elevated walkways so visitors don't trample the foliage.

The Caribbean's natural wonders range from the majestic rain forests of Puerto Rico, Dominica, and Grenada to Jamaica's Blue Mountains and the volcanoes of Martinique, Saba, St. Vincent, and St. Lucia. Hikers can choose from some of the world's most exotic topographies, including Grenada's Grand Etang National Park and Puerto Rico's El Yunque rain forest. There's also excellent hiking in and around The Quill, an extinct volcano at the southern tip of tiny St. Eustatius.

For travellers seeking an off-the-beaten-track vacation experience, many of the Caribbean islands feature small guest houses with a casual atmosphere. In Puerto Rico, you can stay at Paradores Puertorriquenos, or country inns, in towns like Luquillo—near the island's most beautiful beach—and Jayuya, on a former coffee plantation in the heart of the Central Mountain Range.

Barbados and Jamaica also have a number of small guest houses, which provide an unparalleled introduction to the island people and their culture. Both islands offer meet-the-people programs and encourage visitors to participate in local festivals and events.

The small islands of St. Kitts and Nevis are home to several delightful inns located on the grounds of former sugar plantations. These secluded, romantic settings are perfect for honeymooners and others seeking a very private and tranquil vacation, as are the luxurious villas of Montserrat.

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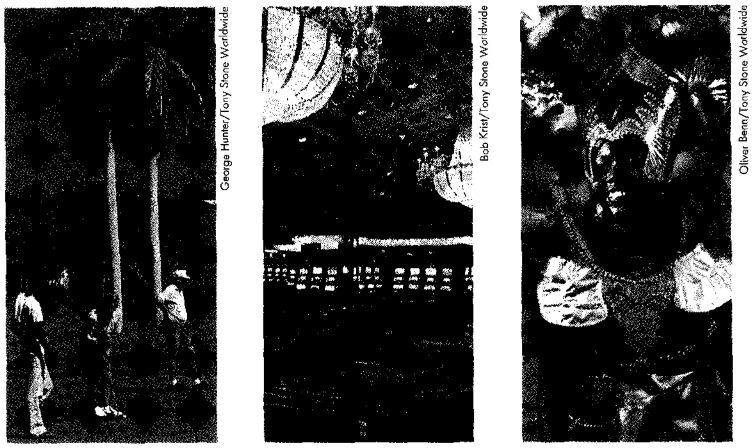
George Hunter/Tony Stone Worldwide

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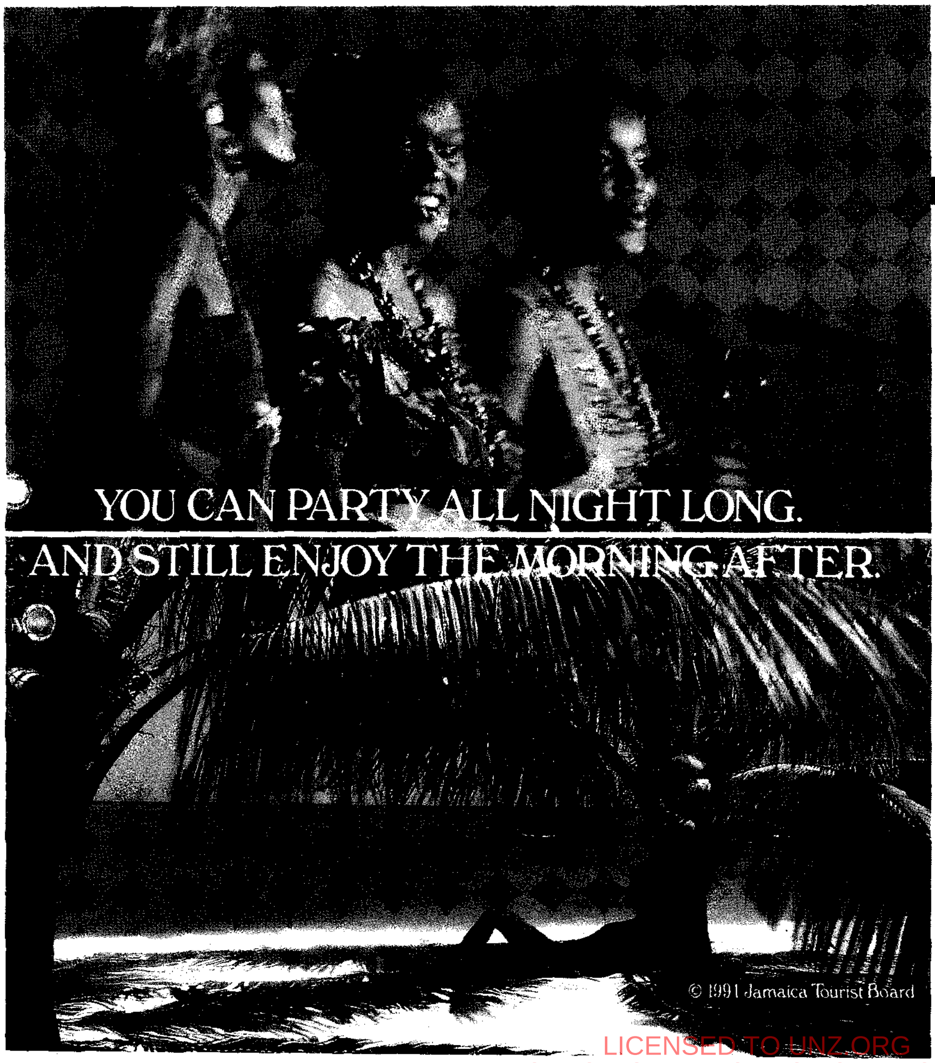
Not all activities in the Caribbean take place in the water. There's also fun to be found on the golf courses, in the casinos, and at its night clubs.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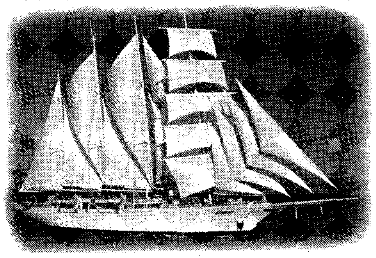

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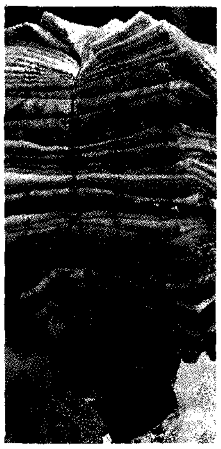
several islands offer an exotic array of night-time activities. Try your luck at casinos in Puerto Rico, Aruba, the Dominican Republic, Antigua, Sint Maarten (the Dutch side of St. Martin), Curaçao, Nassau and Paradise Island in the Bahamas. Reggae and dance hall bands play all night in Jamaica, while Calypso is king in Trinidad. You can also dance to an island beat in Bridgetown, Barbados, where the hottest clubs start jumping at around midnight.

Don't use up all your energy on the dance floor. Save some for the Caribbean's famed duty-free shopping.

Don't use up all your energy on the dance floor, however—you'll want to save some for the Caribbean's famed duty-free shopping. The capital of St. Thomas, Charlotte Amalie, is the closest the region has to a shopping mall, with narrow streets and alleys packed with duty-free shops selling such items as jewelry, liquor, china, cosmetics, and leather goods.

There are also bargains to be found in Philipsburg on Sint Maarten, and in Santo Domingo, the capital of the Dominican Republic. Curaçao, although not technically a duty-free port, offers some of the best prices on European luxury items such as crystal, Swiss watches, Dutch chocolates, and British woollens.

Curaçao offers several surprises in addition to superlative shopping. As part of the Netherlands Antilles (along with Aruba and Bonaire), it is still under the rule of the Dutch government and retains a European flavor. The streets of the capital, Willemstad, are lined with narrow houses built by Dutch merchants during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the Floating Market in the harbor is a Caribbean version of the Floating Flower Market in Amsterdam.



Spend a day shopping at one of the Caribbean's open-air markets.

Bob Krist/Tony Stone Worldwide

Many of the islands boast significant examples of colonial architecture, but the queen among Caribbean cities is indisputably magnificent Old San Juan, Puerto Rico. First colonized by Christopher Columbus five hundred years ago, the island remained under Spanish rule until 1917. In order to protect its investment, the Spaniards built an impressive series of fortifications around the capital city, including El Morro, a massive structure that still guards the entrance to the harbor, and La Fortaleza, a sixteenth-century tower that was later converted into a governor's residence. Today, the city of Old San Juan is a maze of narrow streets lined with shops, churches, museums, and plazas reminiscent of Spain's most scenic towns.

Bob Krist/Tony Stone Worldwide

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The Caribbean's architecture—and art—are distinct; extraordinary beaches and first-rate hotels make Hawaii a favorite tourist desination.

Several of the Caribbean islands, most notably Jamaica and Haiti, have thriving communities of artists whose work is available for export. Visitors to these islands will find a wide selection of top-quality Jamaican art, including well-known names like Edna Manley, Kapo, and Geraldine Robbins, at Kingston galleries and at Harmony Hall, a former Great House turned exhibition space. On the island of Haiti, artisans create whimsical beasts out of sheets of tin, then paint them or leave them plain to weather the elements.

* * *

Hawaii is one of the world's most popular tourist destinations, yet much of it remains gloriously untouristy. The pleasures here are simply too big to wrap in slick marketing packages—from the awesome forces on display at Hawaii Volcanoes National Park, to Kauai's rugged Na Pali coast and the joyous, gigantic antics of humpback whales off the coast of Maui.

There are a total of eight Hawaiian islands, of which two—Kahoolawe and Niihau—are closed to the public. Travellers to the islands usually land at Honolulu International Airport on Oahu, while many visitors stay in the Honolulu area, which combines the best (stunning beaches, excellent hotels, shops, and restaurants) and most commercial aspects of a Hawaiian vacation experience.

After Oahu, the second most-visited Hawaiian island is Maui. Vacationers here are fanatics; they wouldn't dream of going anywhere else, and with good reason. From the ultra-sophisticated resort areas of Kapalua and Wailea to the virtually untouched eastern coastline, the island of Maui brews a heady potion that contains something for just about everyone, no matter what the traveller is looking for.

The Big Island of Hawaii is the site of Hawaii Volcanoes National Park, a natural wonder that has become more spectacular in recent years, as the volcano called Kilauea began spewing streams of molten lava towards the sea. Kilauea is still erupting—slowly—and you can hike or drive to its vicinity for a breathtaking brush with the forces of nature.

The other three Hawaiian islands—Kauai, Molokai, and Lanai—offer travellers varying degrees of seclusion in settings of unadulterated splendor. Highlights include the ruins of Molokai's earliest settlement in the Halawa Valley, which was devastated by a tidal wave in 1946; Kauai's exquisite Na Pali coast, which is accessible only by boat, helicopter, or (for the truly intrepid) on foot; and Lanai's beautiful Hulopoe Beach, with its spectacular and clear water (perfect for snorkelers).

Deborah Bannister is a New York-based travel writer.

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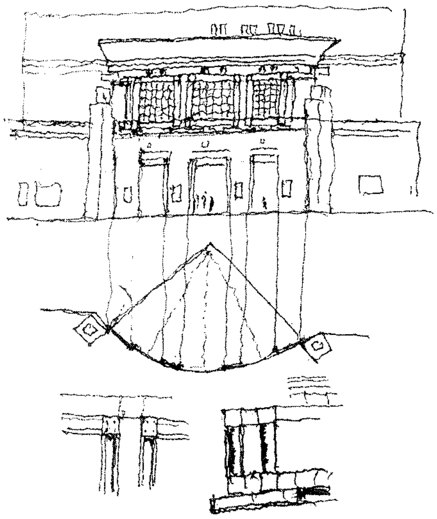
THE HOLOCAUST MUSEUM: AN UNQUIET SANCTUARY

BY BRENDAN GILL

THE United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, in Washington, D.C., will be opening to the public week after next. Designed by James Ingo Freed, of the New York City architectural firm of Pei Cobb Freed & Partners, the museum is without question one of the most interesting buildings put up in this country during the past quarter century. With an air of self-assurance not in the least diminished by a cramped and difficult site, the building stands between Fourteenth Street S.W., on the east, and Raoul Wallenberg Place (formerly Fifteenth Street S.W.), on the west, and a block south of Independence Avenue and the National Mall. The government buildings on either side of the museum manifest the characteristic bland architectural good manners that have been practiced in Washington in successive eras; to the north on Fourteenth Street is the Auditors' Building, a red brick nineteenth-century Romanesque structure, and to the south is the Bureau of Engraving and Printing Building (commonly called the Mint, and a major tourist attraction), built of limestone in the monotonous classical style of the first third of this century. The Holocaust Museum civilly pays its respects to its neighbors by means of an exterior that is of limestone *and* brick and accommodates its five-story height and modest detailing to theirs; nevertheless, it is very much an individual presence, virile and austere. Its intention is plainly to instruct, and not to beguile.

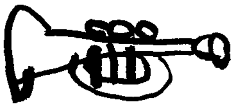
The east, or Fourteenth Street, entrance, where the majority of visitors will be arriving, by bus and subway (there is a Metro stop on Independence Avenue), consists of a strongly bowed masonry screen, open to the sky and serving to arrest our attention before we glance beyond it at the prodigiously long and repetitive façade of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Fourteenth Street is a heavily travelled highway heading south toward the Virginia suburbs and bereft of charm; the entrance on the west side of the building faces far less urban commotion and enjoys the advantage of far more open space. The site is somewhat awkwardly invaded on its northern flank by a government office building that, being a designated historic landmark, could not be demolished; the building was given to the Holocaust Museum by the government and has been converted into administrative offices.



James Ingo Freed's sketch for the new museum in Washington, D.C., a building that mourns the past and challenges the future.

Freed has made the most of his opportunities on Raoul Wallenberg Place. (Wallenberg was the Swedish diplomat who, in the Second World War, succeeded in saving the lives of thousands of Hungarian Jews by issuing Swedish passports to them. He is thought to have been executed by the Russians.) A paved terrace, adorned with a minatory black steel sculpture by Joel Shapiro, fills the space between the administration building and the rear of the Bureau of Engraving. It looks out over a sweep of parkland, gradually descending on the one hand to the Tidal Basin and the suavely gleaming Jefferson Memorial, and on the other hand to the nearby Washington Monument, the more distant Lincoln Memorial, and, serene on its hillside on the far side of the Potomac, the pillared Lee mansion. The prospect is a pleasing—even a noble—one, but it is typical of Freed to have made no sentimental concessions to it. A wing of the museum, five-sided at ground level and a semidetached hexagon in its upper reaches, extends into the courtyard but provides no visible sign of welcome. What might have been doors and windows are blind recesses, and one recognizes at once its likeness to a tomb—specifically, to one of those grand tombs of ancient times which, making a home for death, honor it not as an end in itself but as a means of transition between one form of existence and another.

The terrace façade of the museum is deliberately enigmatic. Above the entrance level, the limestone cladding gives way to glass, brick, and steel, employed with the utilitarian matter-of-factness of some large industrial enterprise. We are reminded that it was the Nazis' intention to treat the death camps as just such an enterprise: the raw material, men, women, and children; the product, ash; the by-product, smoke. Brick-walled, hip-roofed towers march along the north side of the building, and are reminiscent of the hip-roofed, brick-walled entry gate at Birkenau; glass-walled bridges between this sequence of linked towers and the upper portion of the building echo the bridges that in the Warsaw Ghetto and elsewhere were intended, as Freed noted in an interview published some years ago, "to insulate people from the virus of Judaism." Visitors entering the building from the terrace will gain immediate access to a large auditorium, situated in the lower section of the hexagon, and to a couple of smaller auditoriums as well; the auditoriums will be available for museum and community events—concerts, lectures, movies, and so on—at times when the rest of the museum is closed.



Passing through the masonry screen on Fourteenth Street and into the lobby of the building, we experience the first of several initiatory turns left and right, which, though their primary function is to help control pedestrian traffic, have the secondary function of disengaging us from the workaday world. Subliminally, these turns may also put visitors in mind of the brutal efficiency with which family members, arriving as prisoners in the camps, were often separated by being herded left and right en route to their deaths. From the lobby one has access to the permanent exhibition, the auditoriums, the library, and other facilities, and it is in crossing one or another of the lobby's multiple thresholds that we perceive how determinedly Freed has set his stamp upon the design. And this is to say how successfully he has achieved his goal of not making it what he calls a "nice" building. On the contrary, it is a harsh one, imposing demands on visitors which are not often encountered in institutions bent upon attracting tourists.

Formally, Freed's client has been the United States Holocaust Memorial Council, which consists of a great many members, and which, having helped to raise almost all of the hundred and sixty-eight million dollars needed for the construction of the building, may be suspected, like most clients, of not withholding its views on the right and wrong ways to carry out an architectural program. Given the iniquitous event that has prompted the museum to come into being, this program was bound to be almost infinitely complex. Diverse and not necessarily complementary purposes would have to be embraced. Was the museum to be an exhibition, dramatizing the millions of murders carried out in the name of "the final solution"—a dramatization intended to arouse in viewers emotions of anger and sorrow, and perhaps also (however belatedly and however conscientiously suppressed) a desire for retribution? Or was it to be something "cooler," something less passionate and more conventional in historical terms—an archive of names, dates, and places, to which scholars and the descendants of victims of the Holocaust could turn to gain information? Was it to serve as a kind of temple, sacred in feeling but detached from any specific creed? (Hundreds of thousands of non-Jews—Gypsies, homosexuals, crippled and infirm persons—had also been burned in the Nazi ovens.) Crudely put, was it to be an occasion of anguished recollection for the old or, in the current glib phrase, a "learning experience" for the young?

Complexity of purpose translated into an architectural program invites incoherence in design. How many and how various can be the contents of what is, after all, on no matter how large a scale, in structural terms a box? By what appears to have been sheer force of intellect and personality, Freed has imposed on the architectural program presented to him a coherence that greatly exceeds a merely proficient disposition of agreed-upon objectives. He has had his way, and his way turns out to be a highly emotional one.

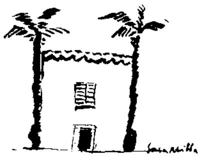
Upon accepting the commission for the Holocaust Museum, Freed visited a number of the concentration camps and death camps. Born in Essen, he himself had escaped the Nazis' "final solution" in 1939, shortly before the outbreak of war. He was nine years old. By way of Switzerland and France, he and his parents and younger sister reached this country and found shelter with relatives in Chicago. Though Freed has never been an observing Jew—"I am, if anything, an atheist," he has said—he felt in the course of designing the museum resurgent memories of the religious and cultural heritage of his childhood, and of some of the horrors, including the bloody Kristallnacht rampage of 1938, that came to dominate it. In the early stages of design, these memories caused him to put what he came to view as too much metaphorical content into the building. He feared that he was forcing the building to speak in his voice; at a certain point, he felt obliged to knock the design apart and start over, letting the building speak in its own voice. He has been wary of symbols; he says that visitors will be free to find metaphors in what amounts to a collage of possible metaphors, but they will also be free to find no metaphors at all.

As we advance into this deliberately uningratiating building, intimations of dread strike us like a blow in the face. With this blow, Freed wrests the Holocaust out of the past—extracts it, one might say, from history—and prepares us to see it afresh, for what it is and always has been: the consequence of a primordial defect in character, for which we flatter ourselves from time to time that we have found the cure, yet for which it appears that there is no cure. For almost half a century, whenever and wherever people have proposed the building of a Holocaust museum, some well-meaning people (not excepting children and grandchildren of Holocaust victims) have argued that such museums should not be built, and often one of the reasons given for not building them has been that the event was a singular, never-to-be-repeated aberration. We know now that there was nothing aberrational about the Holocaust. The monstrous "ethnic cleansing" currently under way in the Balkans makes vivid to us from one day to the next how little we dare to forget the past and how much we risk if, striving honorably not to forget it, we falter in the task that the Holocaust Museum encourages us to carry out: that of confronting and combatting the circumstances in which holocausts of one kind or another continue to spring up inside the framework of governments throughout the world.

Out of a vehement conviction that a Holocaust museum has never been more pertinent than at present, Freed has created a building that, though it embodies a particular event of the past, is also an embodiment of pressing contemporary concerns. His architectural intention is not to be easy on visitors to the museum but, rather, to be candid with them. Except in a sunlit, maple-panelled library, on the top floor, which is intended mainly for scholars, he never releases us from the psychological tension induced by using conventional structural materials—brick, steel, stone, and glass—in a way nearly always at odds with the expectations we have for them. The great Hall of Witness that we descend into from the Fourteenth Street lobby isn't, for example, the simple rectangular volume of space that we assume it to be at first glance; there are subtle, disorienting diagonals at work throughout: in the floor, which appears to have been fractured by some earlier catastrophe, natural or man-made; in a vast stairway that ominously narrows as it rises; in the penitentiary-like brick walls; and in the skylight that forms its roof. The skylight's skeleton is a hyperbolic paraboloid that twists from one end of the roof to the other as the spine of some enormous fish might be twisted, and the panes of glass affixed to this skeleton overlap at irregular angles, like fish scales that have slipped unnaturally askew.

The unease to which we have been introduced in the Hall of Witness is much multiplied as we make our way through the permanent exhibition (installed by the designers Ralph Applebaum and Martin Smith), which occupies most of the museum's second, third, and fourth floors. Accompanied by newsreels and documentary photographs that are as sickening today as they were when they first came to light, almost fifty years ago, the exhibition contains thousands of actual objects, such as paving stones from the Warsaw Ghetto, a boxcar from one of the death trains that carried Jews to Treblinka, yellow Star of David patches, and purple triangle patches for Jehovah's Witnesses. On a replica of the gateway to Auschwitz is painted the message that greeted its victims: "ARBEIT MACHT FREI"—"Work Makes You Free." In a three-story-high square chamber in one corner of the exhibition, the walls are completely covered by more than a thousand photographs of the inhabitants of the small Lithuanian shtetl of Ejszyszki. The photographs show the villagers at work and play, on picnics, at bar mitzvahs, and in Purim classes. In 1941, in the course of two days, Nazi machine gunners annihilated them. (The photographs were collected with great difficulty over many years by Yaffa Sonenson Eliach, now a professor at Brooklyn College. As a four-year-old, she was one of twenty-nine people who survived the massacre.)

On leaving the dark cave of the permanent exhibition, one wonders where to turn for solace. It is at just this point that Freed has performed his most remarkable feat: the Hall of Remembrance, a domed limestone chamber seventy feet high and eighty feet across, occupying the major portion of the hexagon that rises out of Raoul Wallenberg Place. (Beneath the Hall of Remembrance and of almost equal size is the Meyerhoff Theatre, with a fully equipped stage and a seating capacity of about four hundred.) The dome of the Hall consists of an immense skylight; other skylights, situated above a narrow corridor, or ambulatory, encircling the perimeter of the Hall, throw an indirect, etherealizing light upon its walls and floor. Below the dome, the six sides of the Hall appear not to touch each other; narrow vertical glass slots, visible through triangular cutouts, separate them, making them appear to consist of floating panels or tablets. Though blank, they remind one of the place that inscribed tablets hold in the ancient Jewish tradition of the Word. Stone steps encircle the Hall and serve also as seats—again a reminder of the practices of ancient times. It is expected that visitors will wish to spend considerable time in the Hall, in meditation or prayer. Given that it has yet to serve the purpose for which Freed designed it, the Hall possesses an uncanny air of the holy, of the sacredly set apart. Though it is intended to serve a nondenominational purpose, it is assuredly a tabernacle, a word whose root meaning, we are prompted to recall, is "tent"—in particular, that tent which the Jewish people carried through the desert and used as a temple. The Hall of Remembrance is the crown of Freed's achievement in the design of this building. He has no reason to fear that visitors will fail to find in it metaphors of loss and consolation appropriate to their needs. ♦



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

MONSTERS

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

Home rule: Robert De Niro and Leonardo DiCaprio in "This Boy's Life."

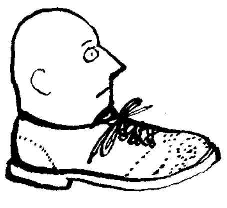
"WIDE SARGASSO SEA," John Duigan's adaptation of Jean Rhys's strange and memorable 1966 novel, is set in the West Indies of the mid-nineteenth century, and an air of thick tropical sensuality pervades the movie's imagery. The days look too bright and the nights look too dark, and the contrast doesn't make for clarity; every sensation is so vivid and so powerful that it merges, in its absoluteness, with every other. The effect of this rapid succession of sensory extremes is disorienting. Imagine shuttling constantly between the glare of a sunny afternoon and the pitch-blackness of a movie theatre, your vision never quite adjusting to either. Or think of fitful sleep on a hot, humid night—the sudden and frequent alternation of stark wakefulness and feverishly intense dreaming. The hero of "Wide Sargasso Sea," a young Englishman named Edward Rochester (Nathaniel Parker), arrives in Jamaica sick with fever after his long ocean passage, and although his body recovers quickly, his mind does not; his stay on the island, during which he marries a ravishing Creole heiress named Antoinette Cosway (Karina Lombard), is a blur of heightened perception and disordered reason—the sort of febrile state that in a Poe story might induce a character to entomb someone under the floorboards or behind a wall. As the marriage of Edward and Antoinette goes bad, the story turns Gothic, and events take on a nightmarish inevitability, as if they were moving toward an ordained end. They are: the hero of "Wide Sargasso Sea" is the younger self of the Rochester that Charlotte Brontë created in "Jane Eyre," the brooding landowner who kept his mad wife locked up and out of sight in a room in Thornfield Hall; and Antoinette is the young woman who became his prisoner and his shameful secret.

Rhys's novel is a tour de force, but it's more than just a literary stunt. It's a very free and daring reimagining of Charlotte Brontë's fictional universe; what Rhys achieves isn't so much a subversion of "Jane Eyre" as a reverie on it. Rhys, who spent her childhood on the Caribbean island of Dominica, perhaps knew enough about the islands' culture to find Rochester's account of his West Indian adventures and his first marriage a little unsatisfying. In the self-justifying version of events that Brontë's hero presents to Jane, he's the victim of the scheming, deceitful families that arranged the marriage: he looks on in horror as he discovers his wife's true character, which is, he says, "at once intemperate and unchaste." "Wide Sargasso Sea" suggests that this perspective might not tell the whole story, and might even accommodate the telling of an entirely different one: in Rhys's version, Rochester's disdain for his wife is a product of self-revulsion—disgust at the overpowering sexual impulses that this "wild" woman arouses in him.

Neither the book nor the movie feels like the demonstration of a Freudian (or a feminist) thesis, though. Rhys's style is poetic and elliptical, and Duigan (who also wrote the screenplay, with Jan Sharp and Carol Angier) captures the book's mood of shimmering ambiguity and heat-dazed emotional volatility. The relationship of Antoinette and Edward is characterized by abrupt swerves between love and hate, trust and suspicion, abandon and repression; and we can't always tell precisely what has triggered the change in direction, or decide which of the characters' diametrically opposed feelings we're meant to see as the truer, deeper ones. The characters themselves can't quite sort out what's happening between them; even in their alternating voice-over narrations, they seem never to get to the heart of the matter. The movie carries them, and the audience, along on a strong current of metaphor and suggestive repetition. The images feel charged, resonant, connected to each other and to the characters' emotions in ways that can't always be explained. In the picture's opening section, which depicts the heroine's childhood, the estate house where she lives with her mother (Rachel Ward) and her stepfather is set afire by recently freed slaves; a parrot perched on a windowsill suddenly bursts into flame and plummets to the ground. Ninety minutes later, the movie ends with another conflagration, in an estate house in England, and the scene feels like an apt culmination both of Antoinette's nightmarish history and of her tormented inner life: this fire, she says, completes her dream.

In a sense, the dream that "Wide Sargasso Sea" completes is the hallucinatory experience—the collective fever—of European colonialism. The heroine's family history is marked by drunkenness and insanity, and the movie suggests that the aberrations of the Cosways are the result not of genetic defects but of an inherent and persistent flaw in the colonial experience. The violence of slaveholding is the means by which they've enforced the reality of their peculiar dream and constructed the artifice that grants them the privileges of aristocracy in lands they don't even call home. After emancipation, Antoinette and her mother remain constantly aware that they're hated by most of the island's residents, and that sort of awareness creates an unease—a sense of tenuousness, of provisionality, that can drive all but the most brutally straightforward personalities to drink or to madness. When Edward sees the house in the mountains where he and his bride will live, it looks to him like something that "knew it couldn't last," and that's the whole truth of their presence in Jamaica. Edward, however, intends to last. After a brief period of surrender to erotic bliss and contented inactivity and the seductive glories of nature, he begins to shake off the effects of tropical intoxication and size up his situation with what he thinks is a clearer head. Everything he sees looks alien and hostile; he knows that he doesn't belong there. He's been drawn into something dangerous, a dream he can't wake up from, and Antoinette, whose beautiful body keeps inviting him to lose himself in it, seems to him, in his panic, an incarnation of all the forces conspiring to destroy him.

Rochester fights Antoinette's fire—she's profoundly and hopelessly in love—with the ice of impregnable indifference, a kind of impersonal fury that, in the words of a sympathetic island woman, "breaks her up." Karina Lombard has almost no acting experience or technique, but her face (which looks like a Gauguin portrait come to life) is marvellously expressive, and the artlessness of her reactions works for the character. There's a touching purity to the way she conveys Antoinette's shifting emotions—from the joy and sexual avidity of the first days of marriage to the pained incomprehension that follows Edward's sullen withdrawal, and, finally, to the glassy madness that she seems to have been destined for. Although the rest of the acting is highly variable, the picture casts such a potent spell that the other performers' occasionally awkward and hesitant readings don't spoil the pleasure. What's most remarkable about "Wide Sargasso Sea" is how smoothly Duigan and his cinematographer, Geoff Burton, merge the luxuriant erotic tension of a tropical idyll with the clammy apprehension of Gothic fiction. Their skill makes the movie's anomalies and seeming contradictions feel as natural as a hot day's sweat turning cold on your body when the sun goes down.



"Wide Sargasso Sea" is so serenely paced and so envelopingly lovely to watch that you may not realize until the end that it is, in the deepest sense, a horror movie—a devastatingly intimate portrayal of the relationship between a monster and his victim. In Rochester the movie gives us a character who progresses from desire to terror to cold, repressive violence: we see the evolution of the impulse to enslave. In Antoinette we see a woman who seems to have been born for tragedy—who finds release, finally, in a dream of destruction and self-oblivion. The ironies are voluptuous. The movie begins with a shot of brilliant-red orchids, and when the screen fills with blossoming flames at the end, you understand what this dream was really about: the growth of the flowers of evil.

THERE'S a monster husband on display in Michael Caton-Jones' "This Boy's Life," too, but this one, Dwight (Robert De Niro), is a simple specimen. He's an ordinary American domestic bully—the sort of guy who fancies himself king of the castle and takes pleasure in making his subjects bend to his will. He tries to wear down his new wife, Caroline (Ellen Barkin), and her teen-age son, Toby (Leonardo DiCaprio), with finicky demands, petty cruelties, and fierce looks that threaten house-shaking explosions of rage, and he succeeds for a while in turning this likable pair into a couple of blank, cowed servants: a model family, by his lights. The movie isn't interested in how Dwight got to be so mean. The script, by Robert Getchell, is based on Tobias Wolff's 1989 memoir of growing up in the fifties, and the story is told almost entirely from the perspective of young Toby, who doesn't know, or care, about the evil stepfather's past. To Toby, Dwight is just a natural disaster, an act of God that threatens to leave his life and his mother's in ruins.

The first half hour or so of "This Boy's Life"—before Dwight blows in—establishes the easy rapport between Caroline and Toby when there's no man on the scene to boss them around. They wander from town to town, by car or bus, picking their destinations almost whimsically. They're cheerful road-movie nomads, and their affectionate banter sometimes recalls the mother-son relationship in "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore," which also had a script by Getchell. Their troubles start when they get off the road and set up housekeeping in Seattle: Toby begins hanging out with a tough crowd and getting into scrapes with the school authorities, and Caroline, sensing a juvenile delinquent in the making, starts to think that he needs a father. Her first husband (Toby's father) was a charming scoundrel; now she's ready to settle down with a dull, stable provider. Enter Dwight, who seems to fill the bill. He's certainly dull enough: he wears a stiff wool suit, speaks in small-town platitudes, does clumsy tricks with a cigarette lighter, and occasionally lets loose with witticisms on the order of "People can call me anything they like as long as they don't call me late for supper." Caroline, who possesses no expertise in distinguishing a good boring guy from a bad one, marries him. The gesture is moving—for her son's sake, she marries a clod—but it's also hasty and misguided. Dwight is the wrong clod.

Once Dwight has Caroline and Toby in his clutches and installed in his house, in a godforsaken Northwest village, he drops even the strained yokel charm he put on during the courtship and shows his true colors. He's a sadist and, where Toby is concerned, an unusually relentless one: he's in the boy's face constantly, prodding, belittling, taunting. Like the crazed stalker that De Niro played in "Cape Fear," Dwight just keeps coming at you, and although there's some (abstract) justification for making the character feel as oppressive to the audience as he must have felt to his family, his scenes tend to slow down the picture's momentum. Pure bullies aren't interesting: they're one-dimensional, and the dramatic situations that their presence generates are static and monotonous—one beating after another. We learn everything we need to know about Dwight early on. There's a scene—in a car, at night—in which Toby, alone with his prospective stepfather, is exposed to Dwight's venomous hectoring for the first time, and it's a terrifyingly effective passage: De Niro is quietly menacing, and DiCaprio's reactions make us feel with overwhelming force the trapped anxiety of a child who's under the thumb of a malevolent adult. But once that superb sequence is over, the movie has exhausted its store of revelations about Dwight and about his relationship to his stepson. The domestic scenes that follow are deftly directed, but their dramatic interest depends, essentially, on horror-movie suspense: how can the hero and the heroine get away from this creature?

Fortunately, "This Boy's Life" doesn't stay cooped up in Dwight's gloomy castle. Toby, rebelling against his stepfather's oppressive straight-arrow values, keeps his spirits up by raising hell at school and in town, and his delinquency—now almost full-blown—provides funny, lively interludes between domestic battles. A terrific fifties soundtrack—Fats Domino, Eddie Cochran, Gene Vincent, the Everly Brothers—perks things up, and David Watkin's cinematography gives us a series of delicately beautiful Northwest landscapes to look at. (Watkin does wonders with sunless skies: their color is the strange light gray of a blackboard that has just been erased.) And Barkin and DiCaprio are sensational. Every time De Niro's tediously "powerful" performance threatens to take over the picture, Barkin and DiCaprio snatch our attention right back, and always with something casual: a quick look, an offhand gesture, an inflection that conveys how thoroughly this mother and son understand each other. This story is Caroline and Toby's story anyway; you can feel them struggling, in small ways and then in larger ones, to regain control of it.

What makes "This Boy's Life" absorbing in spite of its flaws is that the struggle seems to manifest itself in every aspect of the movie, from the acting to the very form of the narrative. De Niro's ferociously single-minded style is a formidable challenge to the low-key naturalism of Barkin and DiCaprio. It's not entirely De Niro's fault that he's tiresome here. The role is rather crudely written—Dwight's only trait is cruelty, and his only motivation is a kind of blue-collar class resentment. But, except in that chilling car scene, De Niro plays him crudely, too. He turns the household into Cape Dysfunction, and we're trapped there, with nothing to do but flinch at the violence and wait for the moment when the bully finally overplays his hand. And the movie itself has to fight against bogging down in soap-opera melodramatics. Caroline and Toby just don't belong in this sort of story, and when, in the end, they hit the highway again, it's hard not to feel that the true, inevitable form of their lives has been restored. They should never have let themselves be hijacked from the road movie they were in. ♦

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BOOKS

THE WEANING OF AMERICA

BY HENRY LOUIS GATES, JR.

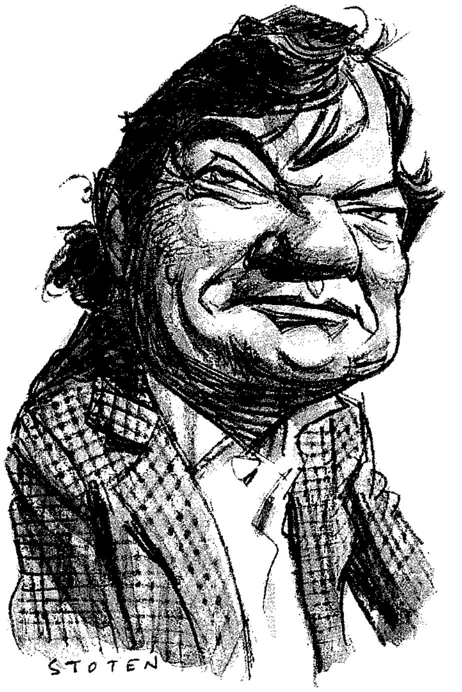
THE past fifteen years have witnessed something like an avalanche of books bearing the title "The Culture of . . . ," in which the phrase is not possessive ("the culture of Korea," "the culture of Western Europe") but, as it were, attributive: various books have proposed the culture of contentment, the culture of desire, the culture of love, the culture of pain, the culture of redemption, and, to give due credit to the 1978 best-seller that did the most to popularize the construction, the culture of narcissism.

In giving us now the "Culture of Complaint" (Oxford; $19.95), Robert Hughes courts a paradox not faced by his predecessors: that of having lodged a book-length complaint about complaint. And this framing paradox is symptomatic. For Hughes, it turns out, has a soft spot for many of his putative targets, complaining being the least of them.

The book, based on three lectures delivered last year at the New York Public Library, certainly *looks* like a jeremiad. In all likelihood, Hughes set out to write one. So most readers will expect another installment in the series that includes Allan Bloom's "The Closing of the American Mind," Roger Kimball's "Tenured Radicals," Dinesh D'Souza's "Illiberal Education," Charles J. Sykes's "A Nation of Victims," Martin Anderson's "Impostors in the Temple," and Thomas Sowell's "Inside American Education." And Hughes's subtitle—"The Fraying of America"—calls to mind Arthur Schlesinger's best-selling polemical essay "The Disuniting of America." From a variety of perspectives, and in tones ranging from the shrill to the reasonable, these books warn about a nation in which particularisms on parade (ethnic, racial, sexual) threaten to fragment a once unified polity, elevating group rights and grievances over individual rights and simple fairness—a nation in which leftist thought-police roam the college campuses, enforcing these trends and suppressing dissent. And since Hughes, known for his irascible wit, deplores these tendencies as well, his book should have been a reliable addition to the literature—"reliable" being the ideologue's highest term of praise.

But something happened on the way to the library. For all the ominous throat-clearing, for all the author's vaunted irritability, Hughes's book turns out to be genuinely ambivalent toward the bogeys of the cultural right, partly because he finds the cultural right itself even more annoying. He may come on like a hunter with steel-toed boots and a double-barrelled shotgun, but he stalks his prey with a Havahart trap. Which is to say, Robert Hughes turns out to be nothing if not unreliable.

It's just as well. The academy's dirty little secret (well, one of them, anyway) is that the people who are the targets of conservative polemics often find them perversely gratifying. A harmless vanity on the academic left is to think oneself mad, bad, and dangerous to know—or, in the terms of art, subversive, "oppositional," and "counter-hegemonic"—and the conservative screeds heartily support the delusion. You have to imagine how the fellow in the loony bin who thinks he's Jesus feels on meeting the inmate who agrees with him, because *he* thinks he's Pontius Pilate. They may be enemies, but they're also co-conspirators.



Robert Hughes worries about the trend toward social fragmentation, and the "broken polity" that results. And he finds plenty of blame to go around.

Hughes is something of a spoilsport in that respect. He has little patience with this folie à deux, and his complaint about the academic left "is not that it exists, for it ought to exist and prosper freely—it's that so much of it is opaque, filled with jargon and devoted to marginal issues." If it has "had so little lasting effect on the way people in general write, think, or act," it has only itself to blame.

Critical as he is of the "defunct ideology" that corrodes the academic left, Hughes maintains that "the loss of reality by euphemism and lies was twenty times worse and more influential in the utterances of the last two Presidents and their aides than among *bien-pensant* academics, although you didn't find any complaints about that in *Commentary* or the *New Criterion*." And he makes quick work of the conservative saw about the politicization of culture: "If someone agrees with us on the aims and uses of culture, we think him objective; if not, we accuse him of politicizing the debate. In fact, political agendas are everywhere and the American conservatives' ritual claim that their own cultural or scholarly positions are apolitical is patently untrue." As Hughes sees it, "the choir of conservatives denouncing 'well-subsidized left academics' as bludgers, whilst taking their own subsidies from various right-wing foundations, is truly one of the wonders of American intellectual life."

When Hughes doesn't have complaints, he has worries. He worries about "America's long-cherished culture of therapeutics" run amok. "The pursuit of the Inner Child has taken over just at the moment when Americans ought to be figuring out where their Inner Adult is," he comments acidly. He worries about the cult of victimization, which he believes has become equally endemic on the cultural left and on the cultural right. Things have come to a sorry pass

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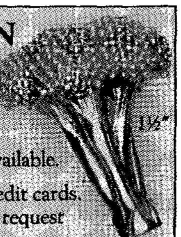

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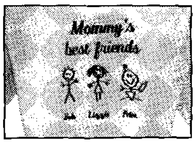

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when "sensitivity" gets more attention than social justice. Behind our propensity for offering lexical redress to political grievances, he suspects, is the hope of creating "a sort of linguistic Lourdes, where evil and misfortune are dispelled by a dip in the waters of euphemism."

Nor does he show much patience with the way hoary Victorian notions about "improving," or morally uplifting, art have been newly revived under the glamorous rubric of oppositional politics: "The most celebrated, widely reproduced and universally recognizable political painting of the 20th century is Picasso's *Guernica*, and it didn't change Franco's regime one inch or shorten his life by so much as one day." For that matter, "Joe Sixpack isn't looking at the virtuous feminist knockoffs of John Heartfield on the Whitney wall—he's got a Playmate taped on the sheetrock next to the bandsaw, and all the Barbara Krugers in the world aren't going to get him or anyone else to mend his ways."

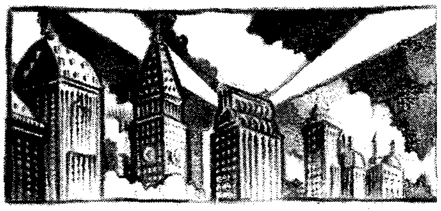
What Hughes worries about most is the trend toward social fragmentation, and the "broken polity" that results. And here he finds plenty of blame to go around. The paradox of the cultural right, as Hughes perceives it, is to contribute to the very fragmentation that it decries. The rhetoric of "us" versus "them" that was ascendant at the Republican National Convention last August was, he reminds us, a tactic that John Mitchell once called "positive polarization." As the dead metaphor of "Balkanization" comes vampirishly to life, he laments, "We now have our own conservatives promising a 'culture war,' while ignorant radicals orate about 'separatism.' They cannot know what demons they are frivolously invoking. If they did, they would fall silent in shame."

Hughes's prose, especially in its more caustic turns, issues apothegms at a spitfire rate, as if it were written with one eye toward the next edition of Bartlett's. The result can be exhilarating: Jeremiah meets Sebastian Melmoth. It also means that the book is more fun to read than it has any right to be. After all, most of its complaints have been made before. David Rieff and Wendy Kaminer have cogently assailed the cult of "recovery," while worries about cultural fragmentation have become a kind of choral arrangement for the right. Hughes has clearly learned a lot from the debates that these conservative critiques have prompted over the last few years; but how one wishes that Hughes's deftly balanced account had been published first. It offers abundant pleasures, but the shock of the new, it seems, isn't one of them.

Or is it? The real insights of the book stem from its knack for productive juxtaposition, its sense of the likenesses among unlike things. What's distinctive about Hughes's analysis isn't, as one might expect, that he shuns the excesses of both the left and the right (terms whose adequacy he's inclined to doubt); he has little interest in trotting out the sort of drearily conventional rhetoric in which the truth is always somewhere in between. His particular gift is to understand the foibles of both sides as symptoms of a single malaise—to see that they are, in effect, the same excesses.

"And another thing" is the favorite logical connective in many diatribes that masquerade as cultural criticism but quickly degenerate into an Andy Rooneyish catalogue of Things I Don't Like: feminists, Moonies, elevator music. By lampooning the "culture of therapeutics" in almost the same breath in which he chastens the claims of ethnic chauvinism, Hughes may appear to succumb to this temptation. But the connection between the two is actually pretty substantial. Hughes's seemingly scattershot complaints, finally, have a certain unity to them. *E pluribus unum.*

For example, many proponents of Afrocentrism—not, by his lights or mine, a form of multiculturalism at all—have relied heavily on the pop-psychology vocabulary of the recovery movement. As with the recovery programs, they proceed from an original trauma, with racism and



Eurocentrism functioning as the social equivalent of, say, "toxic parenting." And, as with these programs, there is an emphasis upon the regaining of a center: psychology stealthily supplants politics.

So when conservative opponents decry the Afrocentric movement as dangerously "politicized," they've got it backward. The trick of Afrocentrism is to have supplanted real politics with a kind of group therapy. It seeks to redress the problem of poor self-esteem rather than the problem of poor life chances. Typically, a leading exponent tells readers of a national newsweekly, "Young African-American males who may be engaged in violent behavior are often off-center. It is the aim of Afrocentric intervention to relocate them in a place of values and cultural stability." The proposed covenant with white America is fairly explicit: Afrocentric education is presented as a technique of social control, one that will contain what white America fears most—black violence.

This is not simply the culture of therapy; this is culture *as* therapy. Exposed to the proper educational regimen, we will be able to ground ourselves by getting in touch with—well, our Inner African. Afrocentrism of this sort is anything but militant; and, in its redemptive trajectory, its blithe ahistoricism, its weakness for the quick fix, it is profoundly American. Martin and Malcolm, prophetic and doomy, have been replaced by a bustle of black Buscaglias. Just as you'd think, it's love—in particular, self-love—that makes the world go round. This fixation on self-esteem—the explicit goal of many "multicultural" initiatives in the public schools—is another way in which pop psychology has informed recent social and cultural movements.

Self-esteem is, of course, a rather difficult thing to measure. But social scientists have tried, and it's an embarrassing fact that self-esteem doesn't seem to correlate well with the things it's supposed to undergird. The sociologist Neil J. Smelser reported, in a 1989 survey of the research literature, "The associations between self-esteem and its expected consequences are mixed, insignificant, or absent . . . even less can be said for the causal relationship between the two." What makes his conclusions especially poignant is that they appear in a collection, "The Social Importance of Self-Esteem," that was produced with the expressed aim of bolstering the California Task Force to Promote Self-Esteem and Personal and Social Responsibility. Indeed, Smelser admits that these poor results were "one of the disappointing aspects of every chapter in this volume." (Other studies, some of which do find a slight correlation between student achievement and self-esteem, have suggested that confidence stems from achievement, not vice versa.) As Anthony Powell once sadly observed, "Self-love seems so often unrequited."

AMONG Hughes's most valuable services is the offer of something positive: he provides one of the most gruffly appealing defenses of genuine multiculturalism that we have. "In society as in farming, monoculture works poorly. It exhausts the soil. The social richness of America, so striking to the foreigner, comes from the diversity of its tribes. Its capacity for cohesion, for some spirit of common agreement on what is to be done, comes from the willingness of those tribes not to elevate their cultural differences into impassable barriers and ramparts."

Of his upbringing, in Australia, Hughes recalls that his father was so Anglocentric that he referred to Asia as the "Far East." Things have progressed since then, he thinks. "Multiculturalism asserts that people with different roots can co-exist, that they can learn to read the image-banks of others, that they can and should look across the frontiers of race, language, gender and age without prejudice or illusion, and learn to think against the background of a hybridized society. It proposes—modestly enough—that some of the most interesting things in history and culture happen at the interface between cultures. It wants to study border situations, not only because they are fascinating in themselves, but because

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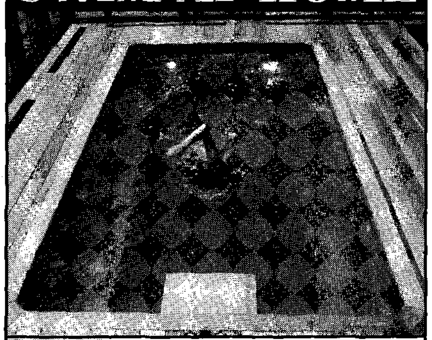

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understanding them may bring with it a little hope for the world."

But if Hughes wants to rescue his vision of cultural pluralism from bad company ethnotherapists aren't the only ones to contend with. The real battle to rescue some reasonable and healthy form of multiculturalism isn't with psychology; it's with "identity politics"—a new label for the age-old phenomenon of mobilizing political allegiances around collective identities. If the rhetoric of multiculturalism has reached something of an impasse, it's because it has become so embroiled with this thing called identity politics that few observers are able to disentangle the two.

To be blunt, the invocation of "multiculturalism" is quite often a ruse, used to provide respectable cover for political enlistment of racial and ethnic solidarity. Increasingly uneasy with talk of descent-based identities—race, ethnicity—we seek to redeem them in the shiny currency of "culture." And so the culture of "culture" is born. Of course, cultural differences—the more picturesque the better—often supervene upon identity politics. Michael Dukakis could count on widespread support among Greek-Americans, but not because of his distinctive Greek-American cultural heritage: the surname was sufficient. At least among white Americans, what we might think of as recreational ethnicity—what sociologists, more soberly, designate symbolic ethnicity—is first and foremost a way of choosing an identity, and only derivatively (and, in most cases, trivially) a matter of genuine folkloric culture. Sometimes wearing a button that reads "Kiss me, I'm Irish" is not just a sign of one's self-ascribed ethnicity; it's pretty much all there is to it. Everything else is a matter of consumer preferences.

What Hughes perceives is that a humane multiculturalism can be mobilized *against* identity politics—that it can be used to expand and broaden identity politics' narrow horizons. There are risks, of course. Multiculturalism as a moral demand seems, on the face of it, inconsistent: by what standard can conflicting norms and values be declared of equal merit? What's needed is a version of multiculturalism that asks not for a favorable judgment ahead of time but simply for a fair hearing. And part of taking other cultures—like other people—seriously is being able to disagree with them. It's because identity politics has sought to use multiculturalism as a stalking-horse that the real sources of contemporary cultural cohesion have been persistently obscured. A vision of America in which every individual has an "identity" and every identity a "culture" serves certain rhetorical purposes, especially if you're writing poetry for a Presidential Inauguration, but it bears little resemblance to the country we actually live in.

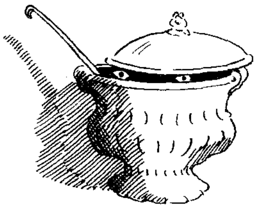
The truth is that what both unifies and divides America is less the wisdom of John Locke, or Alain Locke, than the culture of the marketplace. It's MTV more than Montaigne, Viacom more than Voltaire. Those who worry that the future of Western civilization lies in the balance of John Locke with Frantz Fanon in Stanford's core curriculum are almost fetchingly off target: they'd be closer if they trained their eyes on the growth of mass media.

From an anthropological perspective, at least, the statistic that ninety-eight per cent of American households own a television set is a better index to cultural cohesion than the tendency of our seventeen-year-olds to confuse James Garfield and James Garner. Maybe this is an elementary point, but the failure to grasp it is surprisingly widespread. It stems from a systematic confusion between culture in the all-encompassing anthropological sense and culture in the Arnoldian sense of a body of intellectual and artistic achievement.

Needless to say, one would be ill-advised to consult the programming of subscription symphony concerts for indices of social fragmentation, and equally misguided to suppose that assigning Zora Neale Hurston rather than Ernest Hemingway (or vice versa) significantly contributes to the "broken polity." And yet many otherwise sane and sensible critics believe that, in

some mystical fashion, the proper care and feeding of high culture is the only thing standing between us and Beirut. Just about everything is wrong with that position—not least that it's terribly demeaning to high culture, assigning it a crudely utilitarian function within the project of civil unification. High art becomes another infrastructural support, alongside roads, bridges, and telephone wires.

Humanists, understandably, are enraptured with the fact that as a young girl Maya Angelou read and, she has said, "fell in love with" William Shakespeare. Far more representative, and of vastly greater demographic significance, is the fact that Matty Rich, the black director of "Straight Out of Brooklyn," grew up in a Brooklyn housing project watching "The Brady Bunch," a show he credits with having had a truly formative influence on his life. We'd all like to imagine that the social cement that holds this nation together is provided by the likes of Herman Melville, Frederick Douglass, Emily Dickinson. But "The Brady Bunch"? Not quite the ramparts that the critics of diversity would choose.



Similarly, for those wedded to what might be called the "preservationist ethic"—those who value the survival of diverse human cultures in just the way naturalists value the diversity of flora and fauna—the march of international corporate capitalism is not without its mournful aspect. In Tibet, an intricate culture of Buddhist worship has been tragically disrupted and weakened by a brutal, deliberate state policy of cultural extirpation. In neighboring Nepal, a highly evolved practice of Hindu worship has been similarly disrupted and weakened, not by a hostile state regime but by the BBC World Service, Coca-Cola, Michael Jackson—in short, the encroachments of Western consumer culture.

We ought to acknowledge that Coca-culturalism, as it were, is a far greater historical force than multiculturalism. We ought to acknowledge that in this country the debate over cultural "diversity" (and, in world-historical terms, America is probably less plural than most polities) is something of a distraction from the more serious issues of racial immiseration and economic inequality. But to acknowledge these things is not to give up on the civic virtues of liberal multiculturalism. At its best, as Hughes reminds us, multiculturalism provides a convenient abode for tact, tentativeness, and open-mindedness, a counterweight to cultural arrogance and chauvinism, to the insidious, unreflective, and very human tendency to universalize the particular simply for its being *our* particular.

Perhaps Hughes is hiding the good news in the very title of his book: if the "culture of complaint," this supposedly singular entity, is truly ascendant, then cultural fragmentation must remain at bay. In the end, the well-publicized collision of values, the storm and strife over education and art, may not be altogether a bad thing—otherwise, we wouldn't enjoy Hughes's own yeasty contribution to the Kulturkampf so much. Raucous it is—also sometimes hateful, sometimes silly, sometimes illuminating. But what if these frays, with their obnoxious din, aren't tearing the country apart? What if they are holding it together? Hughes himself should recognize this. "The fact remains that America is a collective work of the imagination whose making never ends," he writes, and what makes it work is "the American genius for consensus, for getting along by making up practical compromises to meet real social needs." But words like "compromise" and "consensus" tend to beautify a process that has always been boisterous, unruly, rough-and-tumble. Don't we usually talk of "hammering out" a consensus? That sounds pretty noisy to me. The real alternative to the clangorous culture of complaint may be the tranquillized culture of apathy. ♦

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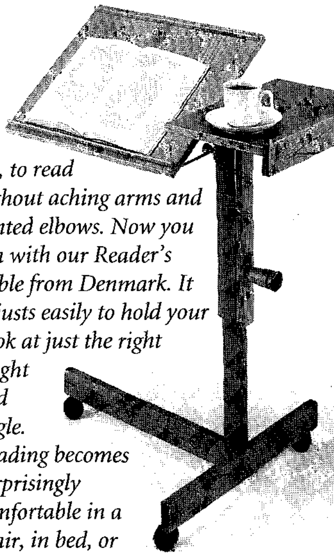

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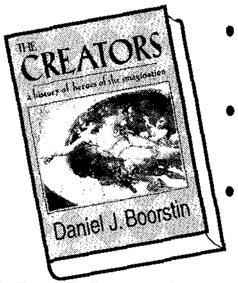

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THE THEATRE

CLOUDS SEVEN AND EIGHT

BY EDITH OLIVER

THE arrival of a pair of plays by Caryl Churchill is good news indeed. "Owners" and "Traps," which opened last week at the New York Theatre Workshop, date from the seventies—the decade of "Cloud Nine," a vintage adventure of delight and lucidity and invention, written before Ms. Churchill became complex and political. Ms. Churchill's fierce, ironic sensibility is of great value, but the carefree high spirit of "Cloud Nine" was unique.

DOUG ALLEN

"Traps" has some of the air of semi-reality of "Cloud Nine," though not perhaps the same high spirit or clarity. The setting is two communes—first city, then country. The characters come and go. A man who has killed himself, for example, returns to take his place at the final dinner table. A husband beats his wife, chanting "I don't want to hurt you," and the wife remains with him because "he buys me things." Best and surely funniest of all is a young fellow of impressive mood swings, whose tantrums and sudden recoveries are a sight to behold. Tim Hopper makes him believable despite a burdensome (and mysterious) Scots accent, and that is quite a feat. The enchanting scene that brings the action to a close is a communal bath: one character after another strips and steps into a tub in the middle of the stage—no plumbing, same bathwater for all—to join his mates in peace and harmony.

"Owners" comes first on the double bill, and I haven't seen a better play, better acted, in months; as fierce and funny and, I suppose, as political as "Top Girls," it opens in a crummy butcher shop, where the butcher, fat and slothful, is trying to persuade a man to murder his—the butcher's—wife. The man, an employee of the wife, who buys and sells buildings, is set more on suicide than on murder; the wife is a mean, rapacious piece of work, and destroys everyone in her path. In her path are a pregnant woman, who works as a hairdresser (Lynn Hawley), and her husband, Alec, who has been in a mental hospital and is now limp and passive (and very funny). Mr. Hopper makes of this character a comic masterpiece and, as energy and tenderness and loyalty slowly return to him, something more than comic. The butcher's wife wants to buy this couple's building and wants to own Alec (they were lovers once); what she does buy, with the mother's exhausted agreement and, later, regret, is their new baby. The hapless employee is too sidetracked by visions of self-slaughter to be as useful as she would like him to be, and too inefficient even at doing himself in. By the end of the play, he has accumulated so many wounds from his various failed attempts that he becomes a human sight gag. Everything, no matter how grim, is grist for Ms. Churchill's comic mill, leaving her passion and seriousness unimpaired and the tragic ending acceptable.

That this should be so is a great credit to the production: under the direction of Mark Wing-Davey, the roles are appropriately acted by an all-American company, with a lot of funny cross-references. The always excellent J. Smith-Cameron is a savage, grasping bitch as the butcher's wife and is also the pathetic battered wife in "Traps." Robert Stanton, who beats her up in that play, is the frustrated suicide in "Owners." John Curless, the gross butcher of "Owners," is the man who does away with himself (and returns) in "Traps." Derek McLane's setting for "Owners"—grimy plastic curtains that shift back and forth—is as eloquent as Ms. Churchill's words. But the real thrill of the evening is Tim Hopper, in his New York début—a star in the making, if ever there was one. ♦

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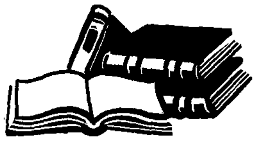


BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Van Gogh's Room at Arles
by Stanley Elkin
(Hyperion; $22.95)

THE master of the extravagant spiel offers a trio of novellas, and triumphs in the last one. In the first, a disabled fifty-nine-year-old professor of political geography finds himself alone in the treacherous landscape of his house after his wife abruptly leaves him; he confronts his sudden helplessness with a wise guy's running commentary on woe. The middle story, a frolic that takes place in a kind of Marx Brothers' Albion, is presented as a memoir written for a demanding London press lord by a blithe commoner named Louise Bristol—"La Lulu" to the tabloids—who was briefly engaged to Larry, Prince of All the Englands. But the real gem of the collection is the magic-realist title story, which follows a Midwestern academic mediocrity named Miller as he arrives in France on a fellowship, has a series of intimidating encounters with high-powered scholastic peers, and begins to succumb to the enlivening spirit of Provence and the hovering presence of van Gogh's benign ghost. For one perfect night at the end of his stay, Miller sees with the eyes of a genius, and, as Elkin writes, "he was just too interested to sleep."

A Place of Greater Safety
by Hilary Mantel
(Atheneum; $25)

THIS riveting historical novel about the French Revolution traces the careers of three small-town boys who studied law in Paris and became friends: Desmoulins, Robespierre, and Danton. Under the ancien régime, the earthy, worldly Danton is the most successful of the three. Robespierre is prim and conscientious, but his sense of justice keeps colliding with the laws of France, at least as they are administered. The charming and mercurial Desmoulins just gets by; he rarely demonstrates his powers as an orator and pamphleteer until the old system begins disintegrating. The author shows us the trio in their idealistic insignificance, serving such powerful leaders as the Duke of Orléans and Mirabeau and then supplanting their patrons to become the rulers of France and the makers of a revolution that devours them. The book overflows with a natural storyteller's energy. Mantel's sense of history makes her readings of the trio's personalities (and of the characters of their friends and enemies) persuasive, and she involves us in their fates as intensely as if we didn't know them.

Particles and Luck
by Louis B. Jones
(Pantheon; $22)

EARLY in this novel, it is observed that marriage is an "infinitely complex bargain . . . not to be too closely audited" and subject to adjustment by "many secret leaks and siphons." The observation encourages our belief that over the next three hundred pages or so we will witness some of these complexities and adjustments in the newly married Mark. But for most of the book—which takes place in a single day—Mark is embroiled in the wacky and bootless obsessions of his neighbor, a loser so pathetic he cannot reheat a prefab slice in his dismal pizza parlor. The neighbor is a type that Jones made hay with in his previous novel, but not enough hay gets made here. Mark is a scientist, and though the intellectual angling he brings to bear on the quotidian is amusing, and sometimes beautiful, as is a great deal of the prose, it is all in the service of a story so tiny it almost doesn't happen. One wishes this talented stylist a more ambitious breadth.

GENERAL

Undue Influence
by David Margolick
(Morrow; $23)

NOTHING brings out the worst in a family better than money. When J. Seward Johnson, octogenarian heir to the Band-Aid fortune, died, in 1983—after a lifetime of not doing much of anything—he was worth more than four hundred million dollars. He left virtually all of it to his forty-six-year-old widow, Barbara Piasecka, a Polish émigrée whom he had spotted working in his kitchen twelve years before and had quickly promoted to the bedroom. Johnson's six children were barely on speaking terms with their father and had all been amply provided for with multimillion-dollar trusts of their own; nevertheless, they now rose as one and contested the will, claiming that Piasecka had forced the old man to rewrite it to her advantage. The resulting trial lasted four months, employed an army of white-shoe lawyers, and cost millions of dollars. It was worth every penny—for the sheer spectacle of greed and vulgarity. Margolick suggests that Piasecka was probably guilty of nothing more than imperiousness toward her ex-fellows in the servants' hall and colossally bad taste. The twenty-five-million-dollar mansion she and her husband built was a monument to tackiness—right down to its air-conditioned doghouse. Johnson's children, on the other hand, are so venal as to make Regan and Goneril look saintly. Margolick recounts this tale in lavish detail, alert to every nuance of bad behavior. His only mistake is trying to juice the story up with jokes and feeble puns. Material this good can speak for itself.

Memory Fields
by Shlomo Breznitz
(Knopf; $21)

AFTER the Nazis began rounding up Jews in occupied Slovakia, the author's father, warned that he was to be transported to Auschwitz, persuaded a Catholic orphanage to take in his two children—Shlomo, aged eight, and his older sister, Judith, who had been expediently converted to Christianity. From then until the liberation of Czechoslovakia and the end of the war, the children posed as Gentiles—the boy in a constant state of apprehension, and at pains to hide his circumcised penis from the Slovaks with whom he shared the intimacies of daily life. Breznitz conveys his fear of exposure, and his loneliness—he had no friends, and seldom saw his sister—in a quiet, effectively understated fashion. Occasionally during his narrative, he shifts forward in time to reflect on the complexities and subtleties of the cruelty and the quixotic kindness that he experienced. His modest book is a revealing footnote in the vast archive of the Holocaust. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

STRINDBERG IN HAWAII

BY JIM NOLAN

Monsieur . . . you have created a new earth and a new heaven, but I don't feel at home in this world of yours. It's too sunny for someone like me. —*Letter from August Strindberg to Paul Gauguin, 1895.*

MARCH 3RD

MY DEAR PAUL,

I was right to come here. The black cloud that has haunted my every waking moment has lifted. I am watching what I eat.

My life has been wasted by dark thoughts, a poor disposition, and the inevitable paternity suits. Here, it is I who am born. Please do not tell Siri where I am, for she hates to see me happy, and I fear she would track me down like a great big hairy marmot.

MARCH 10TH

Gotland's sand is nothing compared to this. You should feel it between your toes, my friend—and its golden color is nothing short of magical.

MARCH 15TH

The weather is just lovely. 30° C., with trade winds every day. Last night, a luau under the stars.

How can I ever return to Berlin—or worse, Stockholm, where the ornithological community hounds me like a common criminal? Must I pay my whole life for mistaking a Söderman's warbler for a Svensson's?

MARCH 15TH, LATER

Forgot to mention earlier that I had an interesting chat with some missionaries recently. I am beginning to take comfort again in the sunny Lutheranism of my youth.

I am painting a sunset.

MARCH 19TH

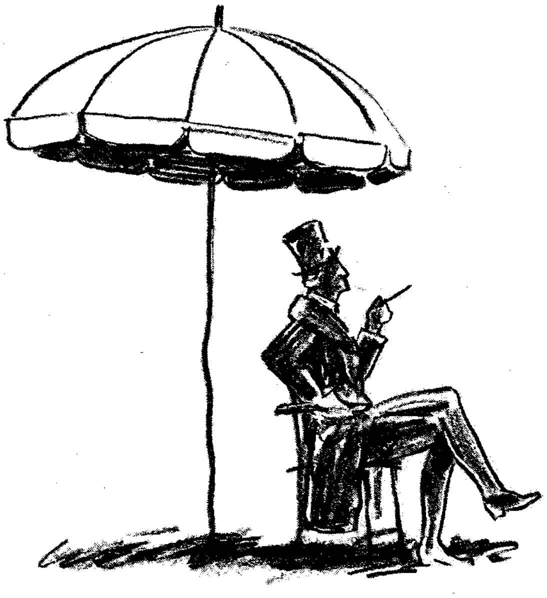
I have invented something rather amusing. I took a hoop from an oil barrel; placing it around my midsection, I undulated back and forth so that the hoop rotated about my waist. I have been able to keep it going for three minutes at a stretch, and many of the youngsters here are imitating my example. They now call me "Kahuna."

MARCH 26TH

While swimming underwater this week, I was startled to hear high-pitched squeals, which I later found out were whales. It was as if they were trying to speak to me, Paul, and it brought me a tremendous feeling of oneness with nature that I had not felt since my sauna with Birgitta out on the skärgården.

MARCH 30TH

Today was a bad day, my friend. I went "skinny-dipping" in the Pacific Ocean at dawn, and have badly burned my buttocks. It is difficult to sleep, or even sit, and my mood is turning foul once more. As night falls, I hear the most hideous sounds—the natives laughing behind my back, I'm sure of it.



APRIL 2ND

My latest manuscript is something of a departure for me. It is a story about a boy and his dog. They have various adventures paddling about the islands in an outrigger canoe.

Hilariously, the boy's dog is just as good a fisherman as he is.

I hope you will identify with it.

APRIL 4TH

This afternoon an American liver-pill salesman slapped me on the back and called me "Augie." The man is a dangerous idiot, and his fraudulent commercial nostrums are sure to worsen my latest bout with dyspepsia.

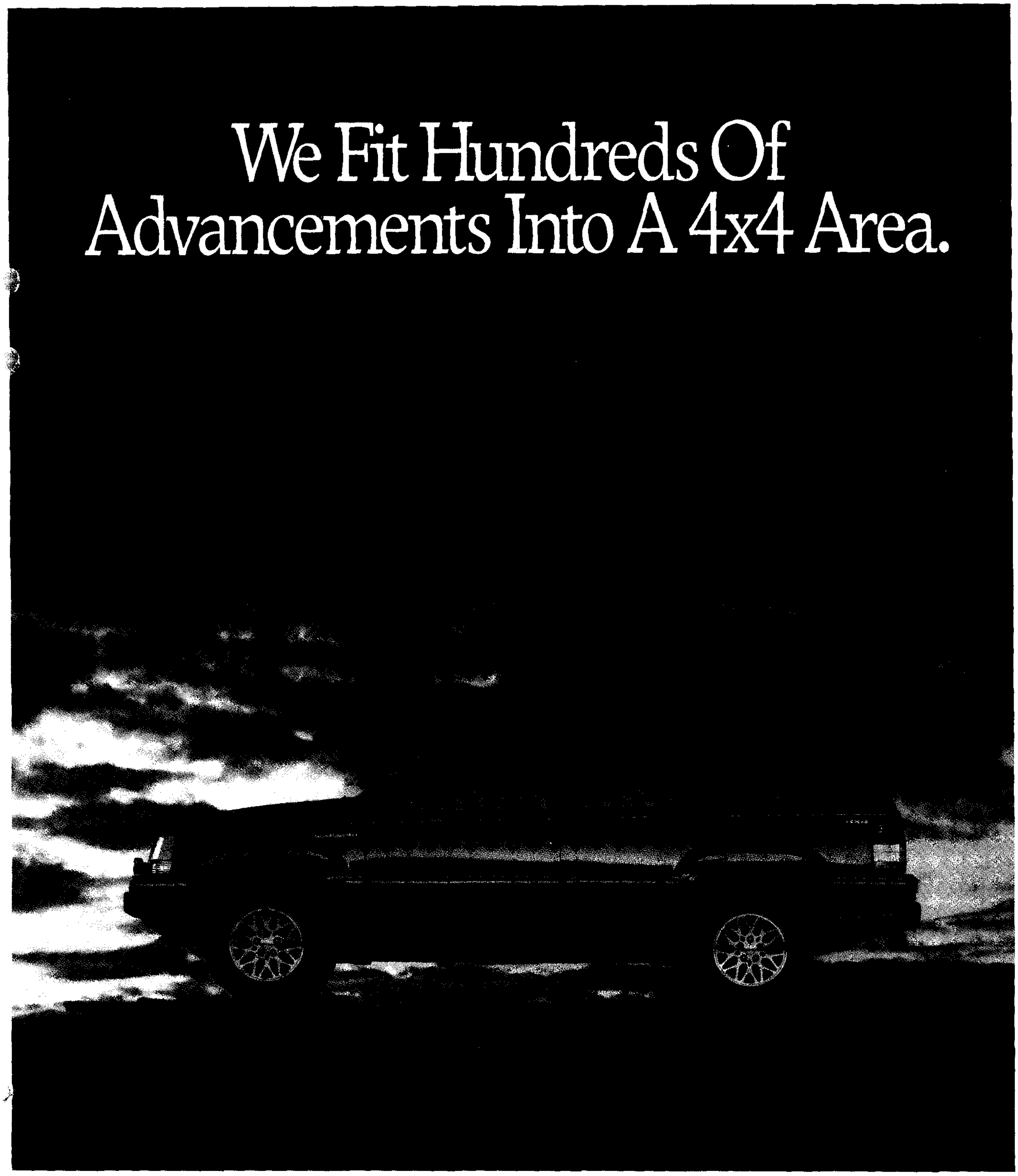
APRIL 5TH

What I'd give for a decent plate of herring right now! The fish here is mushy.

APRIL 6TH

I am catching a boat back tomorrow at sunrise. I must admit I grievously miss my native land: the merry chirping of the many similar warblers, the heady odor of lutefisk, the graceful arc of crockery winging its way toward my head from the practiced hand of my beloved Siri. And now the birding community has written me: all may be forgiven under its benevolent gray skies.

But for reasons so compelling, I would be happy to live out my days here, tanning in the hammock, eating poi, and dreaming of a title for my story about the boy and his dog. Which do you prefer: "Inferno" or "The Ghost Sonata"? ♦



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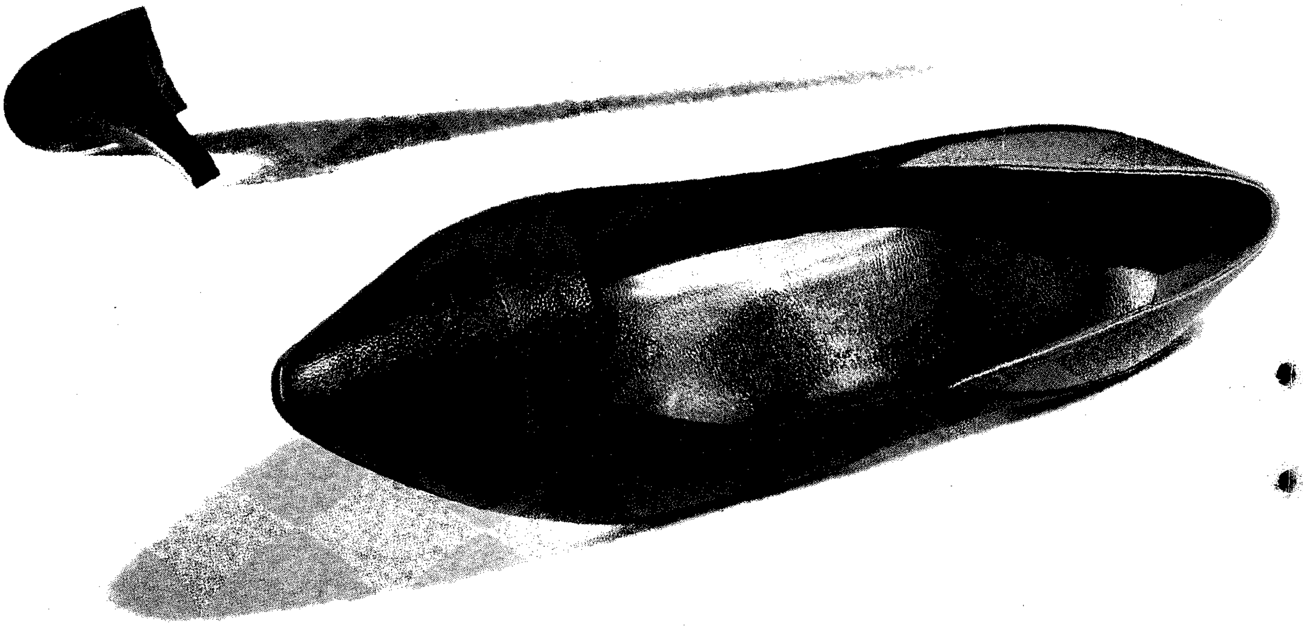

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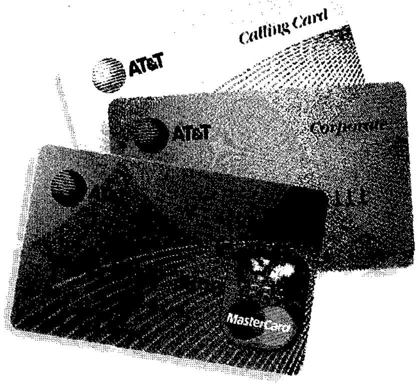

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